

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

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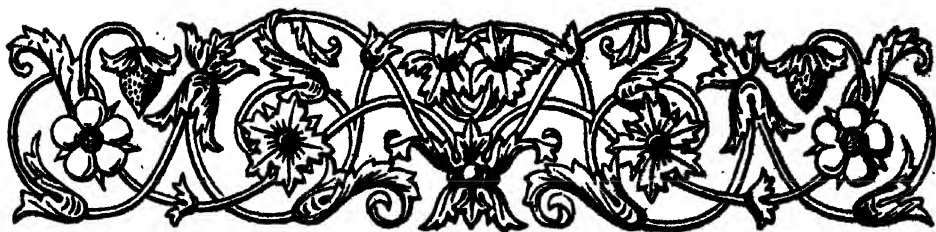
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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

Essays on a Liberal Education. London: Macmillan & Co., 1867.

THIS volume is one of a class which has become rather a prominent feature in the literature of the day, the class of which the well-known "Essays and Reviews" were perhaps the earliest, as they have certainly been the most conspicuous, specimen. The type of the class may be described as a series of essays of moderate length, written with a polemical purpose by authors whose views of the general subject treated of are not indeed necessarily identical, but at any rate convergent. The "Essays and Reviews" evoked various replies written on the same plan; the Ritualistic party has followed the example in the two volumes entitled "The Church and the World." Within the present year this mode of treatment has been extended to political questions; and we now see it applied to education. Like other literary varieties, it has its advantages and its disadvantages. Essays by various writers will, of course, want the unity, the compactness, the thoroughness which constitute the value of a systematic treatise; but they are more easily produced, they appeal to a wider if a more desultory circle of readers, they neutralize the evil of individual crotchetyness, they give play to

special knowledge and special aptitude, and they create something of the effect in literature which in practical life is obtained by a party demonstration.

I hope in the following pages to sketch very briefly the contents of the volume, to examine some of the particular opinions advanced, and to criticize its general object. My own views differ considerably from many of those expressed by the individual writers, nor have I more than a limited sympathy with the polemical purpose which the book is intended to subserve; but there is no reason why this should interfere with fair and candid criticism, with the respect which the character and position of the essayists demand, or the regard which most of them claim from me as personal friends or acquaintance.

The subjects treated of in the essays are sufficiently various. Mr. Parker takes the History of Classical Education; Mr. Henry Sidgwick, the Theory of Classical Education; Professor Seeley, Liberal Education in Universities; Mr. Edward Bowen, Teaching by means of Grammar; Mr. Farrar, Greek and Latin Verse Composition as a general branch of education; Mr. J. M. Wilson, the Teaching of Natural Science in Schools; Mr. Hales, the Teaching of English; Mr. Johnson, of Eton, the Education of the Reasoning Faculties; Lord Houghton, the present Social Results of Classical Education. Each writes with a more or less distinct purpose of bringing about some practical reform. Mr. Parker's essay, being historical, stands on a different ground from the rest; yet he wants English taught in schools, modern languages and natural science encouraged in the Universities, elementary mathematics made compulsory, the education of passmen improved, and the study of Hebrew introduced; Mr. Sidgwick wants Latin and Greek verse and Greek prose to be abandoned in schools, natural science, English, and French enforced, and the study of Greek deferred, and in many cases discontinued; Mr. Seeley wants to abate the idolatry of the Tripos at Cambridge; Mr. Bowen wants to have boys taught language without systematic grammar; Mr. Farrar wants to abolish Greek and Latin verse as a general engine of training; Mr. Wilson wants to have a course of natural science taught compulsorily at school; Mr. Hales wants to have English taught at school before any other language is learnt; Mr. Johnson wants to have the subjects now taught at school so taught as to educate the reasoning faculty, and in particular wants to have the French language and literature studied systematically; Lord Houghton's wants are less definite and detailed, but he may be said generally to want a modern training as a supplement to, if not as a substitute for, an ancient. We begin to see already some of the advantages of this mode of publication. The number of reforms proposed would overweight a single essay, however extensive, and

injure the writer's chance of securing a hearing ; while, on the other hand, the repetition of the same demands by different thinkers, such as those for the abandonment of verses, the teaching of natural science, and the teaching of English, produces an effect which could hardly be produced, unless under exceptional circumstances, by the voice of a single pleader.

Perhaps it will be well that, before proceeding further, I should indicate my own position with regard to the whole question. My belief then is that what we want is not the substitution of one theory of liberal education for another, but an arrangement by which different theories shall be allowed to subsist side by side. The prejudice of which we require to be disabused is not faith in classics as an exclusive training, but faith in any training whatever as exclusive. It is the growth of free opinion which is undermining the supremacy of the present system ; it is only by the suppression of free opinion that any other system claiming to be universal can be established. As I read the present volume, I find that when the essayists advocate their favourite branches of study, I can go along with them heartily, even where my own knowledge is not sufficient to make my sympathy a very appreciative one. When they desire that their studies shall be made compulsory, still more when they attempt to discredit the studies advocated by others, they seem to me to be venturing beyond their tether, and I no longer listen to them with satisfaction. I believe that there are many minds which do not require the training into which it is proposed to force them : I know that there is at least one which has derived great and abiding profit from exercises which are described as injurious and futile.

This premised, I will make a few remarks on the several essays in detail.

Mr. Parker's, as I have already said, stands on a different ground from the rest. It is not really a polemical one, though a few pages of polemical matter appear at the end as the practical conclusion of a treatise which is really historical. Even here the reforms desired are registered statistically, rather than enforced argumentatively : they are not examined, but proposed as things which need examination so as to furnish a programme, more or less exact, of the discussion which is to follow. But the real value of the essay is as a digest of facts ; and here I can only wish that it had been longer and fuller. Eighty pages out of less than four hundred are certainly as much as could fairly be allotted to one essayist out of nine ; but eighty pages are scarcely sufficient for a history of the study of the classics and the classical languages from the days of the fathers to the present time. It is an unavoidable result of this brevity that things are treated conjointly which one would have been glad to

see treated separately; that there is an occasional oscillation of view between two aspects of the subject. The history of classical teaching may be said to have two parts, internal and external,—the history of its own development, of the changes through which it has passed in the successive attempts to work it effectively, and the history of its foreign relations, of the extent to which it has encroached on or been encroached on by teaching of other kinds. Of these the latter perhaps bears more closely on the general object of the present volume, as it has undeniably grown in importance during the last century or two, and most markedly during the last forty years. It is not surprising then that Mr. Parker, in the latter part of his historical sketch, should dwell on it almost exclusively, feeling, as he doubtless does, that during the period in question the course of home administration has depended a good deal, though perhaps not as much as it might have done, on considerations of foreign policy. Still, it would have been interesting to hear what the history of classical education in English schools and universities has actually been; whether Eton has always cultivated Latin verses with success; how Greek scholarship was introduced from Cambridge into Shrewsbury, and returned with interest by Shrewsbury to Cambridge; what classical teaching in the Universities was like in the pre-examination period; and a number of other particulars, without which we can hardly be said to know how we came to be what we are. But the question after all is not whether we are told as much as we should have asked, but whether the narrator has told us what could best be comprised in the limited space assigned to him; and on this point I have no desire to break a lance with Mr. Parker. Most readers, I believe, will find much that he tells them both new and interesting, and will be grateful to him for the clear, pleasant, and unaffected style in which his facts are communicated.

There is more true discussion in Mr. Sidgwick's essay than in any of the others. He has decided views, but on the whole he cannot be said to write like an advocate; and he is always thoughtful and suggestive. The examination to which he subjects the different defences that have been set up for the present classical system is searching, and rarely unjust. No doubt the advantages of Latin and Greek, as at present studied, have frequently been represented in far too sweeping language. Yet, if the defenders of the classics would amend their plea, and contend not that theirs is the only training which will realize the objects they have in view, but that it will realize them sufficiently, I do not see why they should not still stand their ground. And I think Mr. Sidgwick is inclined to be too exacting in demanding a precise apportionment of means to ends. When he says, "Teaching the art of rhetoric by means of translation only is like teaching a man to climb trees in order that he

may be an elegant dancer," his metaphor seems to me rather to run away with him. Mental training is not like bodily training: the muscles of the mind are eminently sympathetic, and care bestowed on one will often act immediately upon another. Besides, no one supposes that a boy who is taught to translate will have his rhetorical faculty insulated to that one point. He will read some English at any rate for himself, and the sharpening of his perceptions by translation will enable him to read it profitably; and his tutor will probably advise him, even for the sake of translation, to try to catch the peculiarities of different English styles. So again, when Mr. Sidgwick, correcting Dr. Moberly, says that "each language requires its own art of rhetoric," he says what is true in itself, but for the purpose of the argument is only a refinement. Dr. Moberly probably means little more than Mr. Sidgwick has just admitted, that to master one style is a very great help to mastering another. It is not necessary to maintain that Latin is a unique skeleton key to language generally; all that requires to be shown is that one or two languages must be selected from the rest to act, as almost any literary language may act, as skeleton keys, and that there are special reasons for choosing Latin. Generally, I suppose, the argument for teaching the classical languages may be said to stand thus. It may be considered as granted—Mr. Sidgwick, at any rate, grants it—that both language and literature are important studies. To master either completely, it would no doubt be necessary to know many languages and many literatures; but, practically, some choice must be made. There are several candidates awaiting the selection; and speaking roughly, any one of them will give the linguistic and literary training required. Thus the advantages belonging to the study of language and literature belong implicitly to the study of Latin and Greek, and it would probably be an interminable business to discuss the question of more or less. What then are the reasons for preferring the classical languages where so many are equal? Mainly these: they are past, and they have exercised an enormous influence on the present. It may seem a paradox to prefer a dead to a living language, or a dead to a living literature, *ceteris paribus*; but the cause is not far to seek. Living languages and books written in them can take care of themselves: if they are worth studying, they are sure to be studied sooner or later. They lie about us: if we leave our own country, we come at once into contact with them: we can attain them, if we please, without schooling. But dead languages, if not learnt at school, will not be learnt at all, except by a mere handful of students: they are remote from us, and if the tradition of them is not kept up, the knowledge of them will be virtually extinguished. This is a ground for preference which every dead language has; but Greek and Latin have more. They

are the only two languages possessing a literature which are inseparably entwined with ancient history, the only two which have profoundly influenced the life and genius of times far distant from their own. Hebrew is excluded by its particular circumstances: Sanskrit, the only other ancient language possessing a great literature, if it has influenced the history of later times, has, at all events, not influenced their historical consciousness. The student of Greek and Latin gains, in fact, one of the chief advantages which are gained from the study of history: I do not mean that he acquires a knowledge of events, though he does incidentally pick up some knowledge even of them, but that he realizes the fact that there *is* a past to the world's history, that there have been states of society as cultivated as our own, but essentially different. "I know not how it is," says Mr. Matthew Arnold, "but their commerce with the ancients appears to me to produce, on those who constantly practise it, a steadying and composing effect on their judgment, not of literary works only, but of men and events in general." And, if we may pass for a moment from school, there can be no doubt that the professed scholar's work is essentially historical: in discovering the meaning of a word, or appreciating the genius of an author, he has to go through precisely the same processes that are practised by the historian who wishes to ascertain the reality or estimate the significance of an event. This is surely a great combination of advantages, for which it would be difficult (I do not say impossible) to find a parallel in any other study. "Yes," replies Mr. Sidgwick, "but though your training has many elements, each element is not (at any rate, taken alone) the best thing of its kind, or the thing we most want." Here, as I have said before, he seems to me too exacting, too refining: besides, the words included in his parenthesis open a question which is too important to be passed over so summarily. These elements are not alone; they are combined in one and the same study; and surely that is another advantage. Boys, so far as my recollection serves me, are not creatures of very intellectual interests: if they can excel in one or two things, it is about as much as you can hope. It might be well to make them encyclopædic: it is more practicable, as it seems to me, so to educate them that one study shall do the work of many.

On some of Mr. Sidgwick's special points, the necessity of a knowledge of natural science, the uselessness of verse composition, I shall have a word to say when I come to other essayists, who press them more at length. But there is one of his reforms which requires special notice—the postponement of the study of Greek. He thinks that "if Latin (along with French and English) was carefully taught up to the age of sixteen, speaking roughly, a grasp of Greek, suffi-

cient for literary purposes, might be attained afterwards much more easily than is supposed." Now I do not say that there may not be a large number of boys who had better not learn Greek at all; all I wish is to guard against the seductive promise of that word "postponement." A dead language which is not learnt till the age of sixteen will, I fear, as a general rule, not be learnt at all. There is something in the mastering of grammar and dictionary difficulties which naturally belongs to the earliest stages of instruction, when learning is more or less compulsory. A boy who is conscious of making real progress in one or two languages (I speak from my own school experience) will be the very person to resent most the drudgery of having to carry on, *pari passu*, the low, childish task-work of another tongue. And if this is true of any language, it is true of Greek in a very high degree. The mere strangeness of the character has something repellent in it, so that even one who can read Greek pretty fluently (I speak not merely of what I felt as a boy, but of what I feel to this day) will often prefer, in reading an unfamiliar author, to read him with the help of a Latin translation. Then, again, the fact, noticed by Mr. Sidgwick in another connexion, that Greek has influenced modern languages so little, renders it specially difficult, and by consequence specially repulsive. Who that has groaned under the unfamiliarity of the German prefixes *an* and *mit*, *über* and *unter*, *ver* and *zer*, the force of which it requires such an effort to calculate beforehand, can doubt what annoyance a clever boy of sixteen would feel in constantly having to turn to his lexicon to satisfy himself about the effect of *ἀνά*, *κατά*, *μετά*, and *παρά* in composition? Altogether, I believe that there are few studies which it would be so easy to lose as that of Greek, few which it would be so hard to regain. What England would be if the knowledge of Greek were to fall into comparative desuetude, those whose experience has familiarized them from boyhood with the effect of the two studies combined can scarcely undertake to prophesy. Perhaps those who know less of England and more of France and Italy will find the prediction easier.

In what I have said, as in what I shall say hereafter, I am anxious not to derogate in any way from the advantages of other studies to those whose circumstances or natural bent may happen to point in a different direction. My case is simply that classics, as at present taught, have a *locus standi*; and that case, so limited, I do not think Mr. Sidgwick's arguments disprove.

Professor Seeley is less suggestive and less judicial than Mr. Sidgwick, but he is very interesting nevertheless. His complaint is that University education is becoming more and more mere training for examination: he wishes to see a more genial and natural love of learning for its own sake. This he thinks might exist if the examination

were not made, as it is now, the central point of the system. A learned class, he contends, may also be a class of teachers. England, centuries ago, was known as the mother of ideas, and there is no reason why she should not be so again. Many University men would doubtless echo his aspirations, if only they could see any means of converting them into realities. His own suggestions are three, though he intimates that they do not exhaust the requirements of the case: the opening of College Fellowships in Cambridge to the whole University; the re-organization of the teaching system so that tutors should lecture not to men of their own college alone, but to all comers, and, in consequence, should be able to concentrate themselves on some particular study; and the arrangement of the names in each class of every tripos, not by merit, but alphabetically. Unfortunately we in Oxford have two of Mr. Seeley's remedies, the first and the third, in full work as part of our institutions, and yet we are still, in the main, a University of examiners and examinees. The second is desired by many of us, and may not improbably be established before long in some form or other, if indeed it may not be said to be partially existing already; but I fear that, even then, we shall be a long way from the goal to which Mr. Seeley looks forward. Many other things would have to be brought about before the Universities could become really learned bodies. The question of passmen is academically what the question of a proletariat is socially and politically: as long as it is left unsolved, it is an open wound. The college system, valuable if not invaluable for purposes of discipline, tends directly to discourage learning; the wealth of the colleges makes them important, so that their heads form a social aristocracy; and yet a head of a college is not necessarily a learned man. Yet it can hardly be said that the Universities in this respect do not faithfully represent the feeling of the country, nor does it seem likely that any legislative reform in Parliament, be it what it may, will give us an aristocracy of teachers.

On the subject of Mr. Bowen's essay, the desirability of teaching language to boys without grammar, I have no opinion to offer which would be of any value. It is a practical question to be solved by those who have had practical experience. In what he says about grammar itself, his assertions seem to me far too sweeping and unqualified. The laws of language are not fully contained in grammar rules, but grammar rules are useful nevertheless to give form and stability to knowledge which would otherwise be vague and fluctuating. It is next to impossible that a boy should read enough to make his feeling for language a sufficient guide. Nor is it, I venture to maintain, any impeachment of the utility of grammar (though Mr. Lowe, in his recent Edinburgh address, appears to agree with

Mr. Bowen in thinking so), that it was not known at all by the oldest of the classical writers, and only imperfectly known by the later. I do not see why a grammar-writer needs to be "confounded by the circumstance that Euripides wrote excellent Greek without having heard of an optative mood," when he reflects that there is an optative mood nevertheless, and that those for whom he writes are not, like Euripides, unconsciously speaking a living language, but consciously learning a dead one. Here I am happy to believe that I may claim the support of Mr. Sidgwick, who evidently thinks it unreasonable when a French writer attacks grammarians for introducing refinements which Bossuet never knew, "as if Virgil ever thought of a tertiary predicate, or Thucydides of the peculiar use of *ὅπως μή*." Mr. Bowen, however, is disposed to go further, and to question the value of those qualifications which make up what is called "a beautiful scholar." I will not follow him there: the passage is too long to quote, and it is so rhetorically and (Mr. Bowen must forgive me when I say) intemperately written, that it would be scarcely just to an essay which is in many respects an interesting one to bring it into prominence. I will only notice one matter of fact about which Mr. Bowen's language might lead an incautious reader to form a wrong impression. The writers of dictionaries and grammars, he says, are sure to attack a man of ability and conviction who, in expressing himself on subjects of public importance, shows ignorance of the classics. "A man of classical education, we shall hear, would never have spoken of the 'works' of Thucydides." The allusion, of course, is to a speech made by Mr. Cobden some fifteen or sixteen years ago, in which he was reported to have said that, to an Englishman of the present day, there was more to be gained from a single number of the *Times* than from the whole of the historical works of Thucydides. Probably too much was made of this lapse at the time when it was committed; and no one, of course, would now dream of quoting it disparagingly against a great man. But the point was this: Mr. Cobden was not borrowing an illustration from the classics; he was depreciating them, as many thought, rashly and unjustly; and therefore it was fair argument, as it was certainly tempting, to point out that the very form of his depreciation showed that he could know but little of what he was depreciating. A living great man was made the object of criticism, but he had provoked it by criticizing a dead one.

It is not easy to discover whether one who, like myself, believes in Greek and Latin verse as a training for some boys, but quite admits that there are others to whom it is unsuitable, has any ground of controversy with Mr. Farrar. He apologizes to classical scholars, who may have the leisure and the inclination for such pursuits, for

any strong language which he may use about their favourite relaxation, and distinctly asserts that he has in view the case not of the brilliant few, but of the mediocre multitude. Yet, on the other hand, it appears to me that much that he says is irreconcilable with this limitation, and can only be interpreted on the supposition that his hostility to the practice is interneine. He complains that "there are learned and able men who still cling to a system of verse-teaching which bears to so many minds the stamp of demonstrable absurdity;" asks why it is "that no one, either in or out of his senses, ever thinks of learning any other language by a similar process;" "cannot admit that it teaches style even to a handful who become good scholars;" "deliberately and determinately repeats that in this elegant trifling success is often more deplorable than failure;" appeals to periods in history where successful cultivation of style produced frivolity and feebleness of intellect; and ends by saying that "we require the knowledge of *things*, and not of *words*; of the truths which great men have to tell us, and not of the tricks or individualities of their style; of that which shall add to the treasures of human knowledge, not of that which shall flatter its fastidiousness by frivolous attempts at reproducing its past elegancies of speech; of that which is best for human souls, and which shall make them greater, wiser, better, not of that which is idly supposed to make them more tasteful and refined." These sentences (and no one who has read the essay will say that they misrepresent its spirit) surely apply not to the indiscriminate teaching of Latin and Greek verses, but to the teaching of them at all. To attempt to qualify them by interpolating in each of them, "except in the case of the brilliant few," would be not to explain, but to destroy their meaning. In fact, Mr. Farrar seems to have made a promise which he has found himself unable to keep: he has undertaken to respect the liberty of a selected few; but when he comes to introduce his reasonings, he finds them so clamorous and so cogent, that he is compelled to abandon even these privileged persons to their tender mercies, and to proclaim a war of extermination.

I must then accept Mr. Farrar's challenge, which has indeed already been given by Mr. Sidgwick, and declare that, whether in or out of my senses, I should be prepared to recommend the practice of verse-writing as a means of acquiring other languages, if they should have to be taught under the circumstances under which Latin and Greek are now taught at schools. We take Latin and Greek (whether rightly or wrongly is not now the question) as typical languages, and apply to them a minuteness of study which we cannot afford to apply to others; and part of this minute study is the practice of verse-composition. And we choose verse-composition in particular, because as a matter of fact we find that verse-composition is suited to the

capacities of young boys. Mr. Johnson, in a later essay, has done me the honour to refer with approval to an opinion which I expressed to the Public School Commissioners, to the effect that whereas a verse is within the grasp of a boy's understanding, a prose sentence is to him an impenetrable mystery. This was grounded on my vivid recollection of my own school days, and also on the experience of some years at Oxford, during which pupils were constantly bringing me composition in verse and prose. I have often amused myself by paralleling individuals with nations, and noticing this comparatively late appreciation of the capabilities of prose as a fact in literature, as I had already observed it as a fact in my own development. Homer writes poetical narrative when history is still unknown in Greece; Hesiod versifies didactics when there are no prose treatises on agriculture. But further, I believe that a man (under favour of Mr. Mill as well as of the two essayists) will appreciate the artistic part of poetry better if he writes verses himself. Here, again, I am stating what seems to me to be a conclusion from my own experience in the matter of English. It may or may not be worth while to cultivate the habit, but I cannot admit that it fails of its object. As to the extreme cases which Mr. Farrar mentions, boys saturating themselves with Ovid in order to write elegiacs, no one is concerned to defend them. It is not desirable to be thoroughly imbued with Latin erotic poetry; but neither is it necessary. A literary police, I readily grant, is needed for scholars, as it is for other people. But to talk broadly about "a finical fine-ladyism of the intellect . . . an exotic which flourishes most luxuriantly in the thin artificial soil of vain and second-rate minds . . . the enthronement of conventionality, the apotheosis of self-satisfaction," as the kind of taste which Greek and Latin verse-writing tends to foster, is to talk unwarrantably and extravagantly. Such denunciations aggravate the mischief against which they are directed; they drive opponents into a defying and polemical attitude, and prevent them from candidly admitting that there are dangers in their study against which they, as sensible men, would wish to be on their guard.

I have not grappled with Mr. Farrar's argument from authority. My desire has been to record my own individual conviction, and so I have brought no compurgators with me, past or present. Yet I cannot help hoping that I might find some if it were necessary, though of course it is true that there are great names on the other side. Meanwhile, I think the moderate advocates of verse-composition may find some reason for reassuring themselves in the very violence of the storm which seems now to be setting in against them. Doubtless their party has in its time used expressions of unwarranted contempt in speaking of studies of a different kind; and it is no

more than retribution that they should "hear themselves as many things as they have said of others." But Nemesis is just, and a limit must exist somewhere. There cannot be much more to be said against their study, and then, perhaps, the tide will turn.

I now come to an essay which I have read in some respects with more interest than any other in the volume, I mean Mr. Wilson's. It may not be as thoughtful as one or two others, but it is decidedly the most inspiring. The gem of the whole paper is contained in a few pages, where he gives an account of his own method of teaching botany to a class of boys by what he truly calls a *maieutic* process, drawing out intelligence before communicating knowledge, and only imparting formulas where the pupil's mind has come absolutely to yearn for some principle under which to combine its facts. Even those who are ignorant of natural science must feel, on reading these pages, that they are in the presence of a really eminent teacher, who could hardly fail to exercise a powerful influence on any mind of decent capacity with which he might be brought into contact. Perhaps I may be allowed to mention the effect which their perusal had on myself. It did not make me feel that natural science ought to be taught in schools less restrictedly than it is; that I was already prepared to concede. It did not make me feel that natural science ought to be made a part of every boy's education; that I fear I shall always be disposed to question. But it set me thinking whether the method employed so successfully in teaching natural science might not be applied to other things in which I happen to be more interested—whether Mr. Bowen's view of teaching language without grammar, to which I was not previously inclined, might not have some portion of truth in it.

What more I have to say must, unhappily, be confined to the point on which I differ from Mr. Wilson, the necessity of compelling all boys to undergo a course of scientific instruction. I believe to a considerable extent in what Mr. Wilson "holds to be a pestilent heresy,"—"a theory of education in which boys should learn nothing but what they show a taste for." I should not myself put it quite so nakedly; and I should be ready to have my theory modified (which does not mean set aside) by the practical experience of schoolmasters. What I think then is, that boys who have a decided taste for any intellectual study recognised as forming a part of school education ought to be allowed to indulge it, to the total neglect of some studies, and the partial neglect of others. The Platonic Socrates lays down (whether he is always consistent with himself on this, any more than on other subjects, I really do not know) that "no trace of slavery ought to mix with the studies of the free-born man; for the continual performance of bodily labour does, it is true,

exert no evil influence upon the body ; but, in the case of the mind, no study, pursued under compulsion, remains rooted in the memory.”* Probably many instances might be quoted to disprove this last statement ; but I am sure there is a great deal of truth in it. “Male parta male dilabuntur:” what we take no interest in learning we are commonly glad to forget. The real thing, it seems to me, is to strengthen the love of knowledge where it exists, and lead it on continually to fresh acquirements, seeking corrections for one-sidedness where I believe they may generally be found, in ever widening and deepening views of the study itself. There will always be out-lying subjects to which the student will have some affinity, and these he may easily be led to pick up: a boy with classical tastes, *e.g.*, will, as a general rule, with a little encouragement, take kindly to English literature. On the other hand, there will be studies to which a boy of this kind will be apt to feel a natural repugnance ; witness what I may almost call the hereditary feud between classics and mathematics. I do not say that it may not be possible, by a long and elaborate course of training, to soften these antipathies ; I do not say that it may not be in some cases desirable to do so ; but after all, some choice must be made, and there are many things of which the majority of cultivated men must, each in his own sphere, be content to remain in ignorance. I am ready to include Latin and Greek among these, as regards one type of men, destined to one course in life. I do not see why I may not include natural science as regards another. One class need not know the Greek name for the liver, or the Latin for the spleen ; another class need not know where the liver or the spleen is, unless, unhappily, the information should be brought home to them in a practical shape. Some physical facts the literary man will require for the conduct of ordinary life, and he will get them ; some facts about antiquity the scientific man will require in order to understand the condition of things about him, and he also will get them. For these purposes, as well as for purposes of social intercourse, the broad sheet of the *Times* newspaper will supply sufficient common ground. For purposes of mental culture, apart from professional exigences, each will find ample means of refreshment in his own and cognate studies.

But it is said that classical men need a scientific education. Mr. Parker tells us that men of science make the complaint which Erasmus made of the scholars of his day : “Incredibile quam nihil intelligat litteratorum vulgus.” Mr. Fataday, to a paper of whose he refers, spoke strongly to the Public School Commissioners of the delusions entertained by cultivated persons on matters of which no one can be a judge without having had a scientific training. “Up to this very

* Plato, “Republic,” book vii. p. 536 (Davies and Vaughan’s translation).

day there come to me persons of good education, men and women quite fit for all that you expect from education; they come to me, and they talk to me about things that belong to natural science, about mesmerism, table-turning, flying through the air, about the laws of gravity; they come to me to ask me questions, and they insist against me, who think I know a little of those laws, that I am wrong and they are right, in a manner which shows how little the ordinary course of education has taught such minds." No one will defend these injudicious querists, who go to consult the oracle and then argue against the response given; though I suppose it might be asked whether their belief in their illusions is likely to have done them much harm, apart from leading them, as it apparently did, to violate good taste. But I will meet the complaint with a counter bit of experience. In 1853, not long after table-turning came into vogue, I was acquainted with a person who had no scientific knowledge, but occupied himself chiefly with the study of Greek plays. He heard of table-turning, and became rather interested in it. He tried it himself in a miniature form, which at that time was fashionable among beginners, the turning of a hat. The hat turned readily. He had endeavoured to observe his own movements while the process was going on, but found that the very act of thinking of his fingers' ends gave him a sensation as if his fingers' ends did not belong to him, so that he could not tell whether they were imparting any motion to the hat, much less whether the fingers' ends of his neighbours were imparting any. He resolved to suspend his judgment until some physical philosopher should speak. In two or three weeks one did speak, and that was Mr. Faraday himself, in a well-known letter to the *Times*. My friend was satisfied, and troubled himself very little about table-turning afterwards. What led him to so sane a conclusion? It was simply that he was just then beginning to take a firm hold of his own subject, and, in consequence, to understand the authority which special knowledge imparts to its possessor.

But, granting that it is possible for non-scientific persons to avoid forming or propounding rash judgments on scientific subjects by attending to the simple rule of minding one's own business, is there nothing of importance to all educated men, to appreciate which a knowledge of science is absolutely necessary? My readers will have anticipated that I am going to speak of a matter far graver than any I have touched on yet, the issue now pending between science and revelation. Mr. Parker presses this point in a few words; Mr. Wilson more at length. The latter thinks that no one can meet the question properly in whose mind religious and scientific ideas have not been allowed to grow up side by side. Now, it is important at starting to ascertain to whom or what the duty of coming to a con-

clusion on this question is owing. Is it to religion or to science? Clearly to the former. I do not say that we have no duties to science: we all of us have duties to it; those who are led to it by natural bent or circumstances are bound to cultivate it; those who are not so led are bound to treat it with respect, and to refrain from rash and ignorant comments on it. But that belongs to the part of the argument with which we have been engaged for the last page or two, not to the part which we are now considering. The new claim advanced for science rests on another duty, our duty to religion. Science and religion are in apparent conflict, and therefore it concerns all religious men to entertain some opinion on a struggle which may affect religion. It is a question whether we are all bound to be scientific; there is no question, among those with whom I desire to class myself, that we are all bound to be religious. I am not advocating any sectarian view; I admit freely that all truth comes from God, and that religion may be injured, not merely by questioners who start difficulties, but by answerers who ignore them. I am only anxious to put the matter, as regards those who recognise religion, on its true basis. What we have to inquire, then, is, how may our duty to religion in this matter be satisfied? Is it due to religion that all those of us who are capable of acquainting themselves with scientific truth should try to do so? Let us consider what the points at issue between science and religion are. Two of those most prominently canvassed are the truth of the Mosaic account of the creation, and the credibility of the Gospel miracles. Would the breach that exists with regard to matters like these be healed by a general diffusion of scientific knowledge? Some have thought that a profounder investigation of science would remove the apparent contradictions which now trouble so many minds. It may be so; but is this likely to result from a more general diffusion of scientific education? If it is necessary to dig deeper than the science of the present day, will not such digging be carried on by the few rather than by the many? On the other hand, might not there be a danger, if science were more diffused among educated men, that those who are zealous for religion would broach superficial theories of reconciliation or confutation, such as readily commend themselves to partial knowledge, while they could not have occurred to honest ignorance? Surely the present aspect of the controversy tends to show that men require, for their own peace, at any rate, not instruction in natural science, but views drawn from a philosophy of another kind; views which, while accepting the statements of science, if need be, at its own estimate, shall suggest other considerations unknown to science, and produce in the mind, not, perhaps, intellectual satisfaction, but at any rate a contented acquiescence in imperfect lights, as a condition at once

warranted by fact and recommended by analogy. If, as I believe, our conclusion must be, as religious men alive to the controversies of our time, that while, on the one hand, there are many unsolved difficulties, on the other there are realities lying beyond the range of those difficulties, why are we bound to engrave the difficulties deeply on our minds, so that, turn where we will, they may always confront us? Why is it necessary that every cultivated man should be able to appreciate from his own experience the full strength of the resistance which scientific habits of mind oppose to the reception of a theory of supernatural interference? No one pretends that the dispute is really to be decided on that issue; it is merely one of various elements in the question; and till all cultivated men are so educated as to appreciate all the elements of the question thoroughly, it is worse than vain, it is mischievous, to press on religious grounds the claims of any single element to special study. No doubt the study of evidences is the proper work of the ablest of the clergy, and of such of the laity who feel that from circumstances they are best able in that way to serve their generation; but it should be a really thorough study, neither one-sided nor superficial. What others have to do is, not to solve the problem for the world, but to appreciate its conditions, which will be one way of solving it for themselves.

After all, I fear Mr. Wilson will still be unconvinced. He will not allow literary men to argue from their own mental experience that they do not need a scientific training; and that, I am afraid, is at bottom the argument which is really powerful with all of us. I will only entreat him to believe that, though a literary student may not use his faculty of natural observation when he is out of doors, his mind is not necessarily idle or unoccupied; he may have thoughts which are worth having in themselves, and which he could not have if his attention were otherwise engaged.

The three remaining essays need not detain us so long. The matters for controversy which they open have been partially anticipated; and generally they may be said to be less controversial than most of their predecessors. Two of them, moreover, are comparatively short, those by Mr. Hales and Lord Houghton. Lord Houghton's acts as a sort of *l'envoy*, not going into detail, but enforcing the general doctrine of making education more modern on social grounds. Like everything which comes from him, it is elegantly and gracefully written, and, standing as it does at the end of the list, it enables us to close the volume with a sense of artistic finish. Mr. Hales, on the other hand, devotes himself to a special point, the teaching of English in schools, which he thinks ought to be made the basis of all other linguistic and literary training. Mr. Sidgwick had already pressed the same thing, though I am not sure

whether he would entirely agree with Mr. Hales on all matters of detail. Their view would have my warm sympathy if I could be quite sure of its feasibility. No one will deny that a knowledge of the English language and literature is an essential part of the literary training of an Englishman. Other modern languages he may neglect with more or less of impunity; but to neglect his own would be absolutely suicidal. The only question is whether room can be found for it in the classical part of the present school curriculum. I am assuming that Greek and Latin are to be retained as portions of the early training of boys educated in that department; and I should be inclined to add to them German, for the reason which I hinted in a former page, that, while it is all-important as a key to modern learning, it is comparatively difficult to pick up later, and therefore ought, I think, to be mastered in those early years which are naturally associated with intellectual drudgery. With three languages on hand, I confess I doubt whether even a clever boy would find room for the systematic study of a fourth, even though that fourth be his own. On the other hand, knowledge of English can always be picked up: a boy's ignorance of his own language is not that kind of ignorance which offers resistance to the acquirement of knowledge, and much may be done without direct teaching to make a clever boy a good English scholar. Let me say, by the way, that I scarcely agree with Mr. Sidgwick when he declares that he wishes the "occasional and irregular training" which boys now get "to be made as general and systematic as possible." One of the complaints against the increasing exactingness of modern education, is, that it allows boys no time for reading. Doubtless, now that athletic tastes have become so absorbing, masters may be jealous of leaving more leisure than necessary at a boy's disposal; yet I think most would feel it to be a pity that a pupil should receive the whole of his intellectual impressions through the medium of his form-master or his private tutor. That English should be taught to those whose training is not intended to be classical, I readily admit; and if in a bifurcated school any crumbs from the well-furnished table in the modern department could be made to fall to the classical boys without entailing the necessity of their sitting through every meal, it would be a real point gained. While I am on the subject I may note that the absence of any Professor of English is one of the most patent wants of the English Universities. An Anglo-Saxon chair may throw light on the "divine fore-time" of the language; a Poetry chair may do something for parts of the literature; but a more systematic cultivation of the subject is needed, and it is a discredit that Oxford and Cambridge should make no attempt to supply it.

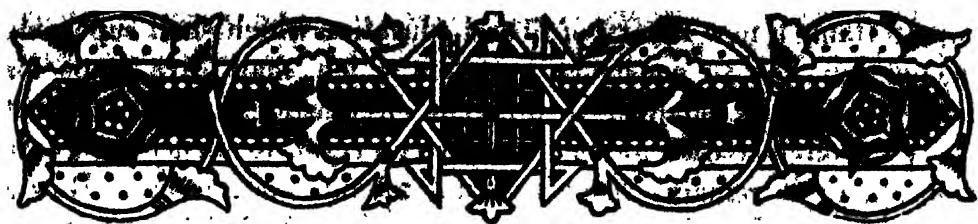
Mr. Johnson's essay comes near Mr. Sidgwick's for suggestiveness and insight; if it is not quite equal to it. Perhaps its chief interest is to some extent by the form into which a good deal of it is cast. There is an autobiographical element in it; it professes to record the writer's experiences as a schoolmaster; and this is not unfrequently done in a tone of cynical self-depreciation. The result is that, though we have much light, the light is not always quite dry. The same vein of individuality appears occasionally in the illustrations with which he sets forth his arguments. Like most of his colleagues in this volume, he pleads for physical science; and one of the considerations he advances is the value which the classical writers whom we admire attached to the study. "It is painful to enumerate all that we leave unnoticed; the 'natural questions' which a Seneca would have asked, which we, the distant heirs of Seneca, either slight or dread. We force our pupils to say in Latin verse, that sounds to me almost as the voice of the Fairy Queen summoning the rhymers, 'Happy is he who hath been able to learn the causes of things, why the earth trembles, and the deep seas gape;' and yet we are not to tell them. Virgil humbly grieved, but we grieve not, that we cannot reach these realms of wonder. . . . What would Lucretius have thought of men who knew, or might know, such things, and were afraid to tell the young of them, for fear of spoiling their perception of his peculiarities? How would Ovid flout at us if he heard that we could unfold the boundless mysteries contained in his germinal saying, 'All things change, nothing perishes,' and passed them by to potter over his little ingenuities!" Surely it is misleading to talk in this way of the ancients, as though their circumstances were precisely the same as our own. Knowledge was in their days far less extensive and multifarious than it is now, and the principle of a division of studies was in consequence much less recognised. An ancient student was necessarily more ambitious in his range of inquiry than a modern student either can or ought to be. Then there are special circumstances attaching to each of the different writers named. It is difficult to understand why we are bound to follow in the steps of Seneca; he is not one of the authors who have made our knowledge of classical literature what it is to us; and the mere fact that he writes in Latin and was encyclopædic is hardly a reason why those who read Latin should be encyclopædic also. Virgil, if I read him rightly, did not so much wish to be a natural philosopher, which he might have been, as to be the poet of natural philosophy; nor is it clear, even so, what his wish means. It may be a graceful way of deprecating comparison with Lucretius, to whom the whole passage is an allusion; it may be a despairing aspiration after the inward satisfaction supposed to be given by Epicurean belief.

or, indeed, as for Aristotle, the "nature of things" had a terrible reality to him; his mind was bound up with his physical theory. It would certainly be strange if any one should read through his poem for the sake of noting his peculiarities without attempting to understand his philosophy; but is this often done? My own experience would lead me to think that hardly any who are not prepared to enter into his philosophy read him continually, and that those who wish to observe his peculiarities as a writer read only certain parts of his poem, those, namely, which contain least of natural science. Ovid's case is diametrically opposite: whatever he may have thought of his "germinal saying," it is in no sense a sample of his poetry; and those who, instead of trying to develop its meaning, devote their time to his prettinesses of expression, do no more than he apparently wished them to do. Is a reader of Pope's "Essay on Man" bound to study the philosophy, which is probably second-hand as well as second-rate, rather than the diction and versification, which are really what give the poem its character? But I must not follow Mr. Johnson further into details, though I should have liked to put him on his defence for his statement that "the monstrous fatuities which disfigure *Æschylus* are condemned by the clear head of an *Aristophanes*, and can be proved to be bad;" an unmeasured way of talking, from which even Mr. Sidgwick is not quite free. A dissection of an illustration takes up more room than the illustration itself; and the more an essayist has to say, the more a reviewer is obliged to say in answering him. I will only add, then, briefly, that I cordially agree with Mr. Johnson's object, the education of the reasoning faculties of boys, and think that he has been very successful in showing in how many ways it may be done without outstepping the ordinary limits of a classical and literary training. To his plan of teaching French systematically to his classical pupils I incline to demur, for the reason I gave a page or two back in speaking of Mr. Hales's essay. Three languages seem to me the utmost that a boy can profitably pursue at once; and French is not, like German, a language which it is difficult to acquire at a later period.

I should be sorry if it were supposed that I wished the foregoing pages to be accepted as an adequate examination of the contents of this volume. To examine it thoroughly would require a volume of at least twice its bulk, and a writer far more versed in educational questions than I am. All that I have attempted to do is to follow the example of the Parliamentary orator (was it Mr. Cobden?) who said it was his habit to step out and join the debate when he saw it coming by his door. The thread which runs through my criticism is, as I have said already, a belief that the question before us is not

how to frame a new theory of liberal education which shall supersede the old, but how to construct systems which shall give scope for different theories, adapted to different circumstances. We are most likely to convince each other; we have no right to silence or ignore each other; it remains that we should tolerate each other. How a toleration may best be organized is a question which I leave to those who are more accustomed to grapple with details. The adoption of bifurcation in all our larger schools would seem to be a natural way of meeting the want in its earlier stages: to satisfy it in a later period it would probably be necessary that the Universities should recognise from the first that distinction of studies which is now conceded, sparingly and with hesitation, in the latter part of an academical career.

JOHN CONINGTON.



ROME' AT THE CLOSE OF 1867.

NOTES FROM WITHIN THE CITY.

ROME is tranquil. The Holy Father, with the aid of the Chassepot rifle, has "made a solitude and calls it peace." The gates of the city are still barricaded by earthworks and stagnant ditches. The Piazza del Popolo is encumbered with that *ultima ratio regum*, the black-throated cannon. The parapets of the Pincio are surmounted by heavy earth-bags, with loop-holes for rifles, and Religion is everywhere armed and in uniform. The people are crushed and the priests triumph. The streets are thronged by soldiers, nearly all of whom are foreigners, and the Zouaves are especially conspicuous, not only by their dress, but by their strutting and imperious airs of ownership. Never, within my knowledge, did this city look so sad and depressed. There is no life or movement anywhere, and even on festal days the Corso is comparatively empty. There seems to be a different population in the streets, and the faces one sees are dull and dispirited. And no wonder it is so, for the Papalini are chiefly visible. The flower of the Roman people languishes in prison, or has been driven beyond the gates. Besides the prisoners of war and the wounded, no less than 2,000 men are under arrest, imprisoned, and awaiting process. How long they will wait no one knows, for suspicion is in this place ample warrant for detention, and trial comes on according to the whim of the authorities, at any time, or at no time; and, worse than this, when trial

takes place it is little better than a farce. The prisons in Rome are now so crowded, that there is no space to lodge any more persons; and it is necessary, when new arrests are made, to send the prisoners into the adjacent towns.

It is impossible to obtain any exact or trustworthy information from the public press as to the real history of the late revolution. The *Osservatore Romano* and the *Giornale di Roma* do not scruple to falsify the known facts, and to misrepresent in the grossest manner the wishes of the people and the conduct of the Papal troops. There seems however to be little doubt that the Zouaves behaved very badly during the invasion of the Garibaldians, and that the state of siege in the city was a reign of terror. Even during the day it was unsafe to walk the streets, which were thronged by parties of soldiers who, on the slightest pretext, and often with no pretext at all, shot and bayoneted innocent persons. In repeated instances single men were set upon by squads of Zouaves, who, instead of arresting them for examination, barbarously wounded or murdered them, upon mere suspicion that they might be connected with revolutionary incidents. If a bomb was exploded in any piazza, all persons seen near the spot, whether drawn by curiosity to a door or window, or seeking shelter anywhere, were at once fired at. In the attack made upon one house where arms were discovered on one of the floors, and a defence was attempted by the band of revolutionists who were gathered there, the whole house was ravaged, the furniture of the occupants of all the floors destroyed, and every article of any value was stolen. One person, well-known to the attacking party as a peaceable man, entirely unconnected with any revolutionary designs, had the misfortune to lodge in an upper floor; the soldiers broke into his apartment; he and his family were protected, and no outrage was committed on them, except that he was placed under arrest; but his rooms were plundered, all his money and silver plate, and all the jewellery of his wife, were taken; and the savings of a life of frugality and toil were lost in an hour. He returned from prison in a few days to find himself utterly ruined. Another case was that of a servant of the Barberini family, who had the misfortune to be passing down a street near by a piazza when a bomb exploded. Alarmed by the noise, he sought the nearest refuge, but being seen by a party of Zouaves, he was shot down, and then surrounded and bayoneted as he lay on the ground. Fortunately, despite his wounds, he escaped with his life; but although there was no evidence to show that he was in any way connected with the explosion, he was sentenced to death, and only saved by the earnest remonstrances of Prince Barberini.

In still another case, a Zouave having been shot by an unknown

person at one of the casinos near the Vatican, a party of soldiers immediately issued in search of the assassin. The street was empty, and finding no one upon whom they could wreak their vengeance, they entered an osteria called the "Cecchina," where several persons were quietly seated, among whom were three or four old men (two of whom were "vecca morti" employed to carry bodies to the grave), a woman, and two or three children; and though there were no grounds to suspect these persons of any kind of implication in the crime, or even of any knowledge of it, and although no resistance was made, they immediately slaughtered the whole of them in cold blood. During this period the Zouaves thronged the street with their guns loaded and swung on their shoulders ready for instant use, and carrying loaded and cocked revolvers in their hands, which they used on the slightest pretence against innocent persons.

Incidents like this were of constant occurrence, and the result was, of course, a universal state of terror among the people. Shops were only partially opened, and were closed long before sunset; the streets were deserted; no one could pass out of the gates; and the silence of the people was proclaimed by the newspapers of Rome as a proof of their affection for the Papal Government. Doubtless there is a large class of persons in Rome whose sympathies are for the Pope. The great proportion of the nobility adhere to him and uphold the present state of things. Besides these are the *employés* of the Government, who depend upon it for their means of subsistence, and all those who are connected with the churches and convents, or are priests or *frati* by profession. But the great mass of the intelligent citizens of the middle and lower class are not only opposed to the Papal Government, but despise it. They long for the time when the temporal power shall be overthrown, and Rome become the capital of Italy, and the power of the priests be cast down. Those who know not the terrorism of these latter days in Rome may wonder, if such be the wishes of the majority of the people, why it was that a revolution did not take place when the Garibaldians were almost at the gates. But when it is remembered that the people were almost entirely without fire-arms, that the city was filled with soldiers and spies, that every movement was watched, that every person upon whom a shadow of suspicion lay was either arrested or under surveillance, that those who had the energy and ability to organize and lead a revolution were in prison or exile, that no news was allowed to come in, and that the threats of France darkened all hopes of ultimate success, the apparent tranquillity of the people, interpreted by foreigners into apathy, and proclaimed by the Papal Government as a proof of affection, will be seen to indicate anything rather than acquiescence in the continuance of the

Papal rule, or indifference to Italy. Besides this, it must not be forgotten that the policy of Rome since 1848 has been one of proscription, exile, and imprisonment of all who were suspected of liberal views, so as to deprive the revolution of its most energetic leaders and followers. Other influences are also to be considered. Desirous as the people were that Italy should enter and take possession of Rome, they feared what might be the consequences of a sudden revolution when the city was taken by the Garibaldians. These fears were not on account of the Garibaldians themselves, but of the bands of robbers, the refuse of all Italy, which, driven from every quarter, thronged the city, and were ready to take advantage of the confusion to commit any kind of outrage. All accounts seem to agree that during those days a large number of persons were seen in the streets entirely unknown to the Romans, and of an appearance which was not calculated to inspire confidence. Still the tranquillity of the Romans was only apparent. A revolution was prepared, fire-arms had been secretly obtained and hidden, and the day was appointed for the rising. But when the moment came for the outbreak, and the Romans went to take possession of the arms they had secreted, every place where they had been deposited was found to be in possession of the Papal troops. The whole plan of operations had been betrayed by some traitor, or discovered by some spy and revealed to the Government. Notwithstanding this, risings took place in various parts of the city. The Romans, unarmed as they were, threw themselves upon the patrols, and after drawing their fire, fought hand to hand with them and put them to flight. At Ara Coeli a fierce encounter took place; and one band of unarmed citizens took possession of the Porta San Paolo and routed the Zouaves who guarded it. When, however, it was found that these bands were unarmed, strong detachments of troops were everywhere brought up in numbers which it was impossible to resist, and thus the revolution was crushed. Who the traitor was who revealed the plan of operations and pointed out the places where the arms were secretly deposited, is not surely known, but suspicion strongly points to a certain advocate, De Domenicis, who was the legal adviser of the French Legation, and was one of the "Comitato Romano," and in the secret counsels of the leaders of the insurrection. It is scarcely necessary to add that he sought safety by an immediate flight.

This attempt at revolution it serves the purpose of the Government to gloss over, in order to support the pretence that the Roman people were opposed to the entry of the Garibaldians, and supported the Pope. But the fact is, that it was a very serious rising, and nothing but the absolute want of arms and the overwhelming force

of the Papal troops prevented it from being successful. As it was, for a time the greatest alarm was felt, and some of the gendarmes hesitated whether they should not take the part of the insurrection. The plan had been well-arranged, at least six or seven thousand persons were pledged to its support, and had it not been betrayed to the Papal authorities, so that the insurgents found themselves unarmed, there seems to be little doubt that it would have succeeded. Such, at all events, as far as I can gather, is the general opinion of both parties here.

It is extremely difficult in Rome to obtain any exact information of the real facts which have occurred, or to determine which of various versions of any incident is the most trustworthy; but there is certainly a strong impression here among some of the Liberal party, that there was a moment when the Pope, threatened by the Garibaldians from without, fearful of the agitations within, and doubtful of the vacillating purposes of France, hesitated in his policy, and was on the point of calling for the support of Italy. At all events, it was currently reported here and believed—and the information came straight from the Vatican and from persons surrounding the Pope—that orders were sent one morning to suspend the works of defence at the gates, and that it was determined to call in the Italian troops to preserve order. It is certain that all labour on the earthworks was for several hours abandoned, and that there was a general rejoicing in the city. Later in the day it is said that this resolution was overcome by the insistence of the “foreigners” in command of the Papal army, who declared that they came there to shed their blood in defence of the Pope, and who so earnestly opposed this determination that it was revoked, and the work on the fortifications was resumed. On the other hand it is stated that subsequently a paper was drawn up by the municipality, urging an accommodation with Italy, which was carried to the Holy Father by the secretary, to which he responded curtly—“Imbecilli!” (fools), and exiled the unfortunate bearer. To any one who knows the impulsive character of the Pope, these two apparently contradictory stories are perfectly reconcileable. It is not the first time that the order of one day has been forgotten and denied on the next. Still it is difficult to believe that Pius IX., whose ambition rather points in the way of martyrdom, and really believes himself to be the vicegerent of God on earth, and specially inspired in all his acts, and who is as vain and unreasonable as he is obstinate, could have yielded to any pressure of circumstances; and the only explanation of such a determination would be one of those sudden changes of opinion and returns upon himself and his old ideas, which occasionally astonish his counsellors and friends;

or perhaps one of those revelations from *Sta Filomena* which at times rule his conduct. If, in fact, he even for a moment had an idea of compromising with Italy, it was dissipated at once by the arrival of the French, whose assistance, as he said, he had never asked, and whose presence he looked upon as a special interposition of Providence. There is no doubt that the Papal Government did not make a demand on the Emperor for aid, and the Romans themselves were so fixed in the idea that the French would not interfere, that they refused to believe in their coming until they saw the soldiers marching into the streets of Rome. So far from their being received with enthusiasm by the people, as was stated by the French journals, they were met by a sullen silence on all sides; and though the Papal party was strengthened and established by their assistance, it was only the urgency of the occasion which made them welcome. The Emperor has no friends here on either side; and it would be difficult to say whether he were most disliked by the Papal party or by the people of Rome.

There can be little question that had it not been for the aid of the French in the battle of *Mentana* the day would have been gained by *Garibaldi*; and, despite the *Chassepot* rifle, the issue of the conflict was undecided at nightfall. Later in the evening, orders were sent to Rome for fresh detachments of troops, who were immediately marched out to reinforce the Papal army, while the *Garibaldians* through the night maintained their position at *Mentana*, fighting having ceased at four o'clock in the afternoon. * Nothing but the advance of the French saved the troops of the Pope from utter defeat. This is universally admitted here in private, and clearly shown by the public reports of *Failly* and *Kanzler*. The statement as to the superior number of soldiers led by *Garibaldi* over those on the side of the Pope at the battle of *Mentana* is entirely false. Whatever may have been the entire force under *Garibaldi*, there were under 3,000 of his men in action on that day. *Garibaldi*, not anticipating an attack, was moving a division of some 2,500 men from *Monte Rotondo* to join *Nicotera* at *Tivoli*, when he was attacked by Papal troops numbering, by their own account, over 3,000, and supported by at least 2,000 French; and it was with this division that the battle was fought. The French officers frankly admit that the *Garibaldians* fought with the utmost obstinacy and heroism. Though half-armed, and very scantily supplied with ammunition, many of them carrying only shot-guns of the most primitive and inefficient character, and some of them having only sticks, they fought with desperate ferocity, never breaking when overcome and pressed back, but retreating slowly, and rushing constantly on to the well-drilled and well-armed battalions of their enemies, engaging with them in

hand-to-hand conflicts, and, when their powder was exhausted, using their guns as clubs against the bayonets of their adversaries. An eye-witness, who was present during the whole of the battle, tells me that the Garibaldians were never routed or thrown into confusion for a moment; on the contrary, that, until the advance of the French, they had the decided advantage. From the position he occupied the battle-field lay like a map before him. The Zouaves had come to a stand-still in a hollow. The Garibaldians were moving forward to enclose them. Garibaldi himself, mounted on a white horse, under cover of a hill, was bringing round a detachment to attack them in flank, when the French seeing that the Papal troops were in a most dangerous position, advanced in two columns, one on the right and one on the left, to save them. Garibaldi, as he moved round the hill, came suddenly upon the column on the right, and then the rapid firing of the Chassepot rifle was heard for the first time like the fierce continuous roll of a drum. The fighting was desperate, but vain, and after a short conflict the Garibaldians began slowly to retreat before the terrible fire, in perfect order, no one running. This gentleman also stated that as he advanced he found the ground strewn with dead and wounded Garibaldians so thickly, that he could only compare it to pigeons after a number of guns had been fired into a flock, only the horror of it was that the pigeons were human beings in this case. Everywhere the guns of the Garibaldians were scattered about, and he was struck by the fact that most of them were smashed at the breech, showing that they had been used as clubs in hand-to-hand fighting. As evidence of the want of ammunition, one fact may be stated, coming to me directly from a Garibaldian captain, a gentleman of birth and education, who lies wounded in one of the hospitals in Rome. He says that in his company of one hundred and fifty men, he had, towards the close of the battle, only three cartridges. When, therefore, we take into consideration that the Garibaldians were considerably outnumbered by the Papal troops alone, without the French, that they were very inefficiently armed, very scant of ammunition, and many of them mere boys of fifteen and sixteen years of age, I think the notion that volunteers can never be opposed to regular troops with any chance of success may be fairly considered as disposed of. Despite the disadvantages, the Garibaldians, as I have said, would have carried the day had it not been for the French, and even the Chassepot rifle failed to do more than bring the battle to a stand-still. If this be not the case, how happened it that the Papal and French forces, instead of pursuing the Garibaldians, remained on the ground all night, and sent for new reinforcements to Rome? In the hospitals a fair idea may be formed of the men who composed the Garibaldian bands. There

are to be seen a number of boys of fifteen or sixteen years of age, and a fair proportion of men whose appearance and conversation clearly show them to be gentlemen. It serves the purpose of this Government to declare that they are merely brigands and blackguards, but there is no foundation for such a statement. Undoubtedly among them there were ill-conditioned men, some of whom were guilty in the country towns of outrage and robbery. But the cases where outrages were committed or robbery took place were rare and exceptional, and they were at once and severely punished. As a general rule, nothing was taken except what was absolutely necessary, and in such cases a bonus was given to the persons from whom anything was taken. The Garibaldians were everywhere received with enthusiasm by the people, and the plebiscites were unanimous in favour of Italy. Even over the Papal palace at Castel Gandoli the tricolor was raised.

The conduct of the Zouaves when they again took possession of some of the towns occupied by the Garibaldians was characterized by a most ill-judged and unnecessary ferocity. For instance, in returning to Albano, though no attempt at resistance was made, they challenged and fired at single persons in the street, and those who, attracted by the noise, came to the windows to see what was going on, were immediately shot at, and some of them killed. The same thing also took place at Rome; and in one case where a house was attacked containing arms, an order was given to the Zouaves that the windows and blinds of all the houses adjacent should be immediately closed by the occupants. Those who, in obedience to this loudly-shouted order, came to the windows to close them, were immediately fired at; several were wounded, and one young man who had lately been married, and was the sole support of his family, was shot through the head and killed on the spot.

We have been told by the French papers in the official report that only one French soldier was killed at Mentana. But none the less we have seen in the church of St. John Lateran, solemn obsequies and a grand funeral ceremony and mass for the souls of French and Papal troops who perished there. Over the principal entrance, as we entered, we read:—

Militibus,—ductoribus—ordinum—
 Pontifici—et—*Gallici*—exercitus—
 Qui—pro—apostolica—sede—occubuere.
 Ordo—Canon—et—Klerus—Eccles—Lateran—
 Pietatis—Honorisque—Causa—
 Justa—Funebria—
 Adeste—Cives—Advenæ que—
 Pacem—Adprecaminor—Viris—Fortiss—
 Quibus—Religio—Debet—et—Patria.

In the middle of the nave of the church was a great catafalque, with steps and pedestals surmounted by lions, and adorned by four elaborate inscriptions. On the top was a colossal figure of the archangel Michael, trampling Satan (the Italian Government) under his feet, and embracing a shield on which was written, "*Quis est Deus,*" and waving a sword, and below was this inscription, "*Sancte Michael archangele defende nos in praelio.*"

"The impression," says the *Osservatore Romano*, speaking of these obsequies, "upon all who were present was profound, and the spirit of piety, love, gratitude, and holy hope might be read in all their faces. While praying for the eternal peace of the just, for the brave defenders of the holy rights of the church, they courted the prize that every one felt in his heart had already been given to them in heaven."

Though the Papal party have for the moment conquered and enforced a peace, they are far from being reassured or confident of the future. The people of Rome are sullen and indignant, and the priests know that the snake is only scotched, not killed. Nothing can now support Rome but the bayonets of the French. A throne of peace established on bayonets! The "holiness of our Lord" protected by cannon! The "vicegerent of God" on earth shedding blood to support his claims for temporal power! Is all this, ask the people, in accordance with the principles of Christ? is this religion in practice? Though the priests love not the French, they feel that the safety of the city depends on their presence. When they go, chaos will come again. The universal question is, What will the Emperor do? how will he solve the problem? This problem is, first, how to sustain Rome against Italy and against the wishes of the people. And this can only be done by an armed occupation. Secondly, how in such case to provide for the financial necessities of a Government which cannot sustain itself by its own revenues and the paltry contributions of Peter's pence, and which is growing bankrupt every day. The intervention of France may prop up the temporal power, but how is it to pay the expenses of the Papal Government? The solution now offered by the Emperor is, a conference of the European Powers—a conference to settle a question between two parties who will agree to no common basis of compromise, and whose claims are utterly inconsistent with each other. Happy thought! What are the views of the Papal Government on this point, may be seen from the following extract from the *Osservatore Romano* of November 27:—

"A conference relative to the situation of the States of the Pope can only have one point of departure; treaties can only have one object,—the guaranty of the temporal sovereignty of the Holy Seat. If from this the movement does not begin, where will a solid base of discussion be found? Will it be found upon accomplished fact, upon spoliation, upon acts of force and fraud?"

The feelings towards Italy may be seen from the following extract from the same paper :—"The annals of this Government (of Italy) may be resumed in these few words—War to God, war to the Church, war to property, war to liberty ; war, in fine, to all persons, things, except to demagogic sects and to infidel freemasonry." With these feelings and these ideas, what hope can there be of agreement? Still, the one fixed idea of Louis Napoleon is a conference. When he has got himself into an entanglement from which he sees no outlet, he calls a conference which can settle nothing, and to which not even a basis of agreement can be offered. He has by his blundering thus far thoroughly compromised Italy, and done all that lay in his power to crush constitutional government between the revolution on one side and war on the other. It is now believed that he connived at the attack of the Garibaldians, and the politics of Ratazzi; that he desired a revolution in the Papal States, and counted upon it, and allowed it to be understood that in such case, if the Italian troops entered the dominions of the Pope, he would accept the position as a *fait accompli*, and threaten, but never act against Italy. This, it is said, accounts for his vacillation, for the strength of his language to Italy, and the delay of his action for the grand preparations to send troops to Rome,—for the orders and countermanding of orders to sail. It would even appear that an order not to embark the troops arrived at Toulon only a few hours after the first transport had quitted the port on its way to Rome, so that even at the last he was undetermined how to act, or was playing a game. The difficulty was, and it is this which annoys the Italians, that the King did not understand all this trickery, and was himself duped by his partner, and was so much the humble servant of the "nephew of his uncle," that he refused to allow Ratazzi to go on with the game, and thus lost an opportunity which will not easily recur. Whether this reading is correct, who knows? It is certainly not an unreasonable interpretation of the Emperor's conduct. It is quite inconceivable that Ratazzi and Garibaldi should have entered upon the plan of the invasion of Rome, aroused all the enthusiasm of Italy, compromised the hopes of the Romans, sacrificed so many lives, and placed the country between the danger of revolution at home and of war with France, without some kind of secret understanding with Louis Napoleon. Italy knew that she could not compete with France in arms, and she knew that an attack on Rome, unless supported by her, would shake the Government to its foundation. Yet, instead of crushing the revolutionary movement when it began, she encouraged it, allowed Garibaldi to enter the Roman provinces, threatened to follow him herself, and placed herself at last between two fires. Had the King taken possession of the provinces while France was shilly-shallying and

hesitating, it is more than probable that the Emperor would have acknowledged the force of accomplished facts, as he did after the battle of Castel Fidardo. Indeed, it would have seemed that the old game was to have been played out again, but that the King was too dull to make the move that was expected. After France had intervened, it was too late.

Still, if Italy would boldly take the ground that the intervention of France has set aside the convention, and freed her from all her engagements as to the Holy See, her position would be better than it was while she was hampered with vain promises and stipulations, and pledged to a difficult and almost impossible duty. Louis Napoleon, by the infraction of the convention, has again placed himself in the dilemma from which he required eighteen years to extricate himself after his previous intervention in 1848. No change of feeling was effected by those eighteen years of suppression of the Roman people. They were the same on the exit of the French troops in 1866 that they were on their entrance in 1848, and the abandonment of Rome was the signal for a revival of revolution. In fact, however, the withdrawal of the French was merely nominal. They were still represented by the Antibes Legion, and still ruled Rome. The only difference was that Italy assumed obligations which it was impossible for her to perform, and which have ended in threatening seriously her existence. When it is stated that Garibaldi had no right to enter the Roman territory, it is forgotten that by the clearly expressed will of the Roman people, freely declared, he was created commander-in-chief of the Republic of Rome; that the Roman Republic, though overthrown by French arms, never abdicated its powers, never surrendered those rights which were conferred by the only legitimate source of power, the Roman people, and that the Parliament merely adjourned and did not abandon its powers. During eighteen years the Republic was held in abeyance by the French arms, but as the will of the French people created the Empire, so the will of the Roman people created the Republic. If the Pope pretends that he holds his temporal power by the will of the people, let him prove it by "a plebiscite." The undoubted fact is that he only maintains that power by force of foreign arms.

The only solution of the Roman question which seems practicable is the union of Rome to Italy, the independence of the Pope guaranteed by the Catholic Powers, and upheld by an ample revenue furnished by them, and his dominions reduced to the Leonine city. No other solution is consistent with the now universally recognised doctrine, that the right of kings is founded on the will of the people, and cannot supersede their just demands. At present the main

elements upon which a State can be properly established are wanting here. There is no civil code of law, there is no decent administration of justice, there are no public trials, no public examinations of witnesses, and no sufficient guarantees of the rights and liberties of the people. The pleadings of the higher courts are still in Latin. The judges are priests. The argument of counsel is made to them separately, and in private in their own apartments; the testimony is purely by *ex parte* affidavits, the witnesses never personally appearing before the court, and no cross-examination being allowed. There is no trial by jury; there is nothing corresponding to the Habeas Corpus Act. Arrests take place upon mere suspicion, and the suspected persons often languish for years in prison with no means of obtaining a trial, and often with no idea of the cause of their arrest. And all this is forced upon the Roman people because France chooses to maintain the doctrine that they have no rights which interfere with the arbitrary domination of the Pope as a temporal sovereign, and that he being the head of the Catholic Church, is authorized to oppress as he chooses that fraction of Catholics which resides in his dominions. And the ground upon which France founds her right of interference in the affairs of another people is that she must maintain "her legitimate influence," whatever that may happen to be.

Scarcely, however, have the French arrived here than there seems to be another change in the mind of the Emperor, and they are now rapidly being withdrawn. Whether it is his intention absolutely to abandon Rome, or merely to withdraw the greater portion, leaving only a garrison at Civita Vecchia, is not known to the world, to his officers, or perhaps even to himself. Probably, as usual, the political Micawber is waiting for what "will turn up," and has no definite idea of what he is about. This great statesman, this extraordinary political genius, has managed of late to flounder from one embroilment into another with wonderful dexterity, and has generally no other solution for the entanglements he makes than a conference of European Powers. If he continue to make for the future as eminent blunders as those of Mexico and Venetia, and to miscalculate events as admirably as he did during the late war in Germany, perhaps the world may come to the conclusion that he is a man of whims and notions rather than of ideas and capacity, and instead of being a great political and administrative genius, is a very ordinary person. His sudden resolution to withdraw his troops from Rome has taken *the army here by surprise*, for they had every reason to suppose that they were to remain here for months at least, and the officers had taken their lodgings for that period. If other evidence of his intention to occupy Rome for a longer time be needed, it may be found in the great quantity of stores and provisions sent here for

the use of the French troops. But probably he sees that the game he is playing is dangerous, and very unpopular in France, and is desirous of withdrawing from it as soon as he can. By his intervention in Rome he has settled nothing, and made an enemy of Italy without satisfying the Pope. Whether he keep his army at Rome or withdraw it to France, leaving a garrison at Civita Vecchia, the result is the same. So long as any number of French soldiers are at Civita Vecchia, or so long as he holds over Italy and Rome a threat of intervention in case of a movement in favour of liberty, so long he keeps the people in subjection to a foreign domination. If he absolutely abandon Rome, he stultifies his late enterprise. Either way he has burnt his fingers.

Though the public press of France has been very loud in praise of the Chassepot rifle, the real fact is that it has proved defective in many essential qualities, and the greater portion of the guns used at Mentana have since required to be put in order. It was found that the French troops fired too rapidly, that the guns in consequence became over-heated, and after a short time not only would not work well, but were too hot to be used. In some cases the bullets were found wedged half way up the barrel: and had the contest been prolonged, it is doubtful whether the guns would not have become comparatively useless.

It is to the credit of the Roman Government that the Garibaldian prisoners have been well cared for and treated with kindness. The hospitals where they are lodged are clean, and their needs have been attended to. A large number of them were sent over the frontier a few days ago; and the moment they were within the boundaries of Italy, they cried "Viva Italia," and "Morte al Papa," and avowed their intention of returning as soon as possible to renew the attack on Rome. Release from imprisonment was repeatedly offered to them on condition that they would pledge themselves not to take up arms again against the Roman Government. But no one was found to accept the offer. They look upon their defeat as a defeat by the French, and they only await the retirement of the French army to reorganize for a new attack. But there is no reason to suppose that this can possibly take place before the spring. At present all are waiting for the opening of the Italian Parliament, when we shall probably hear hot discussions, and a new and more resolute attitude will be forced on the Government.

The Republican party has greatly increased during the last few months in Italy, but this is probably more the result of a strong reaction against the King, and of the inefficiency of the Government, than of any real desire to substitute a republic for a monarchy. Mr. Mazzini has little influence and few admirers. A man who has never

been under fire himself, and who has had a great regard for his own personal safety, while urging others into posts of danger, is not of the calibre to make a popular hero. However Garibaldi may have been wanting in judgment, he has backed up his principles with deeds; he has taken his place as leader, and confronted danger, and exposed his life in the most heroic manner, and therefore he is a great power, though his efforts have resulted in defeat. But Mr. Mazzini is only a hero on paper; and, himself in perfect security of life and limb, he merely issues inflammatory proclamations from afar, and urges a revolution which he does not personally join in. He stands on the hill out of shot, and blows the trumpet for others to advance.

The nobility of Rome as a body is Papal. It has been too long in the leading-strings of the Church to have any enlarged view. Its education is priestly. Its only career is the Church and the Guardia Nobile, if the latter position can be called a career, and it does not belong by its ideas to this century. It was this body, united to the *employés* of the Government, who welcomed back the French and Papal troops with rejoicings when they returned from the battle of Mentana. The mass of the people themselves took no part in the demonstration, but submitted to it sullenly. The nobles have since outdone themselves in banquets and receptions of the French officers and the Papal troops. At the Barberini palace a dinner was given in the great hall to the prisoners returned from Monte Rotondo, in which speeches were made in honour of the heroes who fought for the principles of the thirteenth century, the nobles themselves waiting on the guests. And subsequently in the same palace there was a grand reception with a supper given to the French officers in recognition of *their services*. Other demonstrations of a somewhat similar kind were held at the Borghese palace and at the French casino. But the people were indignant, and it was found necessary strictly to guard those palaces for days, and to challenge every one who entered, lest bombs should be exploded in the court. There is scarcely a day passes that reports are not current that this or that palace has been mined, or that arms and ammunition or bombs have not been found under some building, but all these are apparently mere "inventions of the enemy," without any foundation, and begotten by fear. Still this shows how very slight is the confidence of the ruling party in the present calm. Meantime the triumvirate of Pius IX., Cardinal Antonelli, and the Roman Bank rules as usual. How long it will continue to rule is a question that is difficult to answer. The *Giornale di Roma* and the *Osservatore Romano* "rage and imagine a vain thing." They are imbedded in ideas of the past, and cannot understand the present century. They are filled with loud assertions of facts which do not exist, and with violent attacks upon all who differ

from their ideas. "Lord Gladstone," as he is called, came in the other day for his share of abuse in a leader from which I translate the following extract; it is from the *Osservatore* of Nov. 25:—

"Let Lord Gladstone, who, in order to promote the guilty projects of revolution, has lied as no others ever did (*ha mentito quant' altri mai*), now travestying the truth, now inventing that which has not even the appearance of truth, contemplate the present condition of England, and perhaps he will hear sounding in his ear like an accusation from conspirators at home, that motto as famous as it is fallacious, launched by him against a peaceful state, of 'a Government which is the negation of God.' This is the phrase which the agitators who seek to disturb order in England will have learned from Lord Gladstone. He employed it as an incendiary torch against a foreign and friendly Government, now internal enemies use it against the authority of his own country." Again, in the *Osservatore* of Nov. 22, we read:—

"Lord Gladstone is too well known, and from him nothing excites surprise. After having co-operated in destroying the legitimate monarchies in Italy, after having published, in favour of revolution, lies (*mensogne*) which have become famous, he would not reason differently." "The temporal dominion of the Pope subsists, and will continue to subsist, and neither the bitter political discourses of Lord Palmerston, nor the virulent declamations of Lord Gladstone, nor the ire of Lord Russell, have overthrown it, nor will it be overthrown by the refusal professed yesterday by Lord Stanley to the House of Commons to associate himself with the maintenance of the temporal power."

The more the priests tremble, the louder they talk. They profess to believe that the power of the Pope can never be overthrown. "No!" says the *Giornale di Roma*, "the Pope knows how to spend to the last coin his money, knows how to take the road to exile, knows even how to die; but his supreme authority, but his venerable sceptre, shall never owe its existence to the miseries of this earth, but only to the omnipotence of that God who demands it with an immortal power, of a power that conquers its most rabid enemies, and against which the gates of hell shall not prevail."



MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

ENGLAND is not a musical country—England is not an artistic country. But the English are more artistic than musical ; that *is to say*, they have produced better artists than musicians. A country is not musical or artistic when you can get its people to look at pictures or listen to music, but when its people are themselves musicians and artists. It cannot be affirmed that Englishmen are, or ever were, either one or the other.

Painting is older, and has had a longer time to develop, than music. There have been great English painters, who have painted in the Dutch, Italian, and Spanish styles—there has even been a really original school of English landscape painters—and these later years have witnessed some very remarkable and original developments of the art in England ; but the spirit of it is not in the people for all that. The art of our common workmen is stereotyped, not spontaneous. When our architects cease to copy they become dull. Our houses are all under an Act of Uniformity.

Music in England has always been an exotic, and whenever the exotic seed has escaped and grown wild on English soil, the result has been weeds, not flowers. The Elizabethan music (1550) was all Italian ; the Restoration music (1650), half French and half German. No one will deny that Tallis, Farrant, Byrd, “ in the service high and

anthem clear,"—Morley, Ward, Wilbye, in the madrigal, made a most original use of their materials ; but the materials were foreign, for all that. At the Restoration, Pelham Humphreys, called by Pepys "an absolute monsieur," is as really French as Dr. Sterndale Bennett is really German. Purcell, a very Mozart of his time, was largely French, although he seemed to strike great tap-roots into the older Elizabethan period, just as Mendelssohn struck them deep into S. Bach. But all these men have one thing in common,—they were composers in England, they were not English composers. They did not write for the people, the people did not care for their music. The music of the people was low ballads—the music of the people is still low ballads. Our highest national music vibrates between "When other lips" and "Champagne Charley."

These ballads of all kinds are not exotic: they represent the national music of the English people. The people understand music to be a pleasant noise and a jingling rhythm ; hence their passion for loudness and for the most vulgar and pronounced melody. That music should be to language what language is to thought, a kind of subtle expression and counterpart of it ; that it should range over the wordless region of the emotions, and become in turn the lord and minister of feeling—sometimes calling up images of beauty and power, at others giving an inexpressible relief to the heart, by clothing its aspirations with a certain harmonious form ;—of all this the English people know nothing. And as English music is jingle and noise, so the musician is the noisemaker for the people, and nothing more. Even amongst the upper classes, except in some few cases, it has been too much the fashion to regard the musician as a kind of servile appendage to polite society ; and no doubt this treatment has reacted disastrously upon musicians in England, so that many of them are or become what society assumes them to be—uncultivated men, in any true sense of the word. And this will be so until music is felt here, as it is felt in Germany, to be a kind of necessity—to be a thing without which the heart pines and the emotions wither—a need, as of light, and air, and fire.

Things are improving, no doubt. When genius, both creative and executive, has been recognised over and over again as devoted to music, even a British public has had thoughts of patting the gods on the back. There is a growing tendency to give illustrious musicians the same position which has been granted in almost every age and country to illustrious poets and painters. Let us hope that refined musicians, even though not of the highest genius, may ere long meet with a like honourable reception. Why has this not been the case hitherto ? We reply, because England is not a musical country. The first step is to awaken in her, or force upon her, the appreciation

of music as an art. That is the stage we are now at. The second stage is to create a national school of composers—this is what we hope to arrive at.

The contrast between indigenous art and exotic art is always marked. When the people love spontaneously, there is enthusiasm and reverence for the artist and his work. Where or when in this country will ever be seen a multitude like the crowd which followed Cimabue's picture of the Madonna through the streets of Florence, or the mournful procession that accompanied Mendelssohn to his grave?

When art has to be grafted on to a nation, it is received fastidiously at first—the old tree likes not the taste of the new sap. When the graft succeeds, and the tree brings forth good fruit, the people pluck it and eat it admiringly, but ages sometimes elapse before it becomes a staff of life to them. But let art be indigenous, as in Greece of old, in modern Italy, in Germany, even in France, and every mechanic will carve and sculpt, every boor will sing and listen to real music, every shopman will have an intuitive taste and arrange his wares to the best possible advantage. In India the commonest workman will set colours for the loom in such a manner as to ravish the eye of the most cultivated European artist. In the German refreshment rooms of the recent Paris Exhibition, there were rough bands working steadily through the symphonies of Mozart and Haydn, whilst the public were never found so intent on *sauer kraut* and *sausages* as not to applaud vociferously at the end, and sometimes even encore an adagio. Fancy the frequenters of Cremorne encoring Mozart's Symphony, No. Op. !

However, the people have their music, and it is of no use to deny it; and the marks of patronage bestowed upon ballad-mongers, one-eyed harpers, asthmatic flutes, grinders and bands from "*Vaterland*," are sufficient to inspire the sanguine observer with hopes for the future.

When a man cannot feed himself, the next best thing is to get a friend to do it for him. It cannot be denied that the English of all classes have shown great liberality in importing and paying for all kinds of foreign music as well as in cherishing such scanty germs as there happen to be around them. A musician of any kind is less likely to starve in England than in any other country, from the organ-grinder who lounges with his lazy imperturbable smile before the area railings, as who should say, "If I don't get a copper here I shall round the corner, and no matter," to the sublime *maestro* (Beethoven) who, abandoned in the hour of sickness and poverty by his own countrymen, received upon his death-bed an honorarium of £100 from the London Philharmonic Society.

English managers were the first who introduced the scale of exorbitant salaries now paid to opera singers and a few of the best instrumentalists. We believe the system began with Malibran, but Paganini was so well aware of our extravagant foible, that he doubled the prices of admission whenever he played at the Opera House. It is the old story—humming birds at the North Pole and ice in the tropics will be found equally expensive.

We have now said the worst that can be said about music in England; all the rest shall be in mitigation of the above criticism. "May it please your highness," says Griffith, in *Henry VIII.*, "to hear me speak his good now."

II.

It is certainly true that if we do not sow the seed we provide an admirable soil. Let the English people once receive an impression, and it will be held with a surprising tenacity. When Madame Grisi, at the age of one hundred—beautiful for ever but perfectly inaudible—shall advance to the footlights to take her farewell benefit, those of us who are still alive will flock to see her, and strew her path with flowers as fadeless as herself. But let a musical seed of any kind but once take root, and it will spread with an amazing rapidity.

Fifty-five years ago the old Philharmonic was without a rival. Every year some new *chef-d'œuvre* was produced, and at each concert the English public was taught to expect two long symphonies, besides classical concertos, relieved only by a song or two as a kind of musical salts to prevent downright collapse. This discipline was thought by some to be too severe; but a little knot of connoisseurs maintained that in the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart were to be found the most precious treasures of music, and people hitherto only accustomed to instrumental music as an accompaniment to vocal, began to listen with a growing interest to purely orchestral performances. Haydn and Mozart soon became popular, but Beethoven was long a stumbling-block, and although held in great veneration, and at all times most liberally treated by the Philharmonic Society, yet even that advanced body took some time to unravel the mysteries of the great *O minor*, and for years after Beethoven's death his greatest orchestral works were to a large majority of English ears as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

It is impossible to overrate the influence of the old Philharmonic upon musical taste in England, but it did not long stand alone. A gold mine may be opened by a solitary band of diggers, but the road leading to it soon becomes crowded; a thousand other breaches are speedily made. We have seen during the last few years the swarms of daily papers which have sprung up round the *Times*; the

same remark applies to the crop of quarterlies around the *Edinburgh*; the cheap magazines round the *Cornhill*; exhibitions round that of 1851; and, we may add, orchestral societies round the old Philharmonic.

We may fairly date the present wave of musical progress in this country from the advent of Mendelssohn. It is now more than thirty years ago since he appeared at the Philharmonic, and, both as conductor and pianist, literally carried all before him. He brought with him that reverence for art, and that high sense of the artist's calling, without which art is likely to degenerate into a mere pastime, and the artist himself into a charlatan. The young composer read our native bands some useful lessons. Himself the chevalier of music,—*sans peur et sans reproche*,—sensitive indeed to criticism, but still more alive to the honour of his art, he could not brook the slightest insult or slur put upon music. Gifted with a rare breadth and sweetness of disposition, his ire began to be dreaded as much as he himself was admired and beloved.

At a time when Schubert was known here only by a few songs, Mendelssohn brought over the magnificent symphony in C (lately performed at the Crystal Palace), together with his own *Ruy Blas* overture in MS. The parts of Schubert's symphony were distributed to the band. Mendelssohn was ready at his desk,—the bâton rose,—the romantic opening was taken,—but after the first few lines, signs of levity caught the master's eye. He closed the score;—the gentlemen of the band evidently considered the music rubbish, and, amidst some tittering, collected the parts, which were again deposited in the portfolio.

"Now for your overture, Herr Mendelssohn!" was the cry.

"Pardon me!" replied the indignant composer, with all calm; and taking up his hat, he walked out of the room.

Ruy Blas went back to Germany, but the lesson was not soon forgotten.

After living amongst us just long enough to complete and produce his master-piece, the *Elijah*, at Birmingham, he died (1847), leaving behind him an illustrious school of disciples, of whom Dr. Sterndale Bennett may be named chief, and to that new school, as well as to the old-established Philharmonic Society, may be traced the rapid increase of orchestral societies and orchestral concerts in England. In looking back through the last fifteen years, the difficulty is to choose one's examples.

The growing popularity of the orchestra is a sure sign of the popular progress in music. Ballad singing and solo playing, in dealing with distinct ideas and accented melodies, and by infusing into the subject a kind of personal interest in the performance,

depend upon many quite unmusical adjuncts for their success; but orchestral playing, in dealing chiefly with harmony, brings us directly into the abstract region of musical ideas. The applause which follows "Coming through the Rye," is just as often given to a pretty face or a graceful figure as to the music itself; and when people encore Bottesini or Wieniawski, it is often only to have another stare at the big fiddle, the romantic locks, or the dramatic sang-froid of these incomparable artists; but the man who applauds a symphony, applauds no words or individuals,—he is come into the region of abstract emotion, and if he does not understand its sovereign language, he will hear about as much as a colour-blind man will see by looking into a prism. It is a hopeful sign when the people listen to German bands in the streets. A taste for penny ices proves that the common people have a glimmering of the strawberry creams which Mr. Gunter prepares for sixpence; and the frequent consumption of ginger-pop and calves' head broth, indicate a confirmed, though it may be hopeless, passion for champagne and turtle-soup. No one will say that the old Philharmonic in any sense supplied music for the people, but the people heard of it and clamoured for it, and in obedience to the spirit of the age the man arose who was able to give them as near an approach to the loftier departments of music as the masses could appreciate.

The immortal Mons. JULLIEN, who certainly wielded a most magical white bâton, and was generally understood to wear the largest white waistcoat ever seen, attracted immense, enthusiastic, and truly popular crowds to his truly popular concerts. Knowing little about the science of music, and glad, says rumour, to avail himself of more learned scribes in arranging his own matchless polkas and quadrilles, he had the singular merit of finding himself on all occasions inspired with the most appropriate emotions. From the instant he appeared before a grateful public to the moment when, exhausted by more than human efforts, he sank into his golden fauteuil, Mons. Jullien was a sight! The very drops upon his Parian brow were so many tributary gems of enthusiasm to the cause of art. Not that Mons. Jullien ever lost his personality, or forgot himself in that great cause. The wave of his silken pocket-handkerchief, with the glittering diamond rings, seemed to say, "There, there, my public! the fire of genius consumes me—but I am yours!"

But without further pleasantries, it must be acknowledged that the irresistible Jullien took the English public by storm, and having won, he made an admirable use of his victory. Besides his band in London, detachments travelled all over the country, and spread far and wide currents of the great central fire that blazed in the metropolis.

Those grand triumphs at the Surrey Gardens, when the Jullien orchestra, overlooking the artificial lake, rang through the summer evenings, and sent its echoes reverberating through the mimic fortress of Gibraltar, or the magic caves presently to be lit up by forty thousand additional lamps! Happy hours! we remember them in the days of our early youth! No summer evenings in the open air seem now so full of ecstasy; no fireworks explode with such regal and unprecedented splendour; must it be confessed? no music can come again with such a weird charm as that which filled the child's ear and ravished the child's heart with a new and ineffable tremor of delight. But it was the music, not the scenery, not the fireworks alone. It was hardly a display of fireworks, assisted by Mons. Jullien's band,—it was Mons. Jullien's band accompanied by fireworks! It would be wrong, however, to imply that these concerts were supported merely by big drums and skyrockets.

We do not think Mons. Jullien ever got due credit for the large mass of good classical music he was in the habit of introducing. Besides the finest German overtures, we have heard movements from Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven's symphonies admirably executed by him; of course without the repose and intellect of a classical conductor, but without offensive sensationalism, and with perfect accuracy.

Upon the shoulders of the late lamented Mr. MELLON descended the mantle of Mons. Jullien. If Mellon's concerts lacked the romance and unapproachable fire that went out with the brilliant Frenchman, they retained all that could be retained of his system, and gave it additions which his perseverance had made possible, but which he had probably never contemplated. We notice the same care in providing the first soloists.

BOTTESINI, whose melodies floated in the open air over the Surrey Gardens, and filled the world with a new wonder and delight, was again heard under the dome of Covent Garden.

M. SRVORI—the favourite pupil of Paganini, who seems to have inherited all the flowing sweetness of the great magician without a spark of his demoniac fury—appeared, and filled those who remembered the master with a strange feeling, as though at length,

“Above all pain, yet pitying all distress,”

the master's soul still flung to earth faint fragments from the choirs that chime

“After the chiming of the eternal spheres.”

Mons. LEVY, on the cornet, and Mons. WIENIAWSKI, on the violin, are the only other real instrumental sensations that have been produced at these concerts.

At any time instrumental genius is rare, and of the numbers who are first-rate, only a few feel equal to stilling the noisy, half-trained audiences usually found at promenade concerts. When we have mentioned Chopin, Liszt, Thalberg, Mendelssohn, Madame Schumann, Madame Goddard, Rubinstein, and Hallé, on the piano; De Beriot, Paganini, Ernst, Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski, and Joachim, on the violin; Linley and Piatti on the violincello; Dragonetti and Bottesini on the contrabasso; König and Levy on the cornet, the roll of solo-instrumentalists during the last fifty years may very nearly be closed. And of the above men, some, like Chopin, Hallé, and Joachim, never cared to face, strictly speaking, popular audiences; but those who did were usually secured by the popular orchestras of Jullien and Mellon, and by the givers of those intolerable bores called monster concerts,—we need only specify the annual concerts of Messrs. Benedict and Glover.

III.

The immense advance of the popular mind is remarkably illustrated by the change in the ordinary orchestral programme. We have now Mozart nights, and Beethoven nights, and Mendelssohn nights. Not bits of symphonies, but entire works are now listened to, and movements of them are encored by audiences at Covent Garden. We have heard the Scotch symphony and the "Power of Sound" received with discrimination and applause. A certain critical spirit is creeping into these audiences, owing to the large infusion of really musical people who are on the look-out for good programmes, and invariably support them.

The old and new Philharmonics, the London Musical Society, Jullien, Mellon, Arditi, and last—and greatest of all—the Crystal Palace band, have no doubt supplied a want, but they have also created one. They have taught thousands to care about good music. They have taught those who did care to be more critical. The time is gone by when the Philharmonic had it all its own way, or when only the wealthy could hear fine music, or when the public generally was thankful for small mercies. The ears of the public have grown sharp. When musical amateurs now go to hear a symphony, they know what they go for, and they know, too, whether they get it. They hear the Italian Symphony by the Crystal Palace band on Saturday afternoon, and on the following Monday evening at Mellon's, and by-and-by at the Philharmonic, and there is no possibility of evading a damaging comparison. The members of the Crystal Palace band, from playing every day all the year round together under the same admirable conductor, have achieved an excellence hitherto unknown in England.

The office of conductor is no sinecure. The position of the four

or five conductors before the public in England is accurately gauged, and the merits of each new aspirant to fame are eagerly discussed.

Mr. MANNS, of the Crystal Palace band, is the finest classical conductor in England. The refinements gone into by the band in playing Beethoven's symphonies are only to be compared to the rendering of Beethoven's sonatas by M. Charles Hallé. The wind is simply matchless, and blows as one man; the wind accompaniment in the Italian symphony to the slow movement commonly called "The March of the Pilgrims," has all the evenness and dead accuracy of the key-board. But it is more than a key-board—it is a key-board with a soul—it sounds like an inspired organ. If we might venture on a criticism, we would suggest a certain breadth of style and repose of manner as appropriate to the great, slow movements of Beethoven. Where Mr. Manns appears to us to be absolutely impeccable, is in his rendering of Schubert, and the great orchestral overtures of Weber and Mendelssohn. Not that any one in England could produce Schumann's works as he does, but the name of Robert Schumann opens up a field of absorbing inquiry which we must not allow ourselves to enter upon.

The late Mr. MELLON, without the fire of genius, brought great vigour of talent, perseverance, and ingenuity to bear upon his band. The French brilliancy of Jullien was replaced in Mellon by a careful calculation of effect. In comparing his band with that of the Crystal Palace, we must always remember that he was less favourably situated in three particulars. His band was larger and less choicely selected, it rehearsed less frequently, and was bound to cater for rough, mixed audiences. His work was thus less noble, but more popular. To adapt the words of the late Dr. Whewell, in speaking of the poets Longfellow and Tennyson, "He was appreciated by thousands whose tastes rendered them inaccessible to the harmonies of the greater masters."

The attempted imitations of Mellon's concerts by Signor ARDITI and M. JULLIEN (*fls*) were felt by all to be failures. The theatre was never half full, and the performances indifferent. In all probability they will not be revived.

The recent continuation of Mellon's concerts under Signor BOTTESINI must be spoken of in very different terms. The classical music is not so well done, but the *ensemble* is admirable; and the presence of a master, though a somewhat careless one, is felt throughout. Signor Bottesini's opera-conducting delighted even a Paris audience. His classical taste is also very fine; the simplest accompaniment played by him, and the simplest selection arranged by him, display the same tact and genius; nor is it wonderful to find him pass from the skilled soloist to the conductor's desk, and wield

the bâton with a grace and power worthy of the first contra-basso in the world, and the third best billiard player in Europe.

A strange new figure has startled the public out of all composure and gravity this season. Every night in the middle of the concert, a slim and dandified young man, with a profuse black beard and moustache, would step jauntily on to the platform vacated by Signor Bottesini. His appearance was the signal for frantic applause, to which, fiddle and bow in hand, he bowed good-humouredly ; then, turning sharp round, he would seem to catch the eye of every one in the band, and raising his violin bow, would plunge into one of those rapturous dance tunes which once heard could never be forgotten. Now shaking his bow at the distant drummer, egging on the wind, picking up the basses, turning fiercely on the other stringed instruments ; then stamping, turning a pirouette, and dashing his bow down on his own fiddle-strings, the clear twanging of the STRAUSS violin would be heard for some moments above all the rest. Presently the orchestra sways as one man into the measure, which flows capriciously—now tearing along, then suddenly languishing, at the will of the magical and electric violin. JOHANN STRAUSS danced, pit and boxes danced, the very lights winked in time ; everybody and everything seemed turned into a waltz or a galop, by yonder inexorable “Pied piper,” until some abrupt clang brought all to a close, and the little man was left bowing and smiling, and capering backwards, to an audience beside themselves with delight. Nothing of the kind has been seen in England before, and all that can be said is, that of its kind it is simply inimitable.

It is a transition as sudden as any to be found in the Strauss dances to pass from HERR JOHANN STRAUSS to DR. STERNDALE BENNETT.

Dr. Bennett’s conducting is without the *vis viva* of Mendelssohn, or the imposing personality of Costa. It nevertheless possesses great charm for his numerous admirers, and is full of refinement and quiet power. This illustrious musician is better understood in Germany than in England.

Two rising conductors are now before the public. MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN and MR. W. G. CUSINS. The first presides over the Civil Service orchestra, the second is the esteemed conductor of the old Philharmonic.

MR. SULLIVAN is endowed with splendid original gifts. The temptation, first, not to select from the storehouse of his ideas those fit to be retained and elaborated, and, secondly, to publish all that he writes, is no doubt common to Mr. Sullivan and all other men of fluent and abundant thought. A speaker who can always go on when he gets upon his legs is sometimes tempted to rise without due preparation. It is not much speaking or writing, but much publishing, which

should be guarded against. Mendelssohn used to say, "I make a point of writing every day, whether I have any ideas or not," but his care to write often was surpassed by his care to withhold what he had written. A clever composer can always turn out gilt ginger-bread to order, and some will take the glitter for gold and the cake for wholesome food; but, after all, it is better to be than to seem. As a composer, Mr. Sullivan can be almost whatever he chooses to be; as a conductor he ought to become the first in England.

Mr. W. G. Cusins at the Philharmonic won great favour last season with that critical audience. The care which he bestowed on rehearsals, the careful though quaint selection of his programmes, the noble soloists (*e.g.*, Herren Joachim and Rubinstein, and Madame Schumann), and the new *chef-d'œuvres* which he produced, made last season altogether one of the most brilliant of many brilliant predecessors.

We have reserved the name of M. COSTA until now, that we might speak of him in connection with the opera and oratorio. About the progress or decadence of the opera we shall say but little. We regard it, musically, philosophically, and ethically, as an almost unmixed evil. Its very constitution seems to us false, and in Germany, either tacitly or avowedly, it has always been felt to be so.

Mozart no doubt wrote operas, but the influence of Italy was then dominant in music, and determined its form even in Germany. The *Climenza di Tito* in its feebleness is a better illustration of this than *Don Juan* in its great might. Schubert in *Alfonso and Estrella* broke down, hopelessly hampered by stage requirements. Spohr's *Jessonda* was never successful, and he abandoned opera writing. Weber singularly combined the lyric and dramatic elements, and succeeded in making his operas of *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz* almost philosophical without being dull. Mendelssohn avoided opera with a keen instinct, and selected the truer forms of oratorio, cantata, and occasional music, of which take as supreme examples, the *Elijah*, *Walpurgis Nacht*, *Antigone*, and *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Wagner in despair has been driven, in *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, into wild theories of opera, devoid, as it seems to us, both of Italian naïveté and sound German philosophy. Schumann, avoiding all scenic effect, found in *Paradise and the Peri* a form as charming and appropriate as it is true to the first principles of art.

Beethoven wrote the best opera in the world simply to prove that he could do everything, but the form was even then a concession to what was least commendable in German taste; and the overture was written four times over, with the colossal irony of one who, although he would not stoop to win, yet knew how to compel the admiration of the world.

The truth is simple. The opera is a mixture of two things which ought always to be kept distinct—the sphere of musical emotion and the sphere of dramatic action. It is not true, under any circumstances, that people sing songs with a knife through them. The war between the stage and music is internecine. We have only to glance at a first-rate libretto, *e.g.*, that of Gounod's *Faust*, to see that the play is miserably spoiled for the music. We have only to think of any stock opera to see that the music is hampered and impeded in its development by the play. Controversy upon this subject will, of course, rage fiercely. Meanwhile irreversible principles of art must be noted.

Music expresses the emotions which attend certain characters and situations, but not the characters and situations themselves; and the two schools of opera have arisen out of this distinction. The Italian school wrongly assumes that music can express situations, and thus gives prominence to the situations. The German school, when opera has been forced upon it, has striven with the fallacy involved in its constitution by maintaining that the situation must be reduced and made subordinate to the emotion which accompanies it, and which it is the business of music to express. Thus the tendency of the German opera is to make the scene as ideal as possible. The more unreal the scene, the more philosophical, because the contradiction to common-sense is less shocking in what is professedly unreal than in what professes to represent real things, but does so in an unnatural manner. Weber was impelled by a true instinct to select an unreal *mise-en-scène*, in connection with which he was not able to express real emotions. *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz* are examples of this.

In every drama there is a progressive history of emotion. This, and not the outward event, is what music is fitted to express, and this truth has been seized by Germany, although in a spirit of compromise. In the Italian school the music is nothing but a series of situations strung together by flimsy orchestration and conventional recitatives, as in the *Sonnambula*.

In the German and Franco-German schools of Weber, Meyerbeer, and Gounod the orchestra is busy throughout developing the history of the emotions. The recitatives are as important as the arias, and the orchestral interludes as important as the recitatives. Wagner, in his anxiety to reduce the importance of situations and exalt that of emotions, bereaves us of almost all rounded melody in the *Lohengrin*. Weber in *Oberon* works out his choruses like classical movements, almost independently of situations. Meyerbeer greatly reduces the importance of his arias in the *Prophète*; and Gounod in *Faust* runs such a power of orchestration through the

whole opera, that not even the passionate scene in the garden can reduce the instruments which explain its emotional elements to a secondary importance.

In spite of all drawbacks, it is not difficult to see why the opera does, and probably will for some time, retain its popularity. The public in all ages are children, and are led like children. Let one person clap, and others are sure to follow. Let but a clown laugh, and the whole house will giggle. A long drama is a little dull without music; much music is a little dull without scenery. Mix the two, in however unreasoning a manner, and the dull or intellectual element in each is kept out of sight, and will be swallowed unsuspectingly. It is the old story of the powder in the jam.

We say nothing against music being associated with situations, as in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or as in an oratorio. It is only when music is made part of the situation that it is misapplied. Let the event be in all cases left to the imagination; but if it be expressed, then the more imaginative and suggestive the expression, the less the violence done to common-sense. The cantata and oratorio are the forms which with some modification will probably prevail over the opera. When Mr. Santley appears in Exeter Hall as *Elijah*, in a tail coat and white kid gloves, no one is offended, and every one is impressed, because he does not pretend to reproduce the situation, but merely to paint in words and music its appropriate emotion, leaving the rest to be supplied by the imagination of the audience. But let Mr. Santley put on a camel's-hair shirt, and appear otherwise in the wild and scanty raiment of the Hebrew prophet,—let him sing inside a pasteboard cave, or declaim from the summit of a wooden Carmel, and our reverence is gone—our very emotions at the sublime music are checked by the farcical unreality of the whole thing.

The other night we were discussing with Herr Rubinstein a favourite plan of his to put the whole of Genesis on the stage with sacred music, when the poet, Mr. Browning, who was present, observed, that Englishmen's traditional sense of reverence for the Bible stories would not suffer them to witness its scenes brought before the footlights. This is perfectly true. But why is it so? Because the more strongly we feel the importance of a story, the less can we bear to see it presented in a perfectly irrational manner, such as opera presentation must always be.

Mr. Costa is the most popular conductor in England. Without putting forward, as far as we know, any definite theories on the subject of romantic and classical music, he has accepted facts and done the best that could be done for the opera and the concert-room. To Signor Arditi's knowledge of stage effect, he unites a breadth of

conception, a wide sympathy, and a powerful physique, which enables him to undertake, and to carry through, oratorios on a scale hitherto unknown.

The dramatic gifts and sensational effects which are almost out of place in Exeter Hall, are all needed in coping with the extended space and the multitudinous band and chorus of the Handel orchestra. Mr. Costa is felt to be the only man equal to such a task. On these occasions the fewer solos the better, and the summer opera concerts are altogether a mistake. The *Israel in Egypt* is the only thing which is of the slightest use under the central transept. Even Mendelssohn's choruses are thrown away. No one heeds the intricate arabesque work of the violins and subtle counterpoint of the wind. The crowded scores of modern composers were never intended for, and should never be produced before, giant audiences. But still less should great singers tear themselves to pieces simply in contending with space. Mr. Sims Reeves at the Crystal Palace is no better than a penny trumpet in Westminster Abbey.

We might be expected here to notice the various societies of sacred music, but the subject is too wide, embracing ecclesiastical music generally, and we cannot now enter upon it. We may, however, observe in passing, the popular progress made in this department. The people during the past year, for the first time in England, have listened to shilling oratorios, at the Agricultural Hall in the East, and at St. George's Hall in the West End of London. And who cannot bear joyful witness to the change that has passed over the choirs of churches and chapels during the last twenty years?

Music is thus approaching in England to what it has ever been in Germany—a running commentary upon all life, the solace of a nation's cares, the companion of its revelry, the minister of its pleasure, and the inspired aid to its devotion.

IV.

If we now enter for a moment the music-halls of the metropolis, we shall notice that the happy change is extending downwards. The members of our cathedral choirs do not disdain to produce before these once despised, and it must be confessed, sometime equivocal audiences, the part-songs of Mendelssohn and the ballads of Schubert.

In the better class establishments whole evenings pass without anything occurring on the stage to offend the delicacy of a lady; whilst, if we go lower, we shall find the penny gaffs, and public-house concerts, coarse, it may be, but on the whole moral, and contrasting most favourably with anything of the kind in France.*

* See two admirable essays on "Art and Popular Amusement," in "Views and Opinions," by that ingenious writer, Matthew Browne.

There is one other branch of strictly popular music which seems to be considered beneath the attention of serious critics; but nothing popular should be held beneath the attention of thoughtful people—we allude to the Negro Melodists now represented by the Christy Minstrels. About twenty years ago a band of enthusiasts, some black by nature, others by art, invaded our shores, bringing with them what certainly were nigger bones and banjos, and what professed to be negro melodies. The sensation which they produced was legitimate, and their success was well deserved. The first melodies were no doubt curious and original; they were the offspring of the naturally musical organization of the negro as it came in contact with the forms of Americo-European melody. The negro mind, at work upon civilized music, produces the same kind of thing as the negro mind at work upon Christian theology. The product is not to be despised. The negro's religion is singularly childlike, plaintive, and emotional. It is also singularly distinct and characteristic. Both his religion and his music arise partly from his impulsive nature, and partly from his servile condition. The negro is more really musical than the Englishman. If he has a nation emerging into civilization, his music is national. Until very lately, as his people are one in colour, so were they one in calamity, and singing often merrily with the tears wet upon his ebony cheek, no record of his joy or sorrow is unaccompanied by a cry of melody or a wail of plaintive and harmonious melancholy. If we could divest ourselves of prejudice, the songs that float down the Ohio river are one in feeling and character with the songs of the Hebrew captives by the waters of Babylon. We find in them the same tale of bereavement and separation, the same irreparable sorrow, the same simple faith and childlike adoration, the same passionate sweetness, like music in the night. As might have been supposed, the parody of all this, gone through at St. James's Hall, does not convey much of the spirit of genuine negro melody, and the manufacture of national music carried on briskly by sham niggers in England is as much like the original article as a penny woodcut is like a line engraving. Still, such as it is, the entertainment is popular, and yet bears some impress of its peculiar and romantic origin. The scent of the roses may be said to hang round it still. We cherish no malignant feeling towards those amiable gentlemen at St. James's Hall, whose ingenious fancy has painted them so much blacker than they really are, and who not unfrequently betray their lily-white nationality through a thin though sudorific disguise; we admit both their popularity and their skill; but we are bound to say that we miss even in such pretty tunes as "Beautiful Star," and such tremendous successes as "Sally, come up," the distinc-

tive charm and original pathos which characterised "Mary Blane" and "Lucy Neal."

v.

We cannot close without alluding to one other class of music.

As opera is the most irrational and unintellectual form of music, so that class of cabinet music called stringed quartetts is the most intellectual. The true musician enters as it were the domestic sanctuary of music, when he sits down to listen to, or to take part in, a stringed quartett. The time has gone by when men like Lord Chesterfield could speak of a fiddler with contempt. Few people would now inquire with the languid fop, "what fun there is in four fellows sitting opposite each other for hours and scraping catgut;" most people understand that in this same process the cultivated musician finds the most precious opportunities for quiet mental analysis and subtle contemplation.

The greatest masters wrote their choicest thoughts in this form—it is one so easily commanded and so satisfying. The three varieties of the same instrument—violin, viola, and violincello—all possessing common properties of sound, but each with its own peculiar quality, embrace an almost unlimited compass, and an equally wide sphere of musical expression.

The quartett is a musical microcosm, and is to the symphony what a vignette in water-colours is to a large oil-painting. The great quartett writers are certainly Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Haydn is the true model. He attempts nothing which four violins cannot do; the parts are exquisitely distributed, scrupulous justice is done to each instrument, and the form is perfect. Mozart's quartett is equally perfect, as such, but much bolder and more spontaneous. Beethoven carried quartett writing, as he did every other branch of music, into hitherto untrodden regions, but, with the sure instinct of the most balanced of all geniuses, never into inappropriate ones. Fascinating as are the quartetts of Spohr and Mendelssohn, as quartetts we are bound to place them below the above great models. Spohr seldom distributed his parts fairly; it is usually first violin with stringed accompaniment. Mendelssohn constantly forgets the limits of the legitimate quartett; orchestral effects are constantly being attempted, and we pine at intervals for a note on the horn, whilst the kettledrum is not unfrequently suggested. Schubert can wander on for ever with four instruments, or with anything else—mellifluous, light-hearted, melancholy, fanciful by turns. When he gets half-way through, there is no reason why he should not leave off, and when he gets to the end there is no reason why he should not go on. But in this process form and unity are often both lost.

The characteristics of Schumann require separate attention. Under the general heading of quartett music would be comprised the addition of the pianoforte in trios, quartetts, and quintetts; as also the addition of a horn, a flute, or clarinet, in sestetts and octetts. Variety is always pleasant, but none of these combinations equal the stringed quartett in beauty of form or real power and balance of expression. The piano in a trio will eke out a good deal, but it usually results in the strings accompanying the piano, or the piano accompanying the strings. Mendelssohn's two trios are small orchestral whirlwinds, and quite unique, but the form might be seriously questioned.

On the other hand, one feels the pianoforte in a quartett, or even a quintett, as a kind of interloper—a sort of wasp in a bee-hive—a sort of cuckoo in a hedge-sparrow's nest. One would rather see the natural bird there; one would rather have the second violin in its place. Again, in octetts and sestetts, splendid as are some of these compositions, we feel the orchestral form is the one aimed at, and consequently the poverty of the adopted one is constantly making itself felt. Space compels us to speak most generally and without even necessary qualification on these points, and we pass on to the quartett playing that has of late years come before the public.

Mysterious quartetts in back rooms and retired country-houses becoming more and more frequent, the experiment of public quartetts was at last made; but they were to be for the few. The Musical Union under Mr. Ella was the first society which provided this luxury every season. It soon met with a formidable rival in the quartett concerts at Willis's Rooms, under Messrs. Sainton, Hill, Piatti, and Cooper. But the man and the hour were still to come. The concerts were too select and too expensive. Mr. Chappell flew to the rescue with a chosen band of heroes, foremost amongst whom must always stand M. Joachim.

M. Joachim is the greatest living violinist; no man is so nearly to the execution of music what Beethoven was to its composition. There is something massive, complete, and unerring about M. Joachim that lifts him out of the list of great living players, and places him on a pedestal apart. Other men have their specialities; he has none. Others rise above or fall below themselves; he is always himself, neither less nor more. He wields the sceptre of his bow with the easy royalty of one born to reign; he plays Beethoven's concerto with the rapt infallible power of a seer delivering his oracle, and he takes his seat at a quartett very much like Apollo entering his chariot to drive the horses of the sun. ★

The second violin of the usual Monday Popular quartett is Herr Ries, masterly and unobtrusive. The tenor, Mr. Blagrove, who,

though an admirable first violin and a great orchestral leader, knows how to shine anywhere, adorns the post of *primo tenore* occupied by the late lamented Mr. Hill. Signor Piatti, the only violoncello the public can bear to listen to as long as he lives, completes the best cast ever heard in England.

Other players constantly appear of various merits. Lotto, Wilhelm, and Strauss are the best 'substitutes which have been provided for the great Wieniawski. Why Mr. Carrodus has never been selected we are at a loss to conjecture. His late performances have been quite remarkable enough to justify a trial.

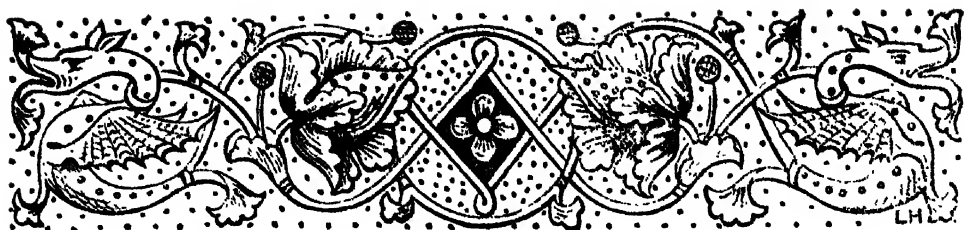
Mr. Charles Hallé is usually seated at the piano, and as long as he is there the presence of a master is felt and acknowledged by all.

For one shilling any one can get a seat at these concerts, where he can hear perfectly, and enjoy the finest classical music played in the finest style.

The crowded and attentive audience which assembles every Monday night throughout the season at St. James's Hall is the latest and most decisive proof of the progress of music in England. When an audience numbering some thousands is so easily and frequently found, it matters little where it comes from. No doubt many connoisseurs are there, but many others also attend who have cultivated, and are cultivating, a general taste for certain higher forms of music, hitherto almost unknown in England.

We hail the omen. We believe that every branch of art has a high mission of its own in the constant regeneration of society. We believe that so great a power as music cannot remain for any length of time inactive—must either become the minister of degraded taste and feeling, or a lamp of life and the pure recreator of the human heart.

H. R. HAWES.



THE IRISH CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.*

THERE are many objections to the title which I have placed at the head of this essay. I wish I could have found a better. But the phrase *Irish Church* is ambiguous. *You* would all understand me to mean the Church which is in communion with the Church of England. But you might not like to think that that Church, by its very nature, excluded the Irish Romanists. You might not like me to say that this Anglo-Irish Church, being Protestant, is not a branch of the Catholic Church. You might not like me to say that, if it is a branch of the Catholic Church, it can be destroyed by the votes of the British Parliament. At all events, I should not like to maintain any of these propositions. I therefore resort to the phrase *Irish Church- or Irish Protestant-Establishment*. The words are familiar to us. They are used by statesmen and writers of newspapers of all schools—by men who scarcely agree on any political or religious question. If some confusions attach to them, we may hope that, in the course of discussion, their meaning may become clearer.

One perplexity does attach to the phrase *Establishment or Esta-*

* This essay was read to a society of clergymen in November, 1866. The allusions in it to the events of that year have not been altered, nor have I added any reference to the alleged opinions of the Irish Bishops on the subject of endowments. No recent events or controversies have, I think, affected the principles which I have endeavoured to assert.

blished Church, which, I think, this application of it will help to remove. It is often supposed to be synonymous with the phrase National Church. "The Catholic Church," we are often told, "has a divine foundation. It stands on an imperishable rock. The moment the idea of a Nation mingles with it, we find ourselves in the midst of temporal arrangements, pecuniary provisions, claims of dominion by secular rulers." I hold this opinion to be utterly at variance with historical evidence. But it has taken such root, even in the minds of thoughtful and serious men, that I could not hope to shake it merely by producing this evidence. We need some striking, palpable instance in which it is impossible to treat these two expressions as identical, before we can hope effectually to exhibit the difference between them. Such an instance Ireland offers. Search the world over, and you will scarcely find an example of a more splendid establishment than the one which the English Sovereign and Parliament set up for the furtherance of the Protestant religion in that country. It is an establishment which appeals to our sympathies as supporters of the reformed faith, as members of the Saxon race, as zealous for the conversion and civilization of a race which we consider inferior to ours. But will any one venture to speak of this establishment as a National Church? Whatever else it may be, it is not that. Whatever titles it may have to our reverence, whatever great work it may be doing, we cannot bestow that name upon it without being conscious of an absurdity and a contradiction.

If we clear ourselves of this impression, we shall, I think, do much greater justice to the Protestantism which we profess, and be much better able to judge whether the machinery of the Irish Establishment is likely to aid it or to injure it.

The Protest of the sixteenth century was against a hierarchy which professed to bind all Christendom in one; which really trampled upon the existence of each distinct nation of Christendom. It was a protest on behalf of the sacredness of the national languages against that which assumed to be the proper language of worship, and of the divine oracles. It was a protest for German life, Swiss life, Netherland life, English life, Scotch life, against a universal system which was crushing life in every one of its manifestations. It was no protest against divine government or order, but for divine government and order. It said, "The divine government has been superseded by the government of priests. We appeal from them to the righteous Lord whom they profess to serve, and who they pretend has left the Church and the universe to their keeping." The Reformers were not setting up secular rule; they conceived that no rule was so utterly and emphatically secular as the Papal. In attaching themselves to their own sovereigns when they refused to acknowledge the supremacy of

Christ's Vicar, they were returning to the authority of Christ Himself; they were recognising Him as the King of kings and Lord of lords. So far as secularity is associated, not with dominion, but with money, they were even more consciously and directly at war with secularity. The Reformation began with denouncing the most horrible of all sacrifices that had been made, or could be made, at the shrine of Mammon; and the testimony against the sale of indulgences was only an example and prophecy of the warfare with the nepotism, *simony*, practical unbelief in any power but gold, which had its centre in the Court of Rome, and which had infected the ecclesiastical system of every country.

This fight for the existence of nations, for the actual dominion of God, for spiritual force against the force of money, was carried on successfully or unsuccessfully in all the nations of Europe. It is the struggle of Coligny against the power of the Guise faction and the French Court, of William of Orange against Philip II., of John Knox against Mary Stuart. In every one of these cases it is the conflict of weakness against physical strength. When the weakness is greatest, as in Holland and Scotland, the victory is most decisive. In England the circumstances are different. The monarch ultimately leads the battle against the Pope. But he leads because he represents the nation. His protest, more strictly than that of the German princes after the Diet of Spiers, is a national protest. When under Edward VI. Protestantism assumes a dogmatic shape, it loses its moral strength and vitality. They can only be recovered by a period of downfall and persecution. Protestantism reappears under a sovereign who cares little about opinions, who rather dislikes the opinions which bear the Protestant stamp, but who is determined to protest on behalf of her own authority, and is obliged to make that protest one on behalf of her people. Protestantism under Elizabeth was in the strictest sense English—a struggle for England against the Catholic league and the Society of Jesus. The arguments of divines against Papal doctrines went for very little, except so far as they appealed to the heart of the people against what they felt to be a system of foreign tyranny—a tyranny which kept them from trusting in the God of their fathers.

That being the case in this age, one feels what an enormous change is made in the substance of Protestantism, its accidents remaining the same, when it is used as an instrument for subjecting the Irish to the yoke of England.

I would not speak lightly of the many arguments which may have induced the statesmen and the divines in the age of Elizabeth to look upon this work both as a political necessity and as a moral and religious duty. There were tribes in Ireland which England through the

whole Plantagenet period had been seeking to bring into some order—which were still turbulent. They were evidently open to spiritual influences. Learning had flourished among them. It was Law that they resisted; the worth of that they appeared unable to appreciate. Rome had often interfered to bring their clergy into ecclesiastical order and something like moral discipline, apparently with little success. But Ireland might be used as one of the Jesuit instruments for disturbing or recovering England. What plan so plausible as to establish the Anglican religion by the side of the Anglican Government, to counteract the influences of the native Celtic priesthood by men who would preach obedience to Law and Government, to counteract the effects of the Romish hierarchy by a more wealthy hierarchy working in harmony with the Court and Parliament of Westminster? What conversions might not be wrought by the splendour of such an establishment! It must have seemed to prudent and practical people a simple, or perhaps a double, rule of three sum. If Scotland had been revolutionized in the course of a few years by the efforts of a few poor men, in what space of time might Ireland be revolutionized if the force of England were devoted to the task of giving it a Protestant character? At the beginning of the century a great portion of the lands of Scotland were in the hands of ecclesiastics. All their power was gone. The country was now governed to a great extent by the Presbyterian ministers; the nobles bowed to their yoke if they demanded a portion of the spoils which had been torn from the old hierarchy. The Celt had a less stubborn, more impressible nature than the Lowland Scot. He was not at all less open to arguments from self-interest. If he perceived that Protestantism was really in the ascendant, if it took an imposing form, one appealing to both his imagination and his covetousness, why should he not accept it, and so become a dutiful servant of the English Crown? Why should not the settlers and the natives under this fusing power become really one people?

Beautiful calculations! Irresistible arithmetic! How puzzling to all wise men who believe in Money as the Lord of the Universe that they should have been utterly disappointed for three centuries! The Celtic race has not fallen; Protestantism has not triumphed. We have to ask ourselves in the reign of Victoria, just as men asked themselves in the reign of Elizabeth, If the triumph is desirable, how is it to be achieved? How can the faith which has done so much to make us a nation ever become the faith of Ireland? Or supposing the object be not the religious one of conversion, but the political one of attaching to England the inhabitants of a country which is in closest proximity to it, by which it is affected for weal or woe in so many points, how may that attachment be secured?

In trying to answer these questions, or rather to find out how they are likely to be answered for us, I would speak first of the experiment of these three centuries in Ireland itself; then of the illustration which the subject receives from the circumstances of Scotland; then of the degree in which the fortune of the English Church is linked with the fortunes of the Irish Protestant Establishment; finally, of the probable effects on Protestantism, and on the Church generally, if that Establishment shall cease to exist.

I. In reference to the first point, we cannot say that the experiment of establishing a religion in a country which professes one that is hostile to it has not been fairly made. There has been a succession of Anglo-Irish rulers, each of whom has brought some wisdom of his own to the solution of the problem—each of whom has had some lessons from the failure of his predecessors. If there has been a sad monotony in the story, there is also a variety in the schemes which have been tried and in the instruments which have worked them. There has been coercion, there has been conciliation; bishops have been sent over who have devoted themselves ably and unscrupulously to the English interest; bishops have been sent over who merely cared about their own interests; bishops have been sent over who had deeply at heart the interest of the Irish people and of the Church of God. If Protestant Ireland has had some of the worst bishops to be found in any country, it has also had some of the best; names that are dear to English theology, to English literature, to English philosophy, stand out in the list. Usher, Taylor, Berkeley—can one easily find parallels to these in our own episcopacy, or in any episcopacy of the world? The succession is not broken; the Ireland of the nineteenth century has had its full share of accomplished, generous, devout fathers in God. And the result is, what? If next to nothing for the Celtic population, for the Irish as such, something surely, it will be said, for the English settlers. Unfortunately, if you find them at the moment when their Protestant zeal and courage are at the highest pitch, it will be of Cromwell and his sweeping measures that they will speak; it will be the immortal memory of the Dutch Calvinist that they will toast. To these, and not to the establishment with which neither of them was surely in much sympathy, the Orangeman traces his descent. The utmost which that establishment can boast is that it has done a little at certain times to curb his fury, to keep him from darting with sharpened teeth and claws against the foes of his holy religion. And yet how questionable is even this boast! How many of the clergy have whetted rather than soothed this fierceness! What denunciations there have been against the want of heart, the cowardly compromises, of those who have interfered to abate it! The examples

of meekness and charity which have been presented by some on the bench have seemed to be—of course they have not really been—thrown away; every word which has gone forth from it against the doctrines that are accepted by the majority of the land has been a warrant for doing some violent deeds in defence of our own. I do not undervalue the real strength and energy of the Orangeman; I am sure he has qualities which might be directed to noble ends. I only lament that he has not found the director; that he has to be restrained by the sword of the civil magistrate from hurting his fellows; that the parsons have no voice to keep him from falling into the barbarities of the race which he scorns, and which it is his business to elevate. There are some who do not believe that the Romanists are to be put down by violence—who are eager by all means to convert them. On such men one might hope that the influences of the Establishment would operate beneficially. If Hume's plea for religious establishments has any weight whatever, we should expect to find the proselytizer more calm and wise, less fanatical, in a country where he has a great force of material wealth on his side than where he goes forth unprotected to defy an adversary in high places. I believe the experience of every person who walks through the streets of Dublin will overthrow that anticipation. He will read placards on the walls challenging Roman Catholics to come forward to prove the truth of such or such an ecclesiastical miracle; offering rewards of ten or twenty pounds if they can convince a meeting called together for the purpose of turning it into ridicule. There may be numbers of the proselytizing clergy and laity who would disclaim such brutal appeals to the worst tempers of a people as these—such attempts to build up Protestantism on the destruction of reverence; but they illustrate a habit and tone of feeling which a learned Christian establishment that has lasted three hundred years has not availed to cure. And till it is cured, while Protestantism goes forth with such weapons, I do not see how we can wish it success. It is not that one laments the use of bad means for a good end; the end must be as bad as the means. A conversion so effected is a conversion to the devil, and not to God.

That is what I meant when I said that the substance of Protestantism is changed when it takes the form which it has taken in Ireland. From being national, it becomes anti-national; from being a witness against secularity, it learns to rest upon wholly secular influences—that of money thrusting itself in even unconsciously, even ridiculously, as in the instance of the offer about the miracle, because the reverence for it is so profound, because no other power is felt to be so effectual for spiritual objects. Finally (which is the root of all the other mischiefs), instead of being a witness for God against all

religious schemes and devices of men, Protestantism becomes a rival religion to a more popular religion, with which it is to struggle with fair arms or foul till one destroys the other, or only the smallest remnant is left of either.

The quotient, then, from the rule of three sum has turned out to be *nil*. How has that happened? Since it rested on the results of the Scotch Reformation, let us next turn to those.

II. Protestantism in Scotland was a direct appeal to the national heart: a direct assertion that the nation is not a secular body, as the Romanist affirmed it to be, but a body formed by God, and uphelden by Him. There was its strength from the beginning; this has been the secret of its strength in all generations since. It held much more to the Old Testament than to the New, because the Old Testament is occupied with the history and life of a nation. It was, to a degree in which English Protestantism never was, anti-Catholic. A universal Church might sometimes occur to John Knox or to the Covenanter of the next century as a possible dream; it never was part of his actual conscious faith. Scotland was to be a godly Nation. It lived to denounce Popery and Prelacy. It lived to proclaim a Kirk of which Christ was the only King. Of course that Kirk, with its machinery, soon became the most sacred of all things in the eyes of those that belonged to it. To establish the Kirk in England, to reduce that country to the Presbyterian model, was the great duty of godly men. A time came when there seemed to be a possibility of fulfilling that duty. The Westminster Assembly, having the ground well cleared of bishops, could set up the Scotch system. It was a wonderfully Protestant system, but it had unfortunately no hold upon the national mind of England. The Independent rebelled against it; Cromwell saw in it a miserable attempt to realize the Covenant by destroying the very principle of the Covenant; Milton found it odious tyranny. The Restoration came. One test had been afforded of the feasibility of any experiment to establish a system which does not appeal to the national feeling but sets it at nought. Charles II. was to supply another. Acting on the maxims of his father and grandfather, he would establish Episcopacy in Scotland. He would, but he could not. He, too, sent able, even saintly, bishops to the reluctant land. He had the armies of Claverhouse. The one were as ineffectual as the other. Why they should fail was a problem which neither the wits nor the divines of the Court could solve. That they did fail was a fact which could not be gainsaid by either. When the Revolution came, that fact and many other facts were recognised. The recognition might, perhaps, have been a more frank one. The old Cameronians protested against all compromise. The principle for which they had fought, they said, forbade any acceptance of

grants from the State—everything that made their direct allegiance to Christ ambiguous. Such a position struck the statesmen as dangerous. One cannot blame them for thinking it so, or for trying to make a Concordat with the ecclesiastics. Nevertheless, I think they might have been wiser if they had suffered the Scotch people to work out the problem for themselves, interfering with them no further than to secure the toleration of all Episcopalians and others who dissented from their communion. By such a course they might have avoided some later controversies, especially the one which has so much puzzled and tormented them in our days. They would have left the consciences of the Scotch a greater freedom; they would have avoided certain perplexities and anomalies which often disturb the minds of Englishmen. However, it is easy to make these remarks after the events. The course actually taken, if not the best possible, at least had the great merit of terminating a course of policy which was vain and hopeless; the union of legislatures, accepted by the last of the Stuarts, was a confession that the efforts of her predecessors to form a united Church had been abortive; that bishops and a liturgy could not be thrust upon a nation which saw no meaning in them, by a legislature. With all the defects of that union in itself, and in the methods by which it was accomplished, it certainly had the effect, by its omissions even more than by its enactments, of preserving Scotland through two rebellions. One can hardly imagine how much the opposition to the Pretender would have been weakened if there had been an alien establishment in the midst of the land. The Protestants would then have been divided; the attachment of the Highlander to his Prince and his own religious traditions would have overborne their feeble resistance; English armies might have been sent in vain.

Such are the lessons which I derive from Scottish history. If they are fairly deduced, they corroborate very decidedly the evidence which arises from our Irish experience.

III. But if we give full weight to this evidence, are we not endangering the English Establishment? Is there any logical distinction between our circumstances and those of our brethren on the other side of St. George's Channel? If their edifice falls, can ours stand? This is the next point which I propose to consider.

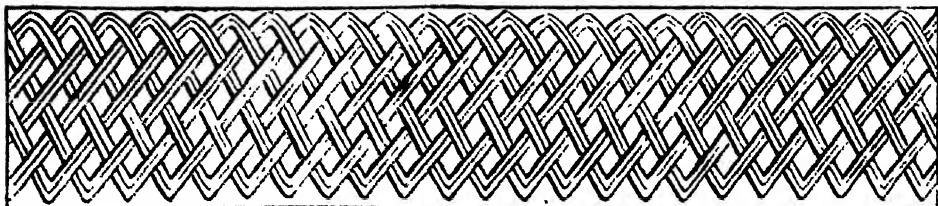
We are assuredly to apply no maxim to our neighbours of which we will not endure the full application ourselves. All I have said is not a condemnation of our neighbours, but of ourselves. The Irish Establishment is an English work. It is an attempt of the English National Church to extend itself beyond the limits of England, to impose itself upon another race. That attempt, I think, has failed in Ireland as it failed in Scotland. It has failed because the National

Church has assumed a position which is not national. Say, if you please, that you cannot discern a nation in Ireland, that the Celts never have been one, that the Saxons never have been one; that they cannot, therefore, make one together. You may be right; but that proves, I think, that the Anglo-Irish Establishment has accomplished no end which justifies its existence. If it has not called forth a nation out of these elements, if they are still distracted, warring elements, if secret societies of Ribbonmen and Orangemen have succeeded to the clans and septs of other days, what has the Church done, what proof has it given that it possesses the functions and powers of a Church?

In this respect it stands in the most direct contrast to the body with which it is in fellowship. The English Church has passed through many vicissitudes, has fallen under many tyrannies, has been guilty of many crimes. But from the day that the Roman monks first sang their litanies in the Isle of Thanet, there grew up in our country a spiritual force which appealed to the sense of domestic order and of royal authority, that had dwelt beside the most turbulent passions in the mind of the Saxon. It went on to fuse the different warring tribes into a common England. The Church having become weak and corrupt in the eleventh century, felt the crushing power of the Norman ecclesiastics as well as of the Norman princes. But the better ecclesiastics of the conquering race became themselves helpers in the elevation of the lower race; by degrees the Saxon life came forth in new vigour; the secular clergy, the parsons of the towns, representing it, as the dignified clergy represented the Norman ascendancy, as the monks and friars represented the Latin Bishop. Those opposing influences worked together for the formation of a people. At the Reformation it came forth asserting through the sovereign its own dignity, disclaiming any foreign jurisdiction, vindicating lay tribunals and lay legislation, not as the concession of a religious principle, but as necessary to the support of it. The Puritan element, the Roman Catholic element, working in the midst of the nation, each on different grounds suspected the Church so far as it was national; each in different ways contributed to make it more national; each in different ways testified that besides being national, it must be a portion of a larger society. Whenever it has given itself the airs of an earthly establishment, standing upon its wealth and its fashionable supporters, it has been reminded by some great movement like that of Wesley and Whitefield how feeble these supports are, how necessary a condition of a church it is that it shall have a voice which shall reach the least wealthy, the least fashionable. Whenever it has assumed to be an exclusive society, the champion of a rival reli-

gion to the religion of the Puritans or the Romanists, it has had to bear shocks from both, to find itself weaker than both. Here are tokens, it seems to me, of a society which God has established, and not man, which is always liable to forget the ground of its own strength, the bond which unites it to the whole land, but which has been again and again brought to repent, and to claim its true position and dignity.

IV. So I pass from considerations drawn from the history of the past to the possibilities of the future. There I, of course, am bound to speak with much more hesitation. If I were forced, in my ignorance of Ireland, to offer any plans for the cure of its anomalies, my presumption would soon be exposed by those who have lived in it, and who know how complicated and deeply seated those anomalies are. No plans that I have heard of commend themselves to my conscience or judgment, though I am satisfied that we learn something from every suggestion proceeding from any honest or able man. The proposal to use the funds of the Church for purposes of education changes the name of the difficulty—does not lessen the reality of it. Education is just now the battle-field between the two parties. The proposal to endow the Irish priest, *i.e.* to have two establishments instead of one, seems to me not more satisfactory. It is defended on the ground of justice to a majority. It could not be accepted by the majority as justice. It is defended on the plea that it will make the priests loyal. The disloyal priests would probably find their interest in declining it, and appealing to their flocks against it. Those who became the State pensioners would be those upon whose allegiance you could depend already. I apprehend this scheme would shock the consciences of English and Irish Protestants; would not at all conciliate English or Irish Romanists. I may be quite wrong; but while I hold this opinion, and that also which I have already expressed respecting the precedent in Scotland, I certainly could never urge this as a way of breaking the fall of the Protestant Establishment. I look upon that fall as inevitable. How it will take place I can as little divine as any one of us could have divined six months ago how Venice was to break loose from Austria, how the amazing physical force of the Quadrilateral was to collapse. The *argumentum ad hominem*, "You do not see your way," is not an *argumentum ad Deum*. This is not a year in which we can safely venture predictions about events. But it is a year in which one may affirm, with more than usual resolution and constancy, that what has not a foundation in the nature of things and the order of God, by whatever power it is upheld, whatever plausible reasons may be alleged for its continuance, will come to nought. It is a year in which, more than in most years, one is led to meditate on the divine vitality of nations,



MAX MÜLLER ON THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION.

Chips from a German Workshop. By MAX MÜLLER, M.A., Fellow
of All Souls College, Oxford. London: Longmans. 1867.

THERE is a strange attraction, one might almost say a strange fascination, in the idea of a Science of Religion. It seems to offer to the perplexed inquirer a solution of the darkest and most difficult problem presented by the history of mankind. And yet it is, I believe, open to question whether the religions of the world are capable, in the strict sense of the word, of becoming the subject-matter of a science. The work of science is to classify phenomena according to their true affinities; to ascertain by observation, if possible, by experiment also, excluding or importing conditions the absence or the presence of which helps us to check the conclusions drawn from phenomena as they commonly occur, the laws of sequence; to refer these laws of sequence, when so ascertained, to some higher generalization. When its victory has thus been won by submission, and it presents itself as the *minister et interpres naturæ*, it assumes a twofold prophetic office. It sets before men the primal laws which have hitherto been as mysteries "hid from ages and generations," and points to a Divine order in the midst of what had seemed casual and chaotic. It looks into the future as with the open vision of a seer, and predicts, either, as in astronomy, the actual succession of phenomena in the years to come, or, as with most other physical sciences, the results of this or that combination of them. As yet, it is only as regards the great cosmical

order which surrounds us that the higher knowledge has been attained. We seem sometimes on the verge of reaching it in meteorology, and fall back baffled by the infinite complication of the conditions with which we have to deal, compelled to be content with a feeble prognostication within the narrow range of a few hours and a few degrees of latitude.

But alike in the higher and in the lower stages of scientific knowledge we postulate or we ascertain this uniform succession of phenomena. We do not believe in any disturbing forces beyond those which we can eliminate or calculate, and in either case this disturbance ceases to affect the certainty of our laws or the truth of our predictions. Is it so likewise with the phenomena which have their source in the thought and will of man? Do these too run in grooves and obey laws, so that here, as well as in Nature, there is an invariable succession? Here also, from different quarters, an answer is given in the affirmative. Observers of the school of the late Mr. Buckle point to statistics of crime, marriage, population, the price of food, as showing with what constancy even the impulses that seem most capricious are conditioned by surrounding circumstances. The great prophet of the newest philosophical religion asserts, as the result of a method of inquiry that excludes all *a priori* assumption, that the nations of the world have passed, are passing, and must of necessity pass through the three stages of knowledge, theological, metaphysical, positive, which have become the catch-words of his system. The school of which Mr. Max Müller is a distinguished representative points with a legitimate pride to what has been achieved within the last half-century in linguistic studies. "Here," they say, "the task of Science has been accomplished. It has detected the latent affinities of languages that seemed separated from each other by impassable barriers. It has traced the rivers to their source, has led the long-divided sisters to recognise a common parentage. It has ascertained, as in the case of Grimm's rule of the changes of consonants, and in those which govern the growth and degeneration of inflections, that variations that seemed arbitrary and unaccountable are governed by a law which acts uniformly. Languages which cannot even be referred to a common stock are seen to catch at the same processes of abbreviating the expression of their thoughts, at the same analogies between the acts and sensations of man's body and those of his spiritual consciousness. If it has done this with what is the utterance of man's thoughts in their most shifting and variable form, why should Science hesitate to claim that other region in which man's thoughts are clothed partly in words, partly also in acts, in the *cultus* of sacrifice, procession, dance, colours, dress, architecture, as well as in the prayer, the hymn, the

legend? Does not the study of language lead the inquirer of necessity to those inner depths of man's life out of which speech and *cultus* have alike flowed? Does not one supply the key to the other? Does not philology show that *myths* the most grotesque or repulsive originated in the free action of man's imagination upon the facts that impressed themselves on his senses, the whiteness of dawn, the glow of sunset, the dew, the clouds, the showers? Does not the study of the religions of the world show that these myths, which we find in their primitive form in the Vedas of our Aryan forefathers, tend, alike in the Theogony of Hesiod and in the Zend-Avestâ, to lose their *rapport* to the facts from which they started, to assume new forms, to become the sport of fancy, playful or prurient—the bases first of imaginative epics, and then of imaginary history? May we not hope to trace in like manner the *genesis* of all religions, the laws of their growth and development, the laws also of the corruption and decay which are not less inevitable?"

In this spirit Mr. Max Müller looks forward to the possibility of a science of religions. He reminds us of the extraordinary accumulations during the last fifty years, of "new and authentic materials for the study of the religions of the world," the opening to the scholars of Europe of the Vedas, the Zend-Avestâ, the Tripitaka, the "canonical books of the Brahmins, the Zoroastrians, the Buddhists;" the fuller knowledge which has been gained during the same periods of the old religious systems of Phœnicia and Carthage, and Babylon and Nineveh; of the religions of Confucius, Laotse, and Buddha (under the scarcely recognisable form of Fo) in China. He speaks, indeed, as a true scholar would do, with a diffidence which contrasts strikingly with the dogmatism of Comte and Hegel. He doubts "whether the time has yet come for attempting to trace, after the model of the science of language, the definite outlines of the science of religion." (I. xi.) But he is not the less enthusiastic in his belief that such a science will come, and is glad to be among those who prepare the way for it. He claims for it, with all the fervour which a mediæval thinker would have lavished on the Theology of his period as the "queen of sciences," a high prerogative:

"The science of religion may be the last of the sciences which man is destined to elaborate; but when it is elaborated, it will change the aspect of the world, and will give a new life to Christianity itself."

* * * * *

"It will, for the first time, assign to Christianity its right place among the religions of the world; it will show, for the first time, fully what was meant by the fulness of time; it will restore to the whole history of the world, in its unconscious progress towards Christianity, its true and sacred character."—(I. xix., xx.)

Mr. Max Müller enters on his work, as these words will show, in a

spirit of profound earnestness and reverence. He believes that to help men of other religions to see in their own ancient records the truths which Christianity recognises and embodies will make the "choice between Christ and other masters far more easy to many a truth-seeking soul." From the tendency of other religions to degenerate, as by a natural law, he warns the Christian teacher in noble words that he, too, must go back to the fountain-head of the truth which he professes; that—

"The Christianity of the nineteenth century is not the Christianity of the Middle Ages, that the Christianity of the Middle Ages was not that of the early Councils, that the Christianity of the early Councils was not that of the Apostles, and that what has been said by Christ, that alone was well said."—(I. xxvi.)

He appeals to the boldness with which Clement of Alexandria acknowledged that philosophy had been to the Greek as a "school-master," as the Law had been to Israel; and Augustine asserted that Plato had been a witness of the truth,* as recognising his position that there had been a Divine work of education going on outside the limits of Israel. He has learnt to count no religion, whatever may have been its corruptions, as, from the first and altogether, "common and unclean."

There is much in all this with which, I need not say, many Christian thinkers must profoundly sympathize. But it holds good, I believe, of these generalizations, as of others that are more hasty and superficial, that while they are applicable, more or less, to the *genesis* of a religion as the result, in act or language, of the feelings which pervade a nation, and are modified by the influence of race, climate, intercourse with other nations, while they hold good also of the reaction of those feelings and influences on systems that have had another birth, and so help us to understand their development and their corruption, they fail to take into account two elements which we have not yet brought in any degree within the limits of ascertained laws. They leave out of sight (1) the influence of great men, and (2) the actual apocalypse of truth by the will of God to the mind of the seeker.† The religion of the Vedas and of the Greeks is traceable to no one prophetic or philosophic mind as its creator. It seems to spring up, as language sprang, as by a spontaneous action and reaction of nature on mind, and mind on nature. It expands into an endless series of myths of which we know not the inventor.

* Mr. Max Müller might have included Justin's recognition of Socrates and Heraclitus, and men like them, as "Christians, though they were called atheists," and even Tertullian's "*testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ*" among his witnesses.

† It will be seen further on that Mr. Max Müller does in one, and that a crucial instance, recognise both of these forces. But the question whether that recognition is compatible with a perfect science of religions is still open to discussion.

It was not primarily the "religion of a book," as recording a real or professed revelation. Even Homer and Hesiod, though in one sense the former became almost as the Bible of the Greeks, were but the late collectors of legends that had lost their life and significance, and were tending to depravity. The religion of the Papuas and other fetiche worshippers, in like manner, may be explained from the spontaneous action of the terror and the wonder of the savage before the unknown forces of the universe. But with the greater, nobler religions of the world, which have come across these systems, modifying or sweeping them away, or have run their course independently, the case has been otherwise. They have had their starting-point in the thoughts and struggles, often in the sufferings and death, of individual men. Abraham, Moses, Mohammed, Sakya Mouni, Confucius,—from the inquirer's point of view, we need not shrink from adding the Name which we hold as greater than them all,—these have been new elements, new forces in the world, whose rise could not have been foreseen, whose orbit could not have been calculated. And within the limits of the religious systems which they severally represent, personal influence, as little within the generalizations of science, though less startling in its results, has been mighty also in changing and expanding. Preachers, interpreters, prophets, apostles, each, in like manner, with his own incommunicable personality, unlike all others, have brought about revolutions that have affected the creed and the life of millions through a long succession of ages. What science of religion can account for David or Isaiah, for Paul or John, for Athanasius or Luther?

And yet further, it must be added, if there be in the history of the world's religions more than the record of the attempts of men to "seek after God, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him;" if, over and above all the many voices with which men have made answer to themselves, the One Voice has spoken "at sundry times, in divers manners, to the fathers by the prophets," and to us "by his Son;" if through the darkness in which men grope their way up the "world's great altar-stairs" a hand is stretched forth to guide the seekers, and bring them under the wings of God—then we have a series of facts so exceptional that we need more than the study of the records of one world to bring them at all within the region of ascertained law. "Nothing but the history of another world, seemingly in like circumstances with our own," would, as Butler says,* "be a parallel case." A complete inductive basis for the science of religion in this its higher aspect would require the history of many such worlds, as within its narrowest limits it requires the study of the religions of many races. Without this, it must

* Analogy, part ii. ch. ii.

content itself with acknowledging that these two elements, the greatness of individual minds, and the Divine will as the giver of that greatness, lie beyond its ken, are forces which it can trace in their working, but cannot refer to any higher causation; or else it must end by denying the existence of the latter, and representing the former as the creatures of the conditions and circumstances which they have changed for the better or the worse, or swept utterly away.

Mr. Max Müller, as we have seen, does not profess to lay down the outlines of such a science. He is conscious that to make the attempt now would be to incur an almost inevitable failure. He does what is far better, and gives us some of the results which have been attained by one who has studied the religions of mankind in the spirit of a scientific, and therefore devout, inquirer. We may regret that the work (a collection of essays and reviews printed at intervals since 1853) should at once attract us by the writer's marvellous extent of knowledge, keen insight, and reverential sympathy, and disappoint us by the fragmentary form, and often tantalizing brevity of the articles. As a rule, such collections need a careful sifting and revision, and the absence of such a process is sure to lead sometimes to a needless repetition, sometimes to seeming inconsistency. In the first volume of these essays, *e.g.*, the religious statistics of mankind are given no less than three times (pp. 23, 160, 215), and the elementary facts connected with the mythology of the Vedas meet us again and again, until they become as familiar friends. But when we recollect what has been the writer's main employment, that these "Chips of a German Workshop" represent the leisure half-hours of one whose day-work has been to edit and translate the Vedas, we can but look on them with ever-increasing admiration. As "the gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim" was to "the vintage of Abiezer," so are these "Chips" to the whole stock-in-trade of many a timber firm enjoying a high reputation in England, France, or Germany.

The inquiries of which we have the result in these volumes carry us over the same ground as Mr. Maurice's noble and suggestive lectures on the Religions of the World, as the more elaborate work of Archdeacon Hardwick, "Christ and other Masters." They will remind some readers also of an able series of papers by M. Emile Burnouf on "La Science des Religions," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for 1864. It is in some degree less complete than these in form. That defect is more than counterbalanced, however, by the authority which the writer may well claim whenever he speaks, as in the paper on Comparative Mythology (reprinted from the Oxford Essays for 1856), the lecture on the Vedas, and the Essay on Caste, from the fulness of his knowledge in the region which he has made pre-eminently his own, and by the wide range of reading in other kindred studies which

enables him to place the inquirer *au courant* of the very latest researches, and of the results to which they have led. There is, too, we must note in passing, a refreshing contrast to the tone in which workers in the same field of scholarship too often speak of each other in the way in which Mr. Max Müller recognises the labours of those who get commonly but little recognition from the wide commonwealth of readers. When he dwells on the process by which M. Stanislas Jullien succeeded, after sixteen years of labour, in identifying the Sanskrit originals of Buddhist names and phrases under the strange disguises which they had assumed as manipulated by Chinese translators (Buddha appearing as Foto, Nirvana as Niopan, Brahma as Fanlonmo), or that by which Grotefend, Burnouf, Lassen, and Rawlinson have interpreted the cuneiform inscriptions of the Achæmenian dynasty, he says, with all the glow of enthusiastic sympathy, that they "deserve to be classed with the discoveries of a Kepler, a Newton, and a Faraday." He is hardly less warm in his acknowledgment of the merits of the great Zend-Avestâ scholars, Spiegel, Westergaard, and Haug. This is, of course, quite compatible with the free utterance of his own judgment on points on which he finds himself at issue with other scholars, and some of the most interesting papers in these volumes are those in which he discusses such points of controversy. His historical instinct, *e.g.*, leads him to protest against the hasty generalization with which M. Renan speaks of the Semitic race as essentially monotheistic (I. 341); against the fantastic conjectural combination by means of which Spiegel, identifying Arran, the name which appears in the Zend-Avestâ as the home of Zoroaster, with the Haran, or Charran of Abraham's journey, assumes the Father of the Faithful and the servant of Ormuzd to have met there, and so explains the points which the two systems have in common.—(I. 150.)

The relations in which the great religions of the East stand to each other, and the characteristic features of each of them, are brought before us by Mr. Max Müller in somewhat of the following order:—

I. The Vedic hymns present the earliest records of the worship of the Aryan race. The date which is assigned to these is from 1500 to 1200 B.C. They indicate primarily an elemental worship. Agni, the lord of fire (Ignis); Surya, the sun; Maruts, the storms; Prithivi, the earth; Ap, the waters; Ushas, the dawn; Varuna, the heaven (*oîpavos*),—these are the *devas*, the bright, the divine ones to whom they are addressed. Below this seeming polytheism there is a sense of unity. "That which is One, the wise call in divers manners." "Wise poets make the beautiful winged, though he is One, manifold by words."—(I. 29.) The hymns themselves are for the most part prayers for earthly blessings, for rain, sunshine, harvest, wealth,

conquest, often wearisome in their monotonous repetition. Sometimes they expand in glowing adoration of the attributes of the God invoked, the "One King of the breathing and awakening world," "whose greatness the snowy mountains and the sea proclaim," "whose shadow is immortality." (I. p. 29.) Sometimes they embody the confessions of the penitent craving for forgiveness. "Through want of strength, thou strong and bright God, have I gone wrong; have mercy, Almighty, have mercy." (I. p. 39.) "Whenever we men, O Varuna, commit an offence before the heavenly host, whenever we break the law through thoughtlessness, have mercy, Almighty, have mercy." Now, they utter (as in the *Gâyatri*, used by every Brahmin for more than 3,000 years as his prayer on waking) the prayer that the "adorable light of the Divine Creator may illumine (or rouse) the spirit of the worshipper." Now, they recognise a Power from whom no secrets are hid. "If a man stands, or walks, or hides; if he goes to lie down or to get up, what two people sitting together whisper, King Varuna knows it; he is there as the third." (I. 41.) Now, with no trace of the metempsychosis which we associate with later Hindoo religion, they express a hope of immortality. "Where life is free, where the worlds are radiant, there make me immortal." Now, they sow the seeds of a mythology yet in the future by fanciful playing with the phenomena of nature. The dawn is a young bride, gold-coloured, daughter of the sky, mother of the cows (the mornings), leading the white and lovely steed (the sun). Sometimes their thoughts on the mystery of the universe clothe themselves in words which sound like the utterances of a later Pantheism, as in the hymn which Mr. Colebrooke has translated:—

"Nor Aught nor Nought existed; yon bright sky
Was not, nor heaven's loved works outstretched above.
What covered all? What sheltered? What concealed?
Was it the water's fathomless abyss?
There was not death,—yet there was nought immortal,
There was no confine between day and night,
The only One breathed breathless by itself,
Other than IT there nothing since has been,
Darkness there was, and all at first was veiled
In gloom profound, an ocean without light:

Then first came Love upon it."

Mr. Max Müller dwells emphatically on the purity of Vedic thought as contrasted with the monstrous and debased *cultus* of later Hindooism. It is free from idol worship and the dream of transmigration. The Triad of Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, is but a secondary formation. The abominations of Kali-worship and Sutteeism are unknown. It would be the wisdom of the Christian missionary, he

again and again urges, to appeal to them as witnesses, as St. Paul appealed to Cleanthes or Aratus, and to the altar of the Unknown God. He is sanguine enough to think that if an effective assault is ever to be made on the worst evils of the caste system which has been the curse of India for 3,000 years, it must be made by pressing upon the Brahmins' mind the reverence which they owe to the supreme authority of the Vedas, which give no sanction to it, as overriding that of the Institutes of Manu, where it appears in full operation. On the strength of that appeal, he would have the Indian Government ignore caste distinctions in all contracts for work, in all military service, in all public institutions, schools, hospitals, and prisons. On the other hand, however, because the four great castes are recognised as existing, in the well-known verse of the Veda ("the Brāhmana was his (Brahman's) mouth, the Rāganya was made his arms, the Vaisya became his thighs, the Sudra was born from his feet"), he urges on the missionary the duty of respecting *these distinctions*, and looks on this primitive caste, the caste of the Vedas, as distinguished from that of Manu, as fit for the life of the Christian Church and the civilization of the nineteenth century. (II. pp. 352—356.) I own, with all diffidence, that I cannot follow him in this instance. The Vedic verso (which is admitted, though comparatively late, not to be an interpolation),* coupled with the scorn with which the Sudra is elsewhere spoken of as one "whose contact defiles the Aryan worshipper," little better than an evil spirit (II. 317), surely breathes the whole spirit of a conquering towards a conquered race, and though not worked into a code of laws, justifies the code that followed as hardly more than a legitimate development. Nor can I think that it is the office of the Christian Church to be slower to proclaim the brotherhood of all men on its true ground than the civil government is expected to be in making religious convictions yield to mere convenience or economy. If it is found, as Indian railways have shown, that the difference between first and third class fare is more to the Brahmin than the sacredness of his caste, it may be a reason for keeping to our European classification of carriages; but the Brahmin is the worse, and not the better, for thus pocketing his scruples. Government, again, is more or less under a covenant to respect even the religious beliefs which it does not recognise. If it outrages those beliefs, it does so (even though they be "traditions of the elders," and not primitive and Vedic), as the "greased cartridges" showed, at an enormous risk. But the Christian Church is under no such cove-

* Sutteeism, Mr. Max Müller informs us (II. 311), was defended by the Brahmins, when they were asked to produce an authority for it from the Vedas, by a garbled verse, which the publication of the Vedas has shown to be a falsification of the text.

nant, is bound by no such restriction. She is faithless to her calling in the Southern States of America if she refuse to admit the negro and the white at the same table of the Lord. She would be equally faithless if in India she allowed the Brahmin to hold aloof from the Sudra or the Pariah. Her watchword (whatever concessions she may make to social customs of long standing) must be, as of old, "Neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free."

It falls within Mr. Max Müller's scope to present the *genesis* of religions rather than to trace out their development and ~~corruption~~; and we have in these volumes but comparatively scanty notices of the later ritual books, and the metaphysical systems which followed upon the Vedas. These indeed he had already analyzed elaborately in his "History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature." One of those systems, however, he notices more than once as standing in close connection with the teaching of Sakya Mouni, and therefore with the faith of the 300,000,000 of Buddhists who form about one-third of the whole human race. One looks out eagerly for anything that promises to throw light on questions of such colossal magnitude, and if the teaching of Kapila be in any sense the fountain-head out of which Buddhism flowed (I. 327), the desire to know what he actually taught becomes proportionably strong. And here the reader is fain to own that the guidance (it may well be from the ineradicable difficulties which Europeans feel of looking at questions of ontology from the *stand-point* of Hindoo metaphysics) seems to fail. Now, Kapila (the "*an-isvara*," "lordless one," as his controversial opponents called him) is represented as teaching an absolutely atheistic nihilism, "an atheistic philosopher of the purest water" (II. 304). Now, he appears as acknowledging the inspiration of the Vedas, recognised as unimpeachably orthodox, "not denying the existence of an Absolute Being," maintaining only that neither man's senses, nor his conceptions, nor his ecstatic visions, enable him to apprehend the Absolute—the "Lord," whom his opponents claimed to know by their intuitions—not more atheistic, *i.e.* (it is Mr. Max Müller's illustration), than "a well-known Bampton lecturer," with his theory of regulative truths (I. 228).

II. Of the three great systems which are referred to these *origines* of our Aryan forefathers, one, that of the Hellenic and Latin races, seems to have been the unchecked growth of the seeds then sown, modified only by change of climate, new geographical conditions, the struggle for existence, the activities of a life in frequent contact with the perils of the sea. The other two, the religions of Zoroaster and Sakya Mouni, bear in them the traces of sharp antagonism and protracted conflict. The affinities of language show (as is now established

by the concurrence of all philologists after half a century and more of unremitting labour) that Greek and Latin stand in the relation of sister, rather than daughter, languages to Sanskrit. The affinities of their mythology to that of the Vedas, as brought out in Mr. Max Müller's most interesting essay (vol. ii.), seem to prove that they started on their migration westward before the Vedic hymns had been collected and become authoritative. The religion of the Greeks never rested on the groundwork of a canonical book. What they did was to carry with them the names and thoughts to which the sunset and the dawn, the rain and the wind, the lightning and the thunder, had given birth. To these, in striking and refreshing contrast to the Euhemerism * which prevailed in the European scholarship of the last century, Mr. Max Müller refers all the more striking myths of the Theogony of Hesiod. With a subtle skill which we cannot help admiring, even where it fails to convince us, he analyzes the names of Greek divinities and heroes, and the legends that gather round them. The Dyaus (sky) of the Vedas appears as the Zeus and Jupiter (Diespiter) of classical antiquity; Varuna is traceable in Ouranos; Ushas (the dawn), in Eos and Aurora; Surya in Helios; the Harits (the horses of the sun), in the Charites or Graces. Everywhere we are led to recognise what were originally parables from nature. Solar phenomena are traced out as the foundation of legends like those of Apollo and Daphne, Kephalos and Procris, Herakles and Deianeira.

Whether the same process applies to the cycle of heroic legends upon which the epic and dramatic poetry of Greece was based, and which seems at first to have sprung out of tales of human passion and guilt that have analogues enough in later history—like those of Troy, of Argos, of Thebes—may, perhaps, admit of question. If we can think of the marriage of Zeus and Hera—incestuous, as measured by a human standard—as the bridal of the earth and sky, and see in the war of the Titans the conflict of the elemental forces of nature, or the passionate wills of men with the supreme law that

* It is worth while to look back on what was not long since the standard of knowledge in these matters, and so measure the distance we have travelled since. I quote the following from Dufresnoy's "Chronology," 1762:—

B.C. 1904.—Jupiter born.

B.C. 1850.—Jupiter, at the age of sixty-two, began his reign in Thessalia, which he continued sixty years. He obtained the crown by dethroning his father Saturn, as he also had by deposing his father Uranus. The Titans made war against him, but were defeated, and obliged to leave Greece. Pluto possessed that part of the country that lay west of his brother's kingdom.

B.C. 1773.—Jupiter died, aged 122 years.

And for these dates elaborate reasons are given, with what now seems a strangely amusing gravity. The utter oblivion into which all this has fallen might almost justify the perplexed translator of M. Renan's "*Nabathæan Agriculture*" in rendering "*un esprit évahémérien*" as "*an ephemeral spirit*."

should hold them in control, it does not follow that the "intelligent jury" to whom Mr. Max Müller (l. 143) appeals as against Spiegel's Zoroastrian theories, would hold that there was sufficient evidence to lead us to see in the tale of Œdipus only a symbol of the Sun which issues daily from the womb of its mother Night, and returns to slumber in the arms of her to whom he owed his birth. Such an interpretation, stripping them, as it does, of the human interest which made them fit subjects for the great dramatists of Greece, was clearly far enough from their thoughts. No traceable analogue to these myths has as yet been brought before us from the Vedas; no Greek mind, even of those who suspected a mythical symbolism of natural phenomena elsewhere, had a glimpse of its existence; and we may be allowed to think that it was within the limits of possibility either that some such tragedies had passed before men's eyes, or that the imagination of Greek poets was fertile enough, without the aid of a mythological starting-point, to invent them as tales of human crime and suffering.

III. The religion of the section of the Aryan race who spoke what we have learnt to call Zend, and whose *cultus* and creed are embodied in the Zend-Avestâ or Avestâ-Zend (Avestâ meant the sacred "text;" Zend, from *khandas*, a "metrical paraphrase" or interpretation), bears, as has been said, distinct marks of antagonism. It has separated from the parent stock, under the influence, it may be, of some powerful mind, at a time when the polytheism of the latter had become more prominent; and it throws scorn upon it by giving to its very name for the Gods an entirely new significance. As the *δαίμονες* of the Greeks pass into the demons of later Judaism and Christendom, so the *Devās* of the Vedic hymns, Indra and others, become, one might almost say, the "devils of the Zend-Avestâ. Every follower of Zoroaster has solemnly to renounce them. By a yet stranger transformation which Mr. Max Müller, following in the steps of Burnouf, traces with a fascinating skill, the mythical names, which appear in the Vedas as representing elemental phenomena, became clothed in the Persian system with an historical personality, and become, at a later period, the groundwork first of an epic, and then of pseudo-history. Jemshid, Feridun, and Garshasp, the three heroes of the "Shahnameh" of Ferdusi (A.D. 1000), are identified with the three representatives of the earliest generations of mankind in the Zend-Avestâ, and these again shown to coincide with the Yama, Trita, and Krisasva of the Vedas. But with the change from polytheism to a belief in the One Supreme, the "solemn protest against the whole worship of the powers of nature involved in the Vedas," which was the vital principle of the Zoroastrian religion, there came that which is its almost invariable

concomitant, a profounder sense of sin, a clearer vision of the mystery of evil in the heart of man, and in the world. This in its turn vexed the soul with thoughts of a conflict between two hostile powers, all but equally omnipotent, and threatened to transform the monotheistic creed into Dualism. Ormuzd and Ahriman, Light and Darkness, were arrayed one against another, and the work of the devout worshipper, even in what seems to us most trivial and revolting, was to attain the purity which belonged to a servant of the former.

Of the marked points of parallelism between the religion of Zoroaster and that of Israel, recognised to the full by Spiegel and Haug, as well as by older scholars, Mr. Max Müller speaks with the reserve of a true historical investigator. They are indeed striking enough. The belief in a mighty Lord, the "I am that I am," supremely wise and good, in an evil spirit tempting and accusing, in myriad angels who form the armies and do the pleasure of the great King, in a tree of life and a tree of knowledge, and a serpent, the enemy of man, the iconoclastic hatred of the common forms of polytheism which characterized the more zealous worshippers in either system, the hope of a coming Deliverer, the belief in a paradise for the souls of the righteous, these are far from exhausting the resemblances. They naturally enough tempt men to conjectures. Scholars of a past period, who lie almost beyond the horizon of Mr. Max Müller's vision, identified Zoroaster with Gehazi or with Baruch. Spiegel, as we have seen (and he occupies, we must remember, all but the highest place among Zend-Avestâ scholars), assumes a conference between Abraham and Zoroaster, to settle, as it were, the articles of a primeval creed. Many biblical critics, on the other hand, have assumed that Israel had no belief in Satan, nor in angels, nor in immortality, till it derived it from Persia, that Sadduceeism was in fact purely conservative, witnessing for the uncontaminated faith of Abraham and Moses.

Mr. Max Müller wisely avoids these snares and pitfalls. He acknowledges the evidence of seemingly Semitic elements in the Zend-Avestâ itself, but so far as he offers an account of them, he assigns them, not to intercommunion or derivation, but to the primary religious intuitions which he holds (differing herein from Renan and many others) to have been God's gift, the primitive revelation, the common inheritance of mankind.

At the risk of seeming to identify myself, wholly or in part, with the crazes, dreams, and phantasies, the "*delirantium somnia*" without number, which have gathered round the Ten Tribes, I venture to think that we may see some of the causes of this parallelism in the events that preceded the appearance of Zoroastrianism, as a

living and energetic creed under Cyrus.* "We may reason from the analogy of the history of the section of Israel which was led captive to Babylon, from that of the later "dispersion," to what would at least be probable with those who were carried to the cities of the Medes. If Judah and Benjamin have all along exercised a strange power over the minds of those with whom they came in contact, won the homage even if they also won the hatred of their conquerors, borne their witness, transmitted their thoughts, prepared the way for a faith higher than their own, may we not think that a people of the same race, carrying with them the same faith, in a form, from the nature of the case, more prophetic and less sacerdotal than that of Judah, might carry with them seeds of new thought, and find in the Persians, in the glow of their religious enthusiasm for Ormuzd, their protest against nature-worship, their vehement iconoclasm, the good soil which was needed for their growth? Certain it is that as soon as the purest Aryan and the purest Semitic faiths come within sight of each other, their attitude is one of profound sympathy and mutual honour. Isaiah (I am disposed to think the *proto*-, not a *deutero*- Isaiah) points to the Koresh (Cyrus) of the distant tribe as the "servant of the Lord," the "righteous man from the East," the Anointed, the "Messiah" of Jehovah (xliv. 28, xlvii.). Daniel is at once honoured by "Darius the Mede," and becomes the "Rab-mag," or Chief of the Magi. Cyrus issues his proclamation as one who had recognised a common ground between himself and Israel in the worship of the "God of Heaven." During the two centuries in which in Babylon, Susa, Jerusalem itself, the Jews lived under Persian satraps, or in the court of the Emperor, the relations of the two races were, with hardly an exception, those of friendly protection on the one side, and loyal obedience on the other.

IV. When the next great religion of the world started on its course, in the sixth century before Christ, the system of the Vedas had suffered a more pervading corruption. Its polytheism had assumed a more revolting character. Its caste distinctions had led to an intolerable tyranny. The doctrine of metempsychosis had assumed a prominent position in all speculations as to the "before" and "after" of this earthly state. To the common people it offered the spectacle of a ruling order, a sacred aristocracy, with no sympathy for them. The minds of thinkers were led to look on life, with all its sensations and energies, as a delusion to which they were in bondage, and were yet offered no ready and easy process of emancipation. We may not be able to follow Mr. Max Müller in the

* The substratum of Zoroastrianism is carried back by recent scholars to a more remote period, but the name of Cyrus (unless we resolve his history also into a solar myth) clearly represents a new, and, as it were, crusading energy.

belief that the "natural" outcome of such a state of things, by a necessary law of evolution, "with the same necessity with which mediæval Romanism led to Protestantism" (I. 223), was what we know as Buddhism. We may claim a larger share than this language seems to allow for the power of individual character as an element of causation in the religious history of the world, but it is clear that it offered abundant materials for such a personal element to work upon. To those who look upon the story of Sakya Mouni as one of the noblest and most touching in the history of mankind, it will be a satisfaction that Mr. Max Müller does not follow Mr. H. H. Wilson in the scepticism which, applying a Straussian method of criticism (*Kapilavastu*, e.g., the city where Sakya Mouni was born, is only a symbol of the fact that he reproduced the nihilism of *Kapila*), would relegate it entirely to the regions of the *myths* which are the after-growth of a religion, but sees in it the history of a human life. And accepting it as history, he is not slow to acknowledge its beauty and its greatness. If he does not follow the language in which Renan speaks of Buddha as perhaps greater than the Lord whom Christians worship, he reproduces, without protest, M. St. Hilaire's more reverential words,* that next to the story of the Gospels there is no record of self-denial so marvellous as that of the king's son who laid aside the greatness to which he had been born, and when he had found the secret of emancipation from the misery of existence, gave himself to a life of suffering, hardship, mendicancy, to extend it to the poorest and the meanest.

I cannot blame the glow of admiration which that story kindles; but it is worth while to note that the true analogue to it in Christian history is found, not in the life or teaching of the Prophet of Nazareth, but in that of Antony of Egypt, and Francis of Assisi. The lessons of the former point to a life unworldly, indeed, and regardless of wealth and honour, but active and cheerful, mingling with the daily life of working men, sanctioning their industry, blessing the ties of kindred and affection. Men are taught to feel the misery of sin; they are not led to look on existence as a curse. The teaching of the latter, noble as the spirit of self-sacrifice was there also, tended to a Manichæan disregard of the common work and natural ties of man, and, as has been said a thousand times, it threatened Europe with a Christian Buddhism, and ran its course with a singular parallelism of organization, ritual, asceticism. Had the dreams of the Franciscans of the thirteenth century been realized, had the story of the *Stigmata*, and the "Everlasting Gospel" been

* M. Renan's words, speaking of our Lord, are, "Il n'y pas eu d'homme, *Sakya Mouni* peut-être excepté, qui ait à ce point foulé aux pieds la famille, et les joies de ce monde," etc.—(*Vie de Jésus*, p. 469). M. St. Hilaire says, "Je n'hésite pas à ajouter que *sauf le Christ tout seul*, il n'est point parmi les fondateurs de religion de figure plus pure ni plus touchante que celle du Boudha."—(*Bouddha et sa Religion*, p. 6.)

incorporated into the creed of Christendom, the parallel would have been yet more complete, and we should have had an apotheosis like that which Buddhism, in spite of the atheistic tendency with which it seems to have started, has lavished on its founder,—like that which the more portentous developments of Latin Christianity in our own time have bestowed on the mother of our Lord.

On the question what it was that Sakya Mouni offered to his followers as the prize for which they were to strive, for which all labour and toil, and fastings and prayers, might well be borne, Mr. Max Müller follows M. St. Hilaire and M. Eugène Burnouf in identifying the *Nirvana* with absolute annihilation, the pure not-being in which there is no absorption into the higher life of the Uncreated Essence, no consciousness of peace and freedom of evil, but the loss of being and consciousness at once.* That there are states of mind, and those of no rare occurrence, in which such annihilation seems a thing to be desired above all joys, or because all joy is thought impossible, is obvious enough. It utters itself in the despair of Job and Jeremiah, and in the deep melancholy of Ecclesiastes; it breathes its "pathetic minor" in the choruses of Sophocles, it clouds the brighter hopes of immortality in the *Apologia* of Plato, we hear its voice in the soliloquy of Hamlet, it appears in a commoner and coarser form in every suicide. The marvel of Buddhism is that it appeals, and apparently with success, to this feeling, not as exceptional, but as universal; that it ignores altogether that dread of annihilation which some have looked on as an instinct of man's nature and a proof of his immortality. But the answer is found in the fact that nature is stronger than metaphysical definitions. Even, it may be, in the mind of the Buddha himself, certainly in that of the millions who revere him, Nirvana is a deliverance from misery (I. 233, 250), and this they identify with the consciousness, at least, of peace. It becomes to them what Heaven, Paradise, Elysium, have been to others, a vague synonym for a blessedness which, as yet, they know not, but of which they dream according to each man's temperament and fancy. What may well surprise us yet more is that this weariness of existence, instead of leading to almsgiving, fasting, prayer, self-sacrifice, as the path to Nirvana, has not prompted men to suicide. But the explanation here, too, is not far to seek. The strength of Buddhism lay in the universal acceptance among the populations to which it offered itself of the doctrines of a natural immortality and metempsychosis. To one who held that belief death brought no sure

* I may correct here a phrase open to misconception in a note to the title of a short poem in which (*Contemporary Review* for May, 1867) I have attempted to embody the Buddhist feeling. I have called it "Sakya Mouni at Bodhimanda," because it was there that the idea of *Nirvana* first came upon him in its clearness. He had then a foretaste of it. The scene of his death, when, in Buddhist phrase, he entered on it, was Kuçinagara.

deliverance. It might lead only to "ills men know not of" greater than those they know, new forms of human or brute life more miserable than their own, tortures at the hands of avenging demons in the unseen world. In order to escape from suffering, it had to raise its moral being to the highest point of its perfection, and then, and then only, subject no longer to the law that held it in bondage, it attained its freedom, could "shuffle off its mortal coil," and be at peace, *i.e.*, when men came to analyze their hopes, cease to be.

But neither the weariness of life nor the belief in transmigration can account for the rapid progress and the permanence of Buddhism. For that we must look to the fact that it presented to men in the life of its founder what has never failed to touch their hearts—the spectacle of a life of self-sacrifice and voluntary poverty, the sympathy which "counts nothing human alien from itself," that it proclaimed the truth of a Universal Brotherhood. It made war upon the caste system, which must have been felt by the inferior castes as a crushing tyranny. Sakya Mouni himself, belonging to the Warrior (Kshatriya) caste, fraternized with the Sudras. It welcomed the older non-Aryan races that survived in India, and the more remote countries to which it afterwards spread, as standing on the same footing, entangled in the same misery, capable of the same emancipation. Of the history of Buddhism, how, after scorn, desertions, struggles, success, it found its Constantine in Asoka, the contemporary of Seleucus Nicator, and had its general councils and its monastic orders; how it had also its sacred books and its countless prayers, its incense, and rosaries, and images, and praying wheels, and worship in a "tongue not understood of the people;" how Brahminism rose up again and drove it forth, as Paganism might have done in the West had Julian been successful; how, in its exile, it found a home even in a country which seemed given up to a system so alien from it as that of Confucius; how the region of Sakya Mouni's birth and labours became a Holy Land, and drew thousands of pilgrims from the farther East—for all this we must refer the reader to the papers in which Mr. Max Müller makes the results of the labours of MM. St. Hilaire and Stanislas Jullien accessible to the English public. For simple personal interest, apart from that of philology or religious speculation, there is hardly any paper in the two volumes to be compared with the *résumé* of the pilgrimage of Hiouen Thsang, who in the sixth century of our era started from Peking, and made his way, amid hardships and obstacles, through the regions which MM. Huc and Gabet have made familiar to us, until his feet had trodden on the sacred ground and his lips kissed the sacred relics.

V. Of the religious history of the other great divisions of the

human race Mr. Max Müller says less ; but the paper on "Semitic Monotheism," with which the first volume ends, is in many ways of great interest. M. Renan, in his "*Histoire des Langues Sémitiques*," had reproduced the old familiar generalization which assigned to the Semitic races a "monotheistic instinct," and which saw in that statement of an ultimate fact for which no cause could be assigned, a sufficient explanation of the part which Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism, the three "religions of the book," have played in the history of mankind. Against this generalization Mr. Max Müller protests as hasty and superficial. He points to the wider extent which recent philological research has given to the term "Semitic," and to the fact that many nations so included—Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Syrians, Assyrians—present forms of idolatrous religions as gross and sensuous as those of Greece or India ; that the history of the Jews, till the return from Babylon, presents no trace of such an instinct as common among the people, but much rather a constant tendency, against which the loftier minds of individual thinkers struggled in vain, to degenerate into the worship of "gods many and lords many," like that of the nations round them ; that when Mohammed appeared as the prophet of a more rigorous, exclusive monotheism than the world had witnessed,* it was because he found himself in the midst of tribes, as Semitic as himself, who had sunk into polytheism and fetiche-worship. He asserts, in words that we are glad to quote, that here the whole course of the history has been determined, not by the laws of natural development and necessary sequence, which seem in his Introduction to be dominant in his conceptions of religious history, but by the influence of individual teachers, of one colossal personality. If Mohammed proclaimed that Allah was but One, he did so as the revival of the faith of Abraham. If Christ and his Apostles proclaimed that there was One God and Father of us all, they too did it as a truth which had been committed to Abraham as the Father of the Faithful, in whose seed all the nations of the earth were to be blessed. The following passage will show in what way he holds that Abraham himself was led to the truth which so many millions have inherited from him :—

"And if we are asked how this one Abraham possessed not only the primitive intuitions of God as He had revealed Himself to all mankind, but passed through the denial of all other gods to the knowledge of the One God, we are content to answer that it was by a special Divine revelation. We do not indulge in theological phraseology, but we mean every word* to its fullest extent. The Father of Truth chooses His own prophets, and He speaks to them in a voice stronger than that of thunder. It is the same

* The basis of Jewish belief, as Mr. Maurice has pointed out, was not monotheism, the belief in a Deity numerically one, but in a living God, the Father and the King of men.

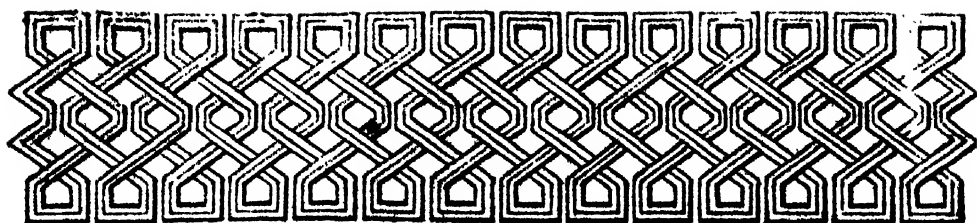
inner voice through which God speaks to all of us. That voice may dwindle away and become hardly audible; it may lose its Divine accent, and sink into the language of worldly prudence; but it may also, from time to time, assume its real nature with the chosen of God, and sound into their ears as a voice from Heaven. A 'Divine instinct' may sound more scientific and less theological; but in truth it would neither be an appropriate name for what is a gift of grace accorded to but few, nor would it be a more scientific, i.e., a more intelligible, word than 'special revelation.'—(L. 672.)

On this point, therefore, we have no reason to complain of ambiguous utterances. In marked contrast to many tendencies of the age, Mr. Max Müller professes his belief in the possibility, in the historical reality, of a revelation made by God to the mind of one man chosen from out his fellows. He sees in that revelation a power that helped to raise the Semitic races, in part at least, above tendencies which were just as much natural to them as to Aryans or Turanians. He believes that when Christ came to proclaim the Gospel that had been "preached before to Abraham," He too came as "a teacher sent from God," and revealed His Father's will. Welcoming this confession, there are, however, minor points in his view of Jewish religious history in which I am not able to look on his reasoning as equally conclusive. It may be true, as he says, that the very name of God, Elohim, showed, in its plural form, that the monotheism of Abraham "rose upon the ruins of a polytheistic faith." It may be possible even, though not, I think, probable, that Abraham chose this as the Divine Name in a spirit like that of St. Paul at Athens, or Pope's Universal Prayer—as a recognition that every name which the nations had given their gods as expressing some attribute of might, wisdom, goodness, belonged to One in whom they all centred. But when the other Name, which witnessed of the Divine Unity and Being, came into use (whether through Abraham, first receiving a new significance, but not first uttered, on Horeb, or through Moses, or through Samuel), it surely brought with it a witness, distinct and true, that Jehovah was not only the supreme, but the One Elohim. Commandments like that which says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," phrases like those which speak of Him "as above all gods, God of gods, and Lord of lords," instead of showing, as Mr. Max Müller seems to say, that those who used them thought only of a *national* Jehovah Elohim superior to the Elohim of the nations, and that consequently they had not risen to the conception of a pure monotheistic creed, receive their true interpretation from the words which proclaim, "As for all the gods of the heathen, they are but vanity . . . no gods . . . the work of men's hands, wood and stone. . . . It is the Lord that made the heavens." That the people might fall into the lower forms of thought and speech, that their very worship

of Jehovah became polytheistic, even fetiche, in its nature, and led them to adopt a *cultus* which they no longer felt to be generically unlike their own—to this every page of their history, from the Exodus to the Captivity, bears but too plain a witness. But the language of Lawgiver and Prophets and Psalmists, so far from being an echo of that belief, was throughout a protest against it.

Nor, again, is it easy to feel quite satisfied that one of Mr. Max Müller's answers to M. Renan does more than shift the difficulty, substituting an apparent for a real solution. It was no monotheistic tendency, he says, which saved the Semitic races from the interminable polytheism of their Aryan brothers. It was simply that they had a language which did not permit "appellatives" (names of natural objects that expressed their qualities) to lose their true power, and so, robbed of their significance, to become personified, and as persons to be the heroes of endless complications of relationship. As the statement of a fact this may be true enough, but as explaining a fact it seems to assume that language, as an instrument of thought, came to the Semitic race from without; that they had it somehow given to them, and that it became the condition and the limit of their thoughts, and, in this instance, of their religion. Might it not be asked by a follower of M. Renan, or indeed by any inquirer, whether *this* limitation of the power of language does not imply (if language be, indeed, the expression of character, the spoken word the utterance of the unspoken) a like limitation of the powers of thought—whether such a limitation of the latter in its bearing upon men's thoughts of God may not fairly be looked on as approximating to a "monotheistic instinct?"

I have ventured in this paper, where the subject matter or the reasoning of Mr. Max Müller's volumes came within the range of average readers, to give expression to the doubts or the questions which have occurred to me. I have done this all the more freely, because my own work in life has practically shut me out from the regions in which he is confessedly among the masters of those who know, and I must be content within those regions to sit at his feet and learn. In the name of many who have already much to thank him for, I gladly acknowledge the additional claim on their gratitude which he has established by this collection of essays and notices, which were before so scattered as to be practically inaccessible, and which will for very many shed light over some of the dark pages of the world's history.



THE SOCIAL LEGISLATION OF 1867, AND ITS NEW YEAR'S GIFTS FOR 1868.

TO the memory of the ordinary observer, the chief Parliamentary session of 1867 appears as if filled only with debates on the Reform Bill. Yet, in fact, few sessions have ever been more fruitful in measures of social importance; few will leave a deeper mark in the statute-book and in the lives of great masses of our countrymen. And if the mode in which the Reform Act was carried has indeed for the time loosened the political morality of the country, the beneficial character of an occasional shifting of political power from the one party to the other has, on the other hand, been excellently exemplified, outside of the political sphere, by the passing of such measures as those above referred to, which in ordinary times could never have left the hands of a Liberal ministry without some impairing of their fulness, some narrowing of their scope. The very ideal condition of things for the useful exercise of the legislative power has, in short, been realized—that of the one party proposing what could not be opposed by the other.

The beginning of a New Year seems a peculiarly fitting period for a retrospect over the more prominent features of the social legislation of 1867, inasmuch as many of the measures which deserve to be singled out take effect only on the 1st January, 1868. Some indeed are at work already, more particularly the Poor Law group. Mr. Hardy's excellent "Metropolitan Poor Act, 1867," came into

operation, for the most part, from its date (29th March, 1867); as to some clauses, from last Michaelmas Day. Four momentous reforms are introduced by it:—1st, The creation of asylums for the reception and relief of the sick, insane, and infirm poor, and the application thereto of the district system, already adopted in the case of schools; 2nd, The power given to the Poor Law Board to require boards of guardians to provide dispensaries for out-door medical relief, and to “approve and direct” the “duties, qualifications, number, and salaries of the dispensers, officers, and servants,” as well as to “vary” existing medical salaries and contracts with district medical officers, and to “direct” the payment of such compensation as they think fit to medical officers affected by the Act; 3rd, The creation of a “Metropolitan Common Poor Fund,” for the maintenance of lunatics, small-pox patients, payment for medicines and medical and surgical appliances, salaries of school, asylum, and dispensary officers, compensations to medical officers, fees for registration of births and deaths, vaccination fees, school maintenance of pauper children, and certain expenses for the houseless poor; 4th, last, not least, The introduction into boards of guardians generally, as well as among the managers of asylum districts under the Act, and into district school-boards, of justices of the peace or qualified rate-payers nominated by the Poor Law Board, to an extent not exceeding one-third of the whole number. Taken in connexion with the Houseless Poor and School-District Acts, this is a distinct lifting of nearly the whole question of pauperism in the metropolis out of the sphere of mere plutonomy into that of a true economy. The right of the poor not to starve, was, it may be said, established by the New Poor Law. Then followed the recognition of the right of the pauper child to be educated, in the Acts relating to school-districts, &c.; of the right of the poor to move freely about the country, in various mitigations of the Law of Settlement, and in the Houseless Poor Acts. The new Act, in turn, recognises the right of the poor, —in the metropolis, at least,—to be duly cared for in their physical and mental diseases and infirmities. And it is obvious that the principles thus applied to London will have to be extended to all large towns, and eventually throughout the country; although it may be feared that the farmers will fight harder than London shop-keepers have done for the privilege of saving rates out of human lives.

On New Year's Day, 1868, indeed, a fresh inroad will be made upon that privilege of the rate-payer,—a fresh outrage offered to the great god Self-will, and to his image which fell down from Jupiter in the shape of *laissez faire*,—through the coming into operation of the “Vaccination Act of 1867.” A beautiful machinery already existed

for enforcing vaccination, but unfortunately it did not work, it being no one's duty to set it in motion. This duty the new Act casts upon the Registrar of Births and Deaths, to whom certificates of vaccination are required to be transmitted, and who is bound twice a year, within a week after the 1st January and the 1st July, to make a list of all cases in which certificates have not been duly received, and submit the same to the guardians; who in turn, after making inquiry, are bound to cause proceedings to be taken against defaulters. Provision is made both for vaccination (within three months after birth) and inspection (one week after vaccination) of children, under penalty of not exceeding twenty shillings against parents or other responsible persons neglecting either duty. Such vaccination is gratuitous as respects the parent, when performed by the public vaccinator, the cost being defrayed out of the rates, at a minimum fee of one shilling and sixpence for each successful vaccination, with power to the Privy Council to direct in any case an extra fee not exceeding one shilling. It is obvious that this Act, efficiently worked, will compel the vaccination of the whole registered population; power being, moreover, given to magistrates to order the vaccination of children under fourteen who have not been successfully vaccinated, nor had the small-pox.

Lastly, the "Poor Law Amendment Act, 1867" (in operation since its date, 20th August), gives vigour to the central authority, by rendering the Poor Law Board permanent, and in several ways extending its powers; whilst useful facilities are given to guardians to place adult blind, deaf, or dumb paupers in special hospitals or institutions, and to detain in workhouses paupers suffering from mental or infectious or contagious disease.

The next group is the large and important one of what may be called the "Labour Acts." Most of these are New Year's gifts, and foremost among them stands "The Factory Acts Extension Act, 1867." This makes the Factory Acts applicable, subject to exceptions and temporary modifications, to—1, Blast furnaces (including any premises in which the process of smelting or otherwise obtaining any metal from the ores is carried on); 2, Copper mills; 3, Iron mills (including any premises on which "any process is carried on for converting iron into malleable iron, steel, or tin-plate," or for "making or converting steel"); 4, Iron foundries, copper foundries, brass foundries, and other places for founding or casting metals; 5, Any premises in which mechanical power is used for moving machinery employed in the manufacture of machinery or other articles of metal, india-rubber, or gutta-percha; 6, The paper, glass, and tobacco manufactures, letter-press printing, and bookbinding; and lastly, 7, Any trade establishments at which fifty or more persons

are employed in any manufacturing process—a drag-net clause similar to that of the French law (although with wider meshes, their own limit being twenty persons). Sunday labour is forbidden for children, young persons, or women in factories under the Act, with some modification as to blast furnaces; boys under twelve and females are forbidden to be employed in those parts of glass factories where melting or annealing is carried on; children under eleven, to be employed in grinding in the metal trades. In the glass manufacture, children, young persons, or women, are not to take their meals where the materials are mixed, nor, as respects flint-glass, where grinding, cutting, and polishing are carried on; and the inspectors of factories are authorized to direct the use of a fan, or other mechanical means, to prevent the injurious inhalation of dust by the workmen, wherever the latter or any other dust-generating processes are performed, as well as to require the secure fixing of grindstones.

The main importance of this Act is that, for the first time, it seeks to base on a general principle our protective legislation on the labour question. This has consisted hitherto—it consists in a great measure still under the new Act itself—in a series of exceptions to the ordinary law, introduced into this or that branch of industry successively, according as a case was established against each for legal interference. The collective wisdom of the nation has at last groped its way to the assertion that, wherever large numbers of workers are brought together in manufacturing industry, there the law has a right to interfere for restricting the labour of the child, the youth, the woman, and for enforcing certain sanitary provisions and life-saving precautions. This bold step has been taken, more than six-and-twenty years since the like principle was recognised and carried, as above shown, at least in the text of the law, much further in France (law of 22nd March, 1841).

Having said thus much in favour of the new “Factory Acts Extension Act,” I must now point out the drawbacks to its efficiency. These consist in the schedule of “Temporary” and “Permanent Modifications” annexed to it. Some of these may be necessary or expedient; others appear quite to stultify the Act. If it be consistent with humanity and the true economy of the State, to forbid Sunday labour for women, it seems impossible to defend a provision which allows them to be so employed in or about blast furnaces for *two years and a half*, not even from the passing of the Act (15th August, 1867), but from the 1st January, 1868. If overwork be (and who can doubt it?) especially detrimental to the constitution at the period of growth and puberty, what is to be thought of a “permanent” provision which allows boys and girls of fourteen to be kept to work at bookbinding, three days in every month, for *sixteen hours* a day?

If there are periods in the life of woman—when about to become, when having recently become, a mother—in which overtoil is as dangerous to her as to a girl—may, may imperil two lives at once—what is to be said of a permission to keep her to work in the same trade for the like period of sixteen hours a day, for not “*more than five consecutive days in any one week*,” or ninety-six in a twelvemonth? Why, a single such day of toil might be enough to ruin a delicate constitution for life! It is not too much to say that several of these “modifications” are simply scandalous, and would deserve instant repeal.

The next of the protective Acts in the group (also to come into operation on New Year's Day) concerns a class of workers who will always require to be exceptionally dealt with. The “Merchant Shipping Act, 1862,” is mainly sanitary. The Board of Trade is to issue and have published scales of medicines and medical stores for different ships and voyages, and to sanction dispensing books; ship-owners are to provide the like accordingly, and stringent regulations are set forth for securing the purity and enforcing the use of anti-scorbutics. Shipowners and masters are made liable for the expenses of seamen's illnesses arising out of their neglect; the seaman, on the other hand, to forfeit wages from self-induced incapacity to work. Further provisions are made for securing the due ventilation, wholesomeness, and conveniency of seamen's cabins, and a medical inspection of seamen is established, though only to be set in motion by the shipowner or master.

The same 1st January, 1868, which will see the first general application to what the French term “*la grande industrie*” of the protective system of our Factories Acts, will also see the principle itself of protection to labour first applied to agriculture. The “Agricultural Gangs Act, 1867”—perhaps the one which, from its novelty, has attracted the most notice among the social measures of the session—forbids the employment in agricultural gangs of children under eight years of age, and of females in the same gang with males, or under any male gang-master without the presence of a female licensed as such, and the acting of any persons as gang-masters without a license first obtained from two justices, on proof of character and fitness; such license to limit the distance which children are to travel on foot for their work, not to be granted to publicans or beer-shop keepers, and to be renewed every six months.

Invaluable as is this Act, considered as introducing into agriculture—English agriculture, for the Act does not apply to Scotland or Ireland—a principle hitherto ignored in this sphere, it may be doubted whether it will prove efficient. No machinery is provided for seeing that it is carried out; and the main safeguard for its due

working, the half-yearly renewal of licenses before the justices, is greatly weakened by a clause empowering justices, after a second conviction of a gang-master under the Act, to withhold his license for not more than three months ; after a third, for not more than two years ; a fourth, indeed, disqualifying him altogether. It would thus seem that whilst the justices are empowered to require the most stringent proof of good character and fitness in the case of a first application for a license, yet this, once granted, gives such a vested right to the licensee that he will be entitled to immediate renewal after a first conviction, to renewal in three months after a second, and in two years after a third. Evidently the provision in question only fetters the discretion of the justices, and requires to be repealed.

The last Act of the session, the "Workshop Regulation Act, 1867," also coming into operation on New Year's Day next, brings us back into the sphere of non-agricultural labour, and is quite the most important labour-regulating Act yet passed in our country. The principles of the limitation of the hours of labour for children, young persons, and women ; of the enforcement of sanitary provisions ; of the compulsory school-attendance of children, and (permissively at least) of official inspection, are by this Act extended to all handicrafts, with the exception of the baking trade (regulated already, but very insufficiently, by the Bakehouses Act of 1863). No child under 8 is to be employed in any handicraft ; no child under 13 for more than $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours in one day, between 6 a.m. and 8 p.m. ; no young person or woman for more than 12 hours in 24, with $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours for meals and rest, between 5 a.m. and 9 p.m. ; no child, young person, or woman, on Sunday, or after 2 p.m. on Saturday, except when not more than five persons are employed in making or repairing articles to be sold by retail on the premises ; no child under 11 in metal-grinding or fustian-cutting. Every child employed in a workshop is to attend school for at least 10 hours in every week, with a penalty of not exceeding 20s. on parents in case of neglect ; every occupier of a workshop who has employed a child for 14 days is to obtain weekly certificates of his school attendance, and to pay out of his wages, not exceeding 2d. per week or one-twelfth of his wages, for his schooling. In case of contravention of the Act, both the occupiers of workshops, and parents or other persons deriving direct benefit from the labour of, or having control over, the person wrongfully employed, are liable to penalties. In processes where dust is generated, fans or other mechanical means may be required to be used. Officers employed by local authorities, and superintendents of police, by order under the hand of a justice, and inspectors and sub-inspectors of factories at their discretion, may enter into and inspect workshops, and examine the persons employed. Inspectors of factories may also

disqualify teachers for granting school certificates, subject to an appeal to the Home Secretary.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this Act, considered as generalizing the principle of protection to the labour of the young and of women. In practice, however, it is, like the Factories Act of 1862 (but less seriously), marred by a schedule of "temporary" and "permanent exceptions," — allowing, for instance, children of 12 to be employed as young persons (*i.e.*, for 12 hours) until 1st July, 1870. Not much reliance, moreover, can be placed on the "local authorities" (*e.g.*, the vestry of a parish) who are entrusted with the enforcement of the Act; and it may fairly be presumed that the intervention of the Factory Inspectors will have to be regularized and extended before its provisions can be fairly carried out.

We may now pass to another sub-group of the Labour Acts, those which have not for their aim to protect the weaker workers, but to improve the position, promote the activity, or check the misconduct of the stronger ones. One of the most important of these, the "Master and Servants Act, 1867," is remarkable as being only temporary, being limited in its operation to one year from its date (20th August last), and from thence to the end of the then next session of Parliament. This takes away one standing reproach to our labour-laws, consisting in the difference of the treatment of the employer and employed in case of breach of contract; the former being hitherto only punishable in the first instance by fine, the latter by imprisonment. Under the new law, the first object of the justices before whom any complaint of breach of a labour contract is brought appears to be made that of annulling, or, as it may happen, causing the fulfilment of the contract, and determining a pecuniary compensation to the aggrieved party. It is only "where no amount of compensation or damage can be assessed, or where pecuniary compensation will not meet the circumstances of the case," in the opinion of the bench, that they are to inflict a fine not exceeding £20, and only on disobedience to their order that the power of imprisonment arises; such imprisonment to be in discharge of any compensation, except, indeed, in case of aggravated misconduct by either party; not to exceed three months, and to be only accompanied with hard labour in the last-mentioned case.

The efficiency of such a measure as the Master and Servants Act resolves itself so entirely into a matter of procedure that it cannot yet be fully judged of, but it appears to be carefully drawn. This praise cannot be bestowed on the "Equitable Councils of Conciliation Act, 1867." No such *ex post facto* law has ever been enacted since the darkest days of Tudor or Stuart. To reassure the reader, how-

ever, he must be at once informed that no danger of life, limb, or property is involved in this constitutional solecism. But it is a droll fact that a measure, ushered into the world under the parental responsibility of an ex-Lord Chancellor and most learned legal authority, should bear date the 15th August, 1867, and profess to commence on the previous 2nd July, thus claiming forty-four days of pre-existence at birth. The Act, it need hardly be observed, seeks to introduce into English legislation an institution (the "*Conseil des Prud'hommes*") legally recognised in France since 1806, and which of late years has been growing up in an extra-legal form in several seats of our manufacturing industry. Any number of masters and workmen in any trade, occupation, or employment, being inhabitant householders or part occupiers within any city or place (the metropolis being considered optionally as one place), who, as masters, shall have resided and carried on trade within such place for six months; or, being workmen, shall have resided for the like period and worked at the trade for seven years, may, at a meeting specially convened for the purpose, agree to form a Council of Conciliation and Arbitration; and on their joint petition to the Crown may, after one month's notice by advertisement, be licensed by the Home Secretary to form such Council under the powers of the Act. The persons signing the petition may appoint the first Council within thirty days after the license; the Council is to consist of not less than two masters and two workmen, nor more than ten masters and ten workmen, with a chairman appointed by itself, being a person unconnected with trade and invested only with a casting vote. No member is to adjudicate in any case where he "or any relation of his" is a plaintiff or defendant. The election of the Council is to take place annually, on the first Monday in November; occasional vacancies to be filled up within fourteen days. The constituencies are to consist of all persons qualified to petition under the Act, who may claim to be registered as voters, the masters "appointing" their own portion of the Council, and the workmen "electing" theirs. The votes for members of the Council are to be taken by a show of hands, with power to six registered voters to demand a poll.

The functions of the Council, as those of its French congener, are twofold—conciliation and arbitration. There is to be a "Committee of Conciliation," to be appointed by the Council, consisting of one master and one workman, to which "all cases or questions of dispute which shall be submitted to the Council by both parties" are "in the first instance" to be referred, that the Committee may "endeavour to reconcile the parties in difference;" in case of failure, the matter in dispute to be remitted to the Council, and "disposed of as a contested matter in due course." Under its arbitration-jurisdiction

the Council has "power to hear and determine all questions of dispute and difference between masters and workmen" submitted to it by both parties, within the limits of an existing Act of the 5 Geo. IV. c. 96, as to arbitration between masters and workmen, and also "any other case of dispute or difference" submitted to it "by the mutual consent of masters and workmen;" but it is not to have power to "establish" a future "rate of wages or price of labour or workmanship." And the Act is not to extend to domestic servants or servants in husbandry. Each Council is to appoint its own officers, fix fees and other expenses, and regulate its proceedings, under the sanction of the Home Secretary.

This is another of those Acts of which it would be difficult to exaggerate the importance. But it would be equally difficult—and I must again draw attention to this subject—to exaggerate the slovenliness with which it is drawn. Every clause is full of pitfalls; almost every difficulty in the subject (*e.g.*, whether sub-masters working for themselves are to be considered workmen or masters) is slurred over; the same provisions (*e.g.*, one as to appointment of officers) occur twice over; unintelligible references occur, apparently to prior discarded texts of the bill (*e.g.*, although provision is only made for the appointment of a "clerk of the Council," a "clerk of each division of the Council" is spoken of in one clause). And as the decisions of the Council are to be "final and conclusive . . . without being subject to review or challenge by any Court or authority whatsoever," (!) it follows that the help of judicial construction being shut out, the only remedy for the draughtsman's blunders must lie in fresh legislation. The Act, in short, would require to be entirely re-drawn.

The "Industrial and Provident Societies Act, 1867," does not, like the last, introduce any new principle, but only develops an existing system. We need not stop over it, as its enactments, though of practical moment to the societies concerned, turn for the most part on points of detail without interest to the general reader. Suffice it to say that the principle of co-operation, the yearly expansion of which, as evidenced in the returns of the registered societies by the respective Registrars of Friendly Societies, affords so cheering a proof of our social progress, is henceforth allowed legally to be extended to mining and quarrying—a field of labour, its exclusion from which had always been singularly anomalous, seeing that the Cornish miners have long afforded one of the stock instances of co-operative industry. And to check the growing abuse of non-returning societies, a penalty of from £2 to £5 is imposed for the default to make returns.

Two other measures, although passed only for a temporary purpose,

complete the group of the Labour Acts, the "Trades' Unions Commission Act, 1867," and the "Trades' Unions Commission Act Extension Act, 1867;" the former empowering the already appointed Trades' Unions Commissioners, or other qualified persons to be appointed by a Secretary of State, to "inquire into any acts of intimidation, outrage, or wrong, alleged to have been promoted, managed, or connived at by trades' unions or associations" in Sheffield or the neighbourhood, within ten years before the passing of the Act; arming such commissioners or persons with judicial powers for enforcing the attendance of witnesses, examining them on oath, compelling the production of documents, and punishing for contempt; and giving indemnity to witnesses making a full disclosure; the other empowering the extension of the operations of the Commission to other places besides Sheffield, and giving absolute indemnity to all persons publishing a true account of any evidence taken before the Commissioners. These two Acts, it need hardly be said, will mark an era in the history of British labour, as having at last dragged into the light of day the industrial Vehmgericht of Sheffield and its neighbourhood. And if followed up by a fair legislative recognition of the limits within which trade societies may claim legal protection, they may serve to place the vexed question of the relations of capital and labour on as good a footing as may well be, until such time as, through a large development of the principles contained in the new Conciliation and Arbitration Councils, the law shall become capable of putting down the social nuisances of strikes and lock-outs, by firmly grappling with the causes which produce them.

Side by side with the group of the Labour Acts we should in former years have found a bulky Sanitary group. But our sanitary system must now be looked on as nearly completely constituted, and sanitary enactments now run easily into other forms of legislation. Thus, two Acts of the past session, in part at least belonging to this group, the Vaccination and Merchant Shipping Acts, have been already considered from other points of view. Again, from our Sanitary Acts has been evolved what may be termed the new municipal organization of the nineteenth century, that of "Local Boards," to the number of which every year sees fresh additions; whilst the problem of the distribution of sewage is fast resolving what was first only a sanitary question into an economic one. The "Sewage Utilization Act, 1867," ought not from this point of view to be overlooked, though it does little more than extend the provisions of a previous Act of 1865; giving "sewer authorities," for instance, power to buy or take or hire land outside their district, for "receiving, storing, disinfecting, or distributing sewage," and again to deal with such land as they may think fit, farming it themselves, letting it on hire

for seven years, &c. A larger sphere is moreover opened to such operations by certain provisions of the new Act authorizing the union of districts and the constitution of joint Sewerage Boards. In short, the only distinctly sanitary Act of the session, if we except its Cattle Plague statute, the "Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act, 1867," is the "Public Health (Scotland) Act, 1867," which consolidates the law north of the Tweed in the same manner as, but it would seem more efficiently than, the English "Sanitary Act, 1866."

If I treat as a measure of social legislation the "Army Enlistment Act, 1867," I may seem to many to be doing violence to its character as a pure military Act. Yet it is a striking proof of the modifying power of the political constitution of a country over the bearing of all its legislation, that in Franco M. Jules Simon has just based his interesting work on infant labour, "*L'Ouvrier de Huit Ans*," on the relation of such labour to the military strength of a people. And, indeed, where the figure of 800,000 men is accepted as a normal one for a nation's army, it is easy to see that the period of military enlistment must become one of primary social importance. With us, thank God! it is not so; but it may not be amiss to point out that since the date of the Act in question, that period for our army is not to be "longer" than twelve years, but with a power of re-engagement after two-thirds of the term, to complete twenty-one.

Measures of Law-Reform proper, however far-reaching may be their social importance, are generally too technical to admit of being rendered interesting to the general reader. It would be wrong, however, to overlook the Act "to remove some Defects in the Administration of the Criminal Law" (30 and 31 Vic. c. 35), allowing the giving costs to the accused if acquitted on certain indictments, giving facilities for calling witnesses on behalf of accused persons, and, where stolen property is restored, allowing compensation to be given to *bonâ fide* purchasers out of money found on prisoners convicted. Enactments like these, which seem trifling to many, tend nevertheless efficiently to grease the too often creaky wheels of justice. The "County Courts Act, 1867," again—also a New Year's gift—gives further extension and solidity to the jurisdiction of these tribunals, particularly through provisions for refusing costs in the superior courts where less than £20 is recovered on contract, or less than £10 in tort, authorizing the common law judges to order causes to be tried in, and equity judges to order proceedings to be transferred to, County Courts, and giving a jurisdiction to these in title where neither the value nor the rent of property exceed £20 a year. Somewhat analogous to this Act for the sister-country seems the "Debts Recovery (Scotland) Act, 1867," the exact purport of which I shall not venture to explain.

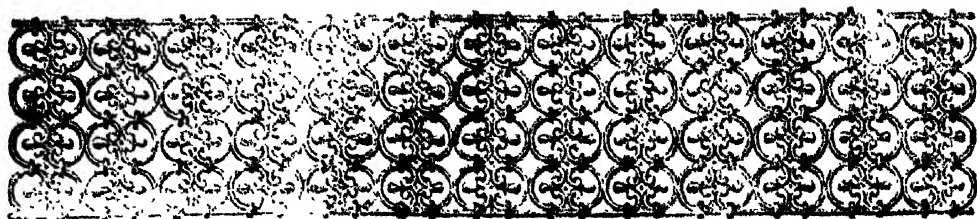
Among Acts of a more especially commercial character, but of somewhat important social bearing, may be mentioned "The Companies Act, 1867" (in force since September 1st), which provides for the unlimited liability, if thought fit, of the directors or managers of a limited company, the reduction of capital and shares, the creation of share-warrants to bearer, and allows, under license from the Board of Trade, the formation of associations with limited liability, but without the need of using the word, for purposes not of gain; the two "Railway Companies Acts, 1867," for England and Ireland, and Scotland respectively, which protect rolling stock and plant from being taken in execution or "attached by diligence," authorize "arrangements" of companies unable to meet their engagements with creditors, and facilitate "abandonments;" and Mr. Leeman's Act (30 Vict. c. 29) for discouraging jobbing in the shares of Joint Stock Banks,—probably too narrow in its operation.

One other Act, though purely local, deserves to be noticed, the "Metropolitan Streets Act, 1867," which came into operation for the most part on the 1st November, 1867, but part of which will only take effect on New Year's Day, 1868. This is noteworthy as having required to be hurriedly amended already, first, lest it should ruin 40,000 costermongers, and secondly, in order to avert a cab-owners' and cabmen's strike. On the whole, as I would rather not be censorious on this occasion, I think the least said of this will be soonest mended,—except that Mr. Hardy deserves real credit for having shown himself open to reason, and capable of retracing his steps when unwisely taken, and that I believe he will be taking quite the right course in restricting rather than enlarging the powers of the police.

On the whole, then, the budget of legislation for 1867 has been a most valuable one, and in nowise more so than through that weighty handful of New Year's gifts for 1868, the Vaccination Act, the Factory Acts Extension Act, the Merchant Shipping Act, the Agricultural Gangs Act, the Workshop Regulation Act, and the County Courts Act.

Might the rest of the year prove worthy of such a beginning! A trying winter is upon us; slackness pervades almost every branch of industry, and has prevailed so long that large numbers, both of the working and lower middle class, have by this time exhausted all their savings; a spirit of almost aimless discontent is unmistakeably abroad, gathering fuel from enforced idleness, whilst the sparks of real or fancied grievances are already flying through the air. At such a time especially it is well to look steadily at the good, which is even now taking shape around us, and to view in the beneficial legislation of 1867 an earnest of that which—if England be true to herself—1868 should bring forth.

J. M. LUDLOW.



THE LONDON PRESS:

THE "SPECTATOR," THE "GUARDIAN," THE "NONCONFORMIST."

ALMOST everybody with a grain of thoughtful humour in him must have been occasionally amused at the sort of title by which minor lecturers often seek to indicate the topics of their lectures. It is difficult not to smile at such a line in a bill as this—"The Influence of Woman on Society;" which means, according to Cocker, the influence of the half upon the whole. But such a title as "The Influence of the Press upon Society" would be nearly as questionable. Why not the influence of society upon the press? It is surely Mr. Gladstone who says that the successful or persuasive orator is the speaker who receives from his audience in vapour what he pours back upon them in a flood. Can it be otherwise with the successful or persuasive journalist?

There are certainly obvious differences between the position of the orator and that of the journalist with respect to the public to be addressed. It is, no doubt, a very primitive view of his function, but it is strictly true that wherever he can find a stump the orator is furnished, and wherever there are people he may count upon an audience. It is perfectly conceivable, however unlikely, that an eloquent enthusiast, without a penny in his purse beyond the price of a bed and a dinner, should, by merely using an inspired tongue, wherever he found men and women enough to make a crowd in an

open space, shake England from one end to the other. Before a journalist can find his public there must be a journal, which implies the expenditure of much money and a past concurrence of all the talents in getting it up. More depends upon the pulpit, less (in this one regard) upon the preacher. It is possible that if "An Englishman" had written his well-known letters in, say "The Earthen Vessel," he might have been found out, and that his letters might have had some influence. Those who maintain that every true and capable voice is sure to be effectively heard at some time, will assert that this is not only possible, but certain: they must fight their battle as they may with others who think, on the contrary, that, according to all the analogy of nature and human life, true and capable voices get stifled on an appalling scale. But it may be presumed that any man who had something to say would prefer the speaking trumpet of the *Times* to the speaking trumpet of "The Earthen Vessel," and it is certain that a newspaper is a costly thing to create. We have some of us read lately that the *New York Tribune* was founded upon a capital of about £500, half of which was in printing material; but in London, at the present day, it takes, or is assumed to take, about £40,000 to found a daily newspaper. In some way or other, before a man can have the benefit of an effective speaking trumpet in the shape of a printed journal, there must have been a great loosening of purse-strings—at all events that is the understanding; but a capable person, who used the tongue instead of the pen, need not have forty hundred pence to commence with; and, as soon as ever he began to tell as a speaker, the press would be glad enough to report him, if his topics were imperial in character, or if his speech appeared likely to lead to or influence popular or other action. It would be trite to recall, with more than a word or two, the immense amount of labour and skill actually devoted by the press to the reporting of such oratory as is supposed to lead up to decisive action (in Parliament), or to be the manifesto of any acknowledged party, social or political. Of course, what Mr. Gladstone says at St. Stephen's, or Mr. Bright at Birmingham, is as much news as a murder or a rowing-match. But the money has been spent and the machinery set up; the journal is there before the orator, of whatever kind, gets the benefit of it.

Even with oratory the tendency is to run in grooves, and act under limitations which bring it into alliance with "capital." It is not considered respectable to howl and shout in open spaces; and not only do halls and places to which people will go cost something, but the proprietors can refuse to let them for objects of which they happen to disapprove. The tendency has, of course, been resisted, but within the last two years there *has* been a tendency, sufficiently

evident, to make the only platforms that cost nothing difficult of use, *and the tendency will show itself again.* But with regard to the press the case is clear—a newspaper must pay. No doubt there are some which are subsidized, and which are maintained in existence for party purposes; but, as a rule, a newspaper is a commercial speculation as much as a shop. It depends, like a shop, upon customers for its existence. In other words, it is so far like the orator, who receives from his public in a vapour that which he pours back in a flood, that it must say what a sufficient number of people like so much to have said, that they will buy whatever says it for them.

In this connection it may, perhaps, be permitted to us to quote from Mr. Mill a portion of the fourteenth chapter of the Second Book of his “Principles of Political Economy” :—

“Literary occupation is one of those pursuits in which success may be attained by persons the greater part of whose time is taken up by other employments; and the education necessary for it is the common education of all cultivated persons. The inducements to it, independently of money, in the present state of the world, to all who have either vanity to gratify, or personal or public objects to promote, are strong. These motives now attract into this career a great and increasing number of persons who do not need its pecuniary fruits, and who would equally resort to it if it afforded no remuneration at all. In our own country (to cite known examples) the most influential, and on the whole most eminent, philosophical writer of recent times (Bentham), the greatest political economist (Ricardo), the most ephemerally celebrated and the really greatest poets (Byron and Shelley), and the most successful writer of prose fiction (Scott), were none of them authors by profession; and only two of the five, Scott and Byron, could have supported themselves by the works which they wrote. Nearly all the high departments of authorship are, to a great extent, similarly filled. In consequence, although the highest pecuniary prizes of successful authorship are incomparably greater than at any former period, yet on any rational calculation of the chances, in the existing competition, scarcely any writer can hope to gain a living by books, and to do so by magazines and reviews becomes daily more difficult. It is only the more troublesome and disagreeable kinds of literary labour, and those which confer no personal celebrity, such as most of those connected with newspapers, or with the smaller periodicals, on which an educated person can now rely for subsistence. Of these the remuneration is, on the whole, decidedly high; because, though exposed to the competition of what used to be called ‘poor scholars’ (persons who have received a learned education from some public or private charity), they are exempt from that of amateurs, those who have other means of support being seldom candidates for such employments. *Whether these considerations are not connected with something radically amiss in the idea of authorship as a profession, and whether any social arrangement under which the teachers of mankind consist of persons giving out doctrines for bread is suited to be, or can possibly be, a permanent thing, would be a subject well worthy of the attention of thinkers.*”

This will, doubtless, appear trivial to those who think that when a given set of facts exists, all we have to do is to accept it and make

the best of it; but not to those who think that there is an error in the word "all" here, and that we may learn to make the best of a state of facts, not only without accepting it, but in a spirit which would reverse the state of facts if it were possible.

It by no means follows, nor is it true, that the inception of a newspaper is in most cases a purely commercial affair—that it is set up for a livelihood, like a stand in a market. It is far more likely to be the "idea" of a clever man, who sees his way to a pleasant sphere of intellectual activity,—perhaps even with a sufficiently high purpose,—and then hunts up his capital among men of wealth and enterprise. But a newspaper started on the principle of obeying the law or necessity of genius—that it must create the taste to which it intends to appeal—is, according to our information, an unknown thing. Almost every newspaper is projected with the knowledge that there will be uphill work at starting, and the probable expenditure is calculated upon that basis; but it is always assumed, to begin with, that there is a public ready to buy it: the difficulty is to make that particular public look at it and know it.

It has been said that the rewards of Literature—a general term, in which journalism counts for much—are now so considerable, that the learned professions are feeling the drain of talent which is caused by the attraction of public writing. People who make statements of this kind include, no doubt, the Church among their "learned professions." A clergyman who is sufficiently at one with his church to be able to read the liturgy, and who yet allows the attractions of literature to "drain" the energy that was vowed to his pulpit, does not know, can never have felt, the privileges of his office; but there are doubtless numbers of clergymen who find it so difficult to accommodate their language in the pulpit to their deepest convictions, modified as those have been by criticism, that they fly to the press for an opportunity of relieving their minds, and say as little in the pulpit as they well can. And it is plain upon the surface that the journalism of the day is largely contributed to by members of the learned professions, and gentlemen who, having received the necessary education, prefer literature to the chances of those professions. Of course, the *personnel* of journalism is mixed. It contains huge numbers of persons who have tumbled or scrambled into it, with only the culture of clever men, whom accident and a natural bent have set down to the desk of the *littérateur*; but with the *Saturday Review* a new era began for journalism, and even for literature in general. More and more one can trace in newspaper-writing the culture and *esprit de corps* of the highly-educated Englishman; the self-suppression, the drill, the uniformity, the half-technical honour, the ostensible frankness, and at the same time real *équivoque* of good society. In

Mr. Tennyson's little idyll or eclogue, "Walking to the Mail," James says:—

"Like men like manners; like breeds like, they say;
Kind nature is the best; those manners next
That fit us like a nature second-hand,
Which are, indeed, the manners of the great."

It is these "manners of a nature second-hand" which stamp the most accepted writing of much of the best journalism of the present day; and it is well worth while to remark that there are "natures" whom such "manners" repel rather than conciliate. It might be plausible to say that the increasing acceptance of such writing among one or two classes of society is a token, or at least a concomitant, of a widening severance of classes. Opinions may and do differ, both as to the alleged fact and the alleged concomitant; but it is, at all events, a fair question whether the existence in journalism of a highly successful literature of cynical polish is a good sign for this generation or the next.

Of one thing, meanwhile, there is no question whatever. There is afloat and busy in our journalism an amount of talent and culture which is in itself a most striking sign of the times. Let any one take up, say, three of those able journals which are written positively as if they had shibboleths of culture to begin with,—which have a "note" of culture almost, if not quite, as marked as the "note" of Evangelicalism or High-Churchism; and he will surely be struck with the profusion of good thinking and good writing, backed by good reading, which is to be had for money. And yet there is this peculiarity about it—that it never does anything particular for you. You read your column and a half of vigorous, polished matter; you are impressed by the journalist's evident knowledge of his subject; you receive a delight similar to that which floats in the atmosphere of a well-appointed dinner-table. And what then? You have merely spent so much time in an agreeable manner, and you go about your business untouched and unaltered. It will, of course, be said that this is just the result which the writing aims at,—that it is of the very essence of journalism that these things should be so. But it is impossible to stifle the doubt whether that society can be going on well in which there is a demand, with a correlative supply to meet it, for masses of literature, week by week, of which the most striking characteristic is the success with which its producers have discharged their minds of feeling, faith, and imagination.

It is not inconsistent with all this that public writing at present should be largely characterized by virulence and ingenious injustice. The second-hand nature may fit like a glove, but there are the claws; and wherever an excuse can be found, we have the felicity of

seeing them unsheathed. Anything harder, more rancorous, more unjust, more daringly personal in a well-mannered way, more impudent in suppressing what is to be said *for* "the prisoner at the bar," and, generally, more cruelly bent on victory and the last blow at any cost, than some of the journalism of polish and culture, it is not easy to imagine. Its law is military law. Its verdicts are those of a gentlemanly drum-head court-martial, the jury being packed against the prisoner. Its discipline is thumbscrew discipline, with high-bred indifference to much besides decent victory over opposition. Decency is essential to it; but that being granted, justice and kindness, except in the shape of patronage, may be nowhere.

This is easily explained. If a newspaper is to be a great commercial success, it must, at all costs, be effective: it must appeal to the love of hard hitting, and even of hurting, which is so common a characteristic of human beings. A Napoleonic policy is the only thing for it, and the mass of floating talent and culture, with no particular heart or conscience, which is ready to lend itself to such a policy, is one of the most striking signs of the times. That the talent and culture think they are doing justice while they adopt this kind of policy is very probable—even mercenary cleverness must have its illusions—but their mistake is in fancying that if they write what they think as cleverly as they can, striking out boldly whenever they see anything wrong, they are doing justice. But this is not necessarily justice, much less goodness; which last, however, is a word one ought almost to apologize for mentioning. Indeed, the whole subject is exceedingly difficult of approach, because any reference now-a-days to ideas which cannot be manipulated for business purposes is pretty sure to be derided as "theological." Some time ago, we happen to remember, the *Spectator* said that "the Anglo-Saxon race had a mysterious power of absorbing"—we forget what; but this reference to a "mysterious power" was immediately snubbed as being "theological,"—a taking refuge in the mud which was quite improper in these days; a purely stupid return to an exploded order of ideas; something which called for the immediate application of the cat-o'-nine tails.

It is not difficult to discern that what is at the bottom of the tyrannic tendencies of our journalism (so far as they exist, and we have no desire to exaggerate them) is what may be called the *conceit of certainty*, which is natural to the carrying of the scientific spirit into a dominion where it is comparatively strange. We have framed this sentence with an eye to strict justice, and have only said, "where it is comparatively strange,"—because the bulk of modern opinion inclines, *with or without consciousness*, to the idea that it ought not to be "strange," but familiar and victorious, and that it

will eventually prove so. But, having done justice, we are at liberty to add that we think the scientific spirit is not only in fact strange in the discussion of all problems in which considerations called moral and spiritual inhere, but is of right a stranger, a blunderer, and a usurper. If it brings knowledge and acuteness to bear upon the evidence, it does what is required of it; but in the decision it should take no part. Now, whether conscious of itself or not, the spirit of the bulk of our journalism is scientific—scientific in its hardness, in its positiveness, and in its distrust.

Side by side with the spirit which we have called the conceit of certainty, there is plainly to be discerned the spirit of sociolatry or crowd-worship. The "enthusiasm of humanity" has entered for good and all into the dominant activities of life; and, of course, the scientific spirit "accepts" it like any other accomplished fact. Whether this, too, is not a little in the way of becoming a conceit as well as, or instead of, an enthusiasm, is another question; but, in the meanwhile, the two tides, first, of conceit of certainty in a sphere whose very law is that "the unexpected always happens," and, second, sociolatry revelling in humane effort, are concurrently flowing, and may be said to dominate in our journalism.

The theological spirit, in the high sense, in the sense in which its entrance into certain discussions is, as we have hinted, so readily reviled, is quite a different thing from the spirit of systematic theology. Religious faith without dogma or proposition is, we confess, a thing unintelligible to us; but there are spheres in which religious dogma is quite out of place, and may become the minister of injustice in public discussion. Thus, the *Guardian* may legitimately appeal to a "High Church" public for support, and may legitimately enforce views and opinions of the order preferred by such a public; but, of course, it must frequently, indeed generally, have to judge men and things by standards of which dogmas are wholly irrespective. The *Spectator* may be openly a "Broad Church" advocate and organ. The *Nonconformist* may be openly an organ of Dissent. But to bring the dogmatic or sectarian standard into court upon most occasions would be nothing less than unjust; injustice, indeed, of the nature of persecution. Journalism cannot, of course, attempt to rule the world by any given set of opinions upon open questions, however devoutly its conductors may adhere to them. But the theological spirit in the high sense is quite a different matter, we repeat, from the spirit of theological propagandism. Its essence is briefly that, starting from faith in "supreme retributive goodness"—which our scientific friends will perhaps permit us to call God—it "hopeth all things, believeth all things." In this spirit alone, the spirit which believes in the unseen, the

spirit which is as much alive to possibilities as to actualities, in this spirit alone can justice be done, can the truth be discerned. In another spirit fragments of the truth may be discerned and faithfully contributed; but in the spirit of charity alone is insight, alone is that equitable kindness which is the only "justice" that human beings should dare to offer each other. Now, in the mere effort, so constantly required of a journalist who *honestly* works with a theologic inspiration, to hold special dogmas in suspense, and yet not to let go the inspiration—in this mere effort there is necessarily a training in fairness and kindness such as other men cannot so readily secure. May we, then, naturally look to the best of those journals in which a theological spirit is evidently active, for a higher tone of justice and kindness, and a deeper insight, social, political, and literary, than we are likely to find elsewhere?

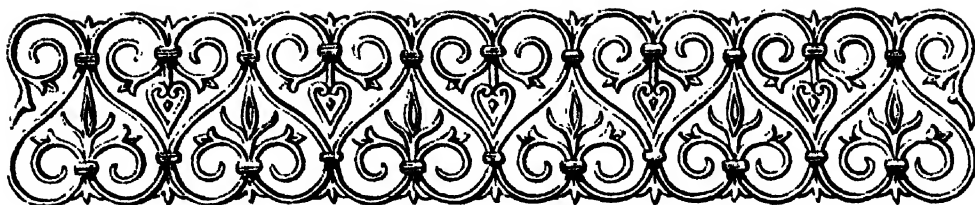
In the first place, it must be borne in mind that we use the phrase "theological spirit" with an extended, but, we contend, strictly accurate signification. The theological spirit is, for example, distinctly traceable in (among other places which will not escape attention) some of the leading articles of the *Daily News*. There are hundreds of articles on public questions which may, for what one knows, be written by men who would vehemently reject the adjective "theological" as belonging to them or their writings; but that is nothing: people do not always know the logic of their own position, and the theological spirit is quite possible where the notion of any "science of God" would be scouted. The question is, not whether sectarian religious newspapers have not often been found rancorous, false, and foolish; nor even whether the bulk of professing religious people and religious journals do not manifest a sense of honour less keen than that of the bulk of honest people and journals that make *no* profession. Decide these questions as you may, they do not concern the question whether or not, when we take up the journals which most deeply impress us with their truthfulness and goodness, we clearly find the theological, or, to use an overdone but inevitable word, the God-fearing spirit at the bottom of the facts.

We would entreat those who may think we approach this question with a foregone conclusion, and those who imagine they have ready a store of facts to quote against any such conclusion—plentiful proofs, for example, of the honour and goodness of men who would disclaim the theological spirit in all its shapes—not to give themselves unnecessary trouble. We dare to promise that no real *injustice* whatever will be done to any side of the truth by us, though we may make mistakes, and may err in the less or more. The thing we have chiefly in our mind when we speak of justice, or equitable kindness, as a thing that grows best where the theological spirit is breathing,

is not at all a common matter. It is an easy thing to expose a fool. It is an easy thing to write a "strictly just," i.e. a very cruel and wicked, review of a book. It is an easy thing to "cut up" a public man, as Earl Russell was, some little time ago, "cut up" in the *Saturday Review*, in an article which sent a thrill of disgust through England, although it contained, perhaps, not a word that might not be justified, as justice goes in journalism. This kind of thing is mere Jack Ketch work. It is only a part of that tyranny of expediency, under commercial checks or inspirations (as may happen), into which journalism seems threatening to drift too far just now. If it be too much to *expect* that a newspaper should be conducted on heroic principles—though that is not too much to *demand*—it is, at least, a pardonable refreshment to turn for a short time to journals like the *Spectator*, the *Guardian*, and the *Nonconformist*, where it is evident that "effect" is not the thing aimed at, and that the inspiration is independent.

In our own day the main tendency of public criticism—moral, political, and literary—is to shift the centre of gravity from a solicitous sense of duty to a mere waiting on the will of numbers. No doubt the voice of numbers is very often the voice of God, but there are two ways in which it may be accepted, and it is almost impossible to refuse the illustration which offers itself. In our opinion the political courage of the late Sir Robert Peel was not the highest, or, perhaps, of the highest. But, be that as it may, it remains true that, to his everlasting honour, he accepted, in a certain case, the voice of numbers as the voice of God, doing it to his own injury. It is hard, it is even dispiriting, to think that there should be any who do not, again, recognise, in the history of Mr. Gladstone, the gradual and too surely painful self-education of a great solicitous nature waiting on the voice of God in the voice of numbers. In the "Conservative Surrender," however, it is difficult, indeed, to recognise anything but the *mere* waiting on the will of numbers. It is to the honour of the press that it has so largely denounced Mr. Disraeli's crime (for a crime it appears to some of us); but it is also to the discredit of the press that it has so largely condoned the crime, and that so much of its blame has been blame with a wink in it. Wherever we may think ourselves entitled to affix condemnation upon this subject—whatever organ of opinion has disappointed us by its tone—it is plain that such an event as the Conservative Surrender would scarcely have been possible, except in a day in which the currents ran decisively in the direction of a mere waiting on the will of numbers. The tendency to wait upon that will, whether existing in a shape philosophically self-justified, or only in the shape of an instinct of the hour, is really at the bottom of incal-

culably great masses of both action and criticism at the present time. Let us not for a moment confound this base tendency with Benthamism, though the tendency may be supposed to exist in the majority of cases where Benthamism is espoused. But one thing is clear—that it is totally inconsistent, not only with Christianity, but with the theological spirit. If every miracle were to-morrow reduced to a myth, and every page of the New Testament worm-eaten by criticism, it would remain true that Christianity has, historically, deposited in the heart of mankind, never to be torn out of it, the ideas of the inalienable responsibility of the individual soul, and the importance of a faith dominating the life to the individual soul. Drop the miracles and tear the records, we repeat, these ideas are here, and came to be here demonstrably in one way. They are not Christianity, but they are of its essence. And they are of the essence of all that is worth doing, or having, or thinking, or writing in this world. Where they are decisively avowed in the press, we are entitled to hope that the functions of the press will be well fulfilled, since the avowal creates an open responsibility, besides disclosing a tendency. The times being what they are, a newspaper in which the theological spirit is thus avowed may be at some commercial disadvantage; and, inevitably, a paper placed at a commercial disadvantage loses much in various ways. It is no disrespect to the *Nonconformist*, for example, to observe that the “culture” and writing force of some of its contemporaries are greater than it can itself command—it must necessarily be so. But it is impossible to regard some of the “theological” newspapers without feelings of respect and affection for their faithfulness to what they think good, and their gentleness—“hoping all things, believing all things”—to what is questionable. Higher qualities than these no man, no journal can possibly have. They are, taken as instruments, the very power of God. It is a small matter that organs of opinion and sentiment like these do not command fabulous circulations. Where they do go, they touch the best, the boldest, the most generous, the most self-denying natures, in whom is the hope of England and the world, if anywhere. The three newspapers we have selected to begin with, we take as types of the better journalism of England, on account of the spirit which pervades them. But our space is exhausted, and we must postpone illustration by extract and some little criticism in detail to another day.



THE TALMUD.

THE article on the Talmud in the *Quarterly Review* has made an unexampled stir. Whatever has been written about its marvellous subject before, in "libraries, ancient and modern," in "essays and treatises, monographs and sketches, in books and periodicals, without number" (p. 420), has somehow failed to bring it before the world as it has been brought before it now. A subject hitherto treated in a tone of bitter controversy or pedantic learning,—a subject we had been accustomed to dismiss with a mere contemptuous shrug, proves to be instinct with beauty, tenderness, and wisdom.

Within this small compass the Talmud is analysed and condensed, not only with encyclopædic erudition, but with intense human feeling. Theories are put aside, and facts are dealt with. The author takes his stand on a purely scientific platform. But while expressly mentioning the many "gurgoyles," the "abstruse propositions and syllogisms," the "fanatical outbursts," the "hieroglyphical fairylore," of which we have hitherto heard far too much, he "buries," "that which is dead," and "rejoices in that which lives." He brings before us nothing but the distinct, authoritative, clear statements of the Talmud, legal, ethical, metaphysical, and other, generally in the words of the work itself. And while his answer to the question, "What is the Talmud?" is mainly historical,

it is not wholly so, for at every step, the religious and philosophic characteristics of the work are touched upon, and new and momentous problems are irresistibly suggested to the reader's mind.

I am almost ashamed to have at once to raise certain empty phantoms, which might perhaps in time begin to float in the hazy atmosphere of public opinion. The Old Testament is written in Semitic language, the New Testament is written in Semitic style; yet what do we in England understand by that term Semitic?—something vaguely oriental or eastern, as to which any one can speak, with the confidence of knowledge, who has once had a slight acquaintance with some Indian vernacular or Chinese dialect, having about the same relation to Semitic, or less, than our English has. No wonder that we usually misunderstand grievously the simplest facts of Semitic literature.

There is the question of the age and composition of the Talmud. The facts stated by the *Quarterly* writer are simply these. The origin of the Talmud dates from the return from Babylon, but the writing of it was not begun until about eight hundred years later. The dates of the redaction of both the Talmuds are given by him with the greatest precision.

These facts to western minds are simply marvellous. Living in the midst of a civilization which is accustomed to books and neglects memory, they cannot understand the growth of Semitic literature. This is logically very strange, when not merely Semitic literature, but nearly all early literature, has the same history. The Vedas, the Zend-avesta, the Kur-án, the Sunneh, the Homeric poems, the Eddas, the Nibelungen, and the Kalewala, are acknowledged to have existed orally for periods of various length, in some cases of very great length, even ages, before they were committed to writing. Yet a western, swayed by custom, thinks naturally that the Talmud was suddenly written like a leading article in the *Times*, out of contemporary materials. The author observes that nothing was admitted into the Talmud that was not well authenticated, and that whenever feasible, the name of the traditionalist was added. Any one who will take the trouble to think, will see that this kind of work is not done in a day, or a year, or a generation, and if he goes deeper into the article in the *Quarterly* will perceive that if the Talmud was not the labour of centuries, it was a miracle.

But what was the literary history of the Jews during the period to which the composition of the Talmud is assigned? After their return from Babylon, they became an intensely literary people, and their literary energies were wholly devoted to the purpose of illustrating the Old Testament, and mainly the Law, strictly so called; and thus all that they produced during that period was rudimentary

Talmud. It is simply incredible that there should be nothing extant in the Talmud of this its earlier condition.

And when we have once admitted the maximum interval of the composition of the Talmud, it is a natural fallacy to be always thinking of that interval as if the Talmud, with not only its traces of Babylon, but of the Syrian persecution and the Roman wars, had been wholly composed in the days of Cyrus and handed down complete to the fourth century. But it is obvious that it was composed during every generation to the intervening centuries, every generation which has left its indelible historical traces in its pages.

The Talmud had also, be it remembered, a rare quality to ensure its preservation. It was developed out of commentary on the Old Testament, the oral exponent of written Scripture. Thus, if not a word had been written, and the writing of anything authoritative was strictly forbidden, there would still have been the Sacred Text, as an aid by which the scholar might remember the comments. But though these comments were not to be written as authoritative, yet affection and reverence remembered them as the comments, nay, the very dicta, of the doctors, the saints, and the martyrs.

Yet, all allowances made, we Westerns cannot fail to be amazed at the positive statement of such a stretch of memory as we are accustomed vaguely to admit in other cases. It will, therefore, be useful to compare the Shemite faculty of memory, or its cultivation, in our own times, with ours, and the matter will stand out in a different and far clearer light.

"Many of the Arabs," writes Lane, "have been remarkable for a tenacity of memory almost miraculous. At school they generally learn the whole of the Kur-an by heart, aided to do so by its being composed in rhyming prose; and many students, among them, when unable to purchase works necessary to them, borrow such works, a portion at a time, from the libraries of the mosques, and commit their entire contents to memory. Hence, in numerous instances, the variations in copies of the same Arabic work, copies being often written from the dictation of persons who have learnt a work by heart." *

Among works so dictated are lexicons, not scanty vocabularies, or even dictionaries, but ample thesauri of one of the most copious languages in the world. I have in my own hands a curious instance in point, in a copy of the "*Romance of Edh-Dhâhir*" (commonly pronounced *Ez-Zâhir*), which has evidently been written out from memory, probably by a professional reciter for his own use. It is wholly in vulgar Arabic, as spoken, without those attempts to imitate the classical language which are characteristic of modern written Arabic.

Such facts may prepare us to understand those other facts which establish the antiquity of the Talmud.

The main object of the Talmud is the elucidation and development of the Law. A very important part of the Law is that relating to crimes. Here the Talmud is as particular as elsewhere, not merely discussing the meaning of the Mosaic criminal jurisprudence, but laying down minutely how it should be carried out, and indicating how it actually was carried out. Yet the Romans had taken from the Jews, into their own hands, the administration of criminal law full three centuries before the date of the first redaction of the Talmud.

It will be well to bear in mind the object of the Talmud, for then we shall be less likely to fall into error as to its contents. As it is almost the entire Jewish literature of several centuries, we might expect abundant historical information; but we must recollect that its object was comment on the Law. Those who hope to find in it more than vague hints of the chief events in the early history of Christianity will be disappointed: narrative would have been beyond its province, which is strictly expository and mainly legal.

Our idea of the historical value of the Talmud, and it has a very distinct historical value, may be made clearer by the examination of a known historical character as represented in its pages. No more marked one could be chosen than Gamaliel, the Gamaliel the Elder of the Talmud.

From the New Testament we see that he was in the front of the politics and learning of the age. How great his learning must have been is sufficiently evident from St. Paul's knowledge of Greek literature. From this and from the only action told of him in Scripture, we may conclude that he was liberal and tolerant, perhaps even willing to make a compromise with Christian teachers rather than to persecute. The Talmud fills in the outline. What it tells us of Gamaliel in his own words or in biographical touches shows a singularly learned yet liberal-minded man, strong in his convictions yet against persecution, not a secret convert, but a Jew till his death. The two pictures are quite consistent, and the more detailed one of the Talmud is valuable as a commentary on the clear but scanty sketch of the New Testament.

Take, again, a little archæological fact. Archæologists are very careful as to their facts, yet they have no scruple in citing the Talmud for the period to which the *Quarterly* writer assigns it. Mommson agrees with Boeckh, and no two names stand higher in criticism, in remarking that in the Talmud it is stated that the Jewish silver coins were struck on the standard of the Tyrian money. This they cite as historical. The statement is undoubtedly true of

the first silver coinage, usually assigned to Simon the Maccabee, five centuries older than the redaction of the Talmud, and there is no other but that of Bar-cochba, three hundred years later; but the reference is evidently to the former, for the Tyrian silver coinage ceases with the Roman dominion, and Bar-cochba did but restrike Græco-Roman staters and Roman denarii, neither of which could be traced to the Tyrian standard, though both at that time had chanced to be accidentally in accordance with it.

There is, however, a much more serious difficulty than that of date. People have heard that the Talmud was "all nonsense," and it is, of course, in the interest of all who neglect Semitic studies to have the excellent excuse thus afforded for a capital instance of that neglect. But we can scarcely blame those who take this view of the Talmud, if we look at what has mostly been written upon it. It is very well to be grateful, with the *Quarterly* writer, to what learning and earnestness have been brought to bear upon it before now, but looking at the matter from outside, one can scarcely be patient with the learned trifling, the utter want of appreciation, of many of these former students, whose dry, practical, yet groping, style of work was specially unfit for a vast and varied structure that can only be fairly understood if it is regarded as a whole, and if the fervid enthusiasm of its many builders is taken into account. It has thus, not altogether unreasonably been, the fashion to abuse the Talmud, and rest satisfied with one's ignorance of what was not worth knowing. But supposing such a view to be conceded, there remains the fact that certain ethics have been given in this article which are not only not nonsense, but so high a kind of sense that any man with a heart to feel and a mind to understand would gladly wade through a very sea of nonsense to obtain them at last. And how much more is there that the writer has not quoted!

The case resembles that of the ancient Egyptians. The Book of the Dead, their sacred book, in any translation, even in the elegant French of M. de Rougé, is really repulsive; yet it is the oldest statement of man's knowledge of the future state, with its rewards and punishments in accordance with the life led on earth. A moral work of extreme antiquity proves that the Egyptians were capable of, worthy ideas of man's chief duties and moral aspirations. And, therefore, as we study the dry and unrepaying pages of the Ritual, we remember that the very religion of these old Egyptians had nobler products, and that the great doctrines were not utterly concealed by the luxuriant growth of fables. So, in judging the Talmud, people would do well to keep the Wisdom of Solomon and Ecclesiasticus before their minds, and to expect some expression of the noble ideas they preach. Had they done so already, they would have been

prepared for the discovery of those ethical passages the *Quarterly* writer has here unburied, though they would scarcely have expected anything so beautiful and so touching.

There still remains a difficulty. The Talmud is "antichristian." If for some obscure and worthless passages, not contained at all in the common editions, we are to condemn the whole literature of a nation for eight hundred years, we shall show ourselves less liberal than the Tridentine bishops, with whose sanction the Basle edition was published.

What we have to do is to look for facts from whatever source they come. We can no longer afford to shut out whole races from access to us, because we had rather not hear what they have to say. We can no longer afford to keep our own people in a padded room lest they should hurt themselves against the hard and sharp points of the universe. Others, perhaps not our best friends, will have no difficulty in acting as interpreters to the proscribed races, or in releasing our sham lunatics to wander ill-prepared over a world they have never been allowed to understand.

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II.

And now, what is the relation of Judaism and Christianity, if we accept the data of the Talmud?

It would seem inevitable from the analogy of nature, and the statements of Scripture, that two revelations made to the same race should have been continuous in some sense, and that the Jews should have been ready for Christianity when it was preached to them. Yet, in recent times, theologians on the one hand, and philosophers on the other, have more and more left the old position, and come to regard the two religions as independent, different, even antagonistic and hostile, as if, indeed, true religions, like their partizans, could be endued with human frailty. Christian doctors have now, at last, almost changed place with Jewish leaders, if not with Jewish Rabbins. The Jew now generally concedes the sublimity of the Christian religion, the Christian almost denies that of the Jewish. The one is liberal in spite of his logic, the other is illiberal in even more direct defiance of his.

But let us leave the babble of modern contention and appeal to Scripture. The Messiah of the Law is a prophet like unto Moses; the Messiah of the prophets is to bring more light to Israel, and to lighten the Gentiles. What said the Lord? "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." How did St. Paul, and, even more, St. James, live the life of the Law? With greater light came greater liberty. We know that it was lawful to be a Christian and not a Jew, but we will not see that it was lawful and possible to be a Christian and also a Jew.

There must have been somewhere a very clear continuity, a strong and positive point of contact between the two systems. It strangely happens that the strongest point of contact is what had been supposed to be the point of divergence.

These ethics of the Talmud are not matters of argument; they are matters of fact, and this is equally true of the social condition of the Jews in Talmudic and in modern times. The *Quarterly* writer extracts certain proverbial sayings and maxims from the Talmud, and there can be no doubt of the lofty morality that they teach. If they are in the Talmud, and this I do not suppose any one will contest, it is useless to pretend not to see them. The social condition of the Jews, for many centuries past, surprisingly tallies with the Talmudical teaching, and this is a very important point, to be later considered. We remember the terrible deed and its terrible consequences, but we do not remember that Christ and the Apostles came of the Jewish stock. We are too ready to forget the liberty to speak in so many synagogues conceded to the Apostles; too ready to forget how little the Jews retaliated the shameful persecutions of the middle ages; too ready to see the faults of an ambitious race shut out for centuries from politics, and driven to the degrading pursuit of commerce; too ready to ignore the docile citizenship, the open-handed liberality which subscribes not only to our hospitals, but also to our churches, the social virtues of the Jews in the East, mark this, as well as in the West.

When shall we be Christians enough to understand St. Paul's tender outburst, attested with even unusual earnestness, and concluding with a marked attestation of Christian faith? "I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I would wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh: who are Israelites; to whom [pertaineth] the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service, and the promises; whose [are] the fathers, and of whom as concerning the flesh Christ [came], who is over all, God blessed for ever." When shall we be Christians enough to weep with Christ over Jerusalem?

It is in the ethics of the Talmud that we find the key to the continuity of the two dispensations and to the social virtues of the Jews. It must not be forgotten that in the Talmud even monogamy, and yet more, the highest position ever given to the wife, is practically taught.

Is there anything surprising in all this? Was not the Law an education for the Gospel? Did all the prophets and all their disciples preach in vain? Was good, after it had done so much, utterly deprived of growth when the last prophet ceased to speak? Later

still, was the Law annihilated, instead of superseded, by the Gospel, which was more free, more capacious, but only another true religion, not contrary and hostile to that of which it was the fulfilment and the enlargement? People glory, and glory rightly, in the gradual humanization of the world by the silent, even more than by the open, action of Christianity. Was the Law without such a leavening power, or rather, did it suddenly and for ever lose what no historical student will dare to deny to it? The difficulty lies only in our ignorance.

But precisely, what are these ethics of the Talmud, and what is their precise relation to those of Christianity?

In examining the ethics of any nation we should carefully abstain from *a priori* reasoning, and looking the facts in the face, ask them, with all the earnestness of which we are masters,—Whence and what?

But, before we do this, we should thank the God and Father of our race, who has left no nation without moral light,—to some has revealed the crystalline brightness that seems scarcely to have lost aught of its splendour since it shone from the very throne of the source of light and truth. So alone can we approach what is a sacred task, not to be done with profane haste, or with minute, carping, querulous trifling.

Whence, then, these Jewish ethics?

From the patriarchal religion, from the moral law, from the teaching of prophets and schools of prophets, from the great sorrows of Israel, all contemplated, and most of all the Scripture itself, in an age of intense devout study, after the nation had been influenced by the culture of every other great nation of the old world. If truth, and most of all divine truth, is fruitful, it can never cease to grow and spread, developing out of itself not new truths, but new phases of truth, to the very end of time.

Prophets, saints, and witnesses did not teach and suffer in vain. Israel did not fear and hope, sin much and love more, in vain. Out of the mass of instruction came higher moral insight and clearer moral truth.

What, then, were these ethics?

True to their origin, their root always, their flower often, is in the Old Testament. When ceremonialism was too strong, or much of it was lost in the ruins of the first temple, ethics were the protest or the solace of the faithful. So when Roman imperialism was surrounding the Jewish state, and cutting off its free action, ethics reasserted their power. When the temple had fallen, and there was no present hope of its restoration, the nation had to choose between Christianity and its own ethics. It partly chose one, partly the

other. It was not indeed without dogma, strong, clear, well-defined dogma, yet ethics met, as ceremonies had, a human want.

There is, as we might anticipate, something very special and peculiar in these ethics. They are rather similar than identical, rather parallel than historically related, if we compare them with those of the Gospel. The Talmudic adage says, "Above all things, study." Christianity teaches the simplicity, almost the ignorance, of childhood. Jewish ethics were, if not limited to the doctors and schools, yet their property; Christian ethics were preached to the common people, the ignorant and the vicious, publicans and harlots. Jewish ethics have a fragile and tender beauty that made them scarcely equal to pass from the ideal calm of learning into the great conflict of the world. Like certain touching modern systems, the systems of pure-minded idealists, they almost fail to realise the existence of evil. But, after all, there is evil, and any system that does not look it in the face and fight it to the last must go down in the wear and tear of life, if indeed it do not end in self-righteous separation. Christianity, while in no way inferior in its ethics, recognizes the existence of evil, combats it, releases its slaves, points sternly to the end of its servants. The Mishnah has no hell. It is curious to notice how mankind, when determined to reason out the problems of good and evil, fall either into ignoring or giving undue weight to evil, either into universalism or Manichæism. The Talmud almost shuts its eyes to evil, the Zend-avesta sees it where it is not. But let me not be supposed to underrate the ethics of the Talmud. Very soon I shall be able to show by comparison with other systems their lofty height.

III.

Here it becomes necessary to examine the theory which makes the ethics of Judaism and Christianity mere natural products of the Shemite mind, a theory that has been propounded with astonishing confidence by the very men who had ample means of knowing how fallacious it was. Those who may think that this question is beyond the province of the present article will have reason to change their opinion when they see how clearly a historical view of Shemite ethics affords materials for that comparison of which I have just spoken as enabling us rightly to estimate the ethics of the Talmud.

Much of the ethics of the New Testament, in particular of the self-denying precepts of the Sermon on the Mount, strike a Shemite and a European, I would almost write a "Frank," to exclude the Turks, very differently. Go to a Shemite and tell him to return good for evil, to love his enemies, to give his goods to the poor, and he, be he Christian, Jew, Muslim, or skeptic, will answer with a sigh, "This is all true, but I am a sinner, and I cannot perform it." Go to a

European and he will hear you with incredulity, and then tell you that it is all eastern figurative language, and that society could not hold together if such precepts were practised.

It is remarkable that in one province of ethics, the Shemite and the European change places. All Shemites, without a revelation, all but Christians and Jews, would be incredulous as to the practice of those precepts which refer to the virtue that is the very crown of morality, and so significantly enough has among us taken its name, while Europeans would acknowledge that they ought to be practised, and lament their own human feebleness.

It ought never to be forgotten that the society of early Christians by which the golden rules of the Gospel were first practised, the true ideal life first lived, was a society of Shemites, a society composed, not of select scholars or unworldly ascetics, but of the whole body of believers in Christ, and therefore something wider than the largest hopes of Judaism. We have to realise what this society was and what it did, and then to remember that it was a society of Shemites, a matter which deserves closer examination, for it is of momentous importance.

The history of the Shemite race in relation to religion and morals can be better understood if we look at the picture in the Bible of the kingdom of Israel at the time of Elijah. We see a nation of believers and of misbelievers, of the purest believers and of the grossest idolaters, grouped round the central figure of Elijah, the ascetic man of God, and of Ahab, the sensual man of the world, a nation divided between belief that taught social morality and nurtured the germ of its full-grown plant, and idolatry, which was but the excuse for the lowest and coarsest vices: this is but a single view in the history of a race that has been at once the foremost in monotheism, and among the very lowest in polytheism, holding sternly by the very simplest form of belief and worship the world has ever seen, except the belief and worship of the Church of the Apostles, and yet given over to the basest and most debasing idolatry, to idolatry from which Greeks shrank as contemptible, and Romans as cruel, and, again, the race that has practised the most chivalrous monogamy, and yet is to this day the only one that has combined the degradation of polygamy with high intellectual culture. In different periods of its history the separate lines so strongly marked in that picture of the kingdom of Samaria strangely divide, but they never mix. If a pagan Shemite has a faint knowledge of monotheism, it is never fused into his paganism, but, like a line of precious ore, appears here and there in the midst of the dark mass of common earth; if he has glimpses of a pure social morality, he sees them, not in the lurid mists of his own paganism, but in the far-off sky overhead, pure as that which shone on his parents in the Paradise of God.

A paradox, or rather a miracle, is this race, which was for at least two thousand years the exponent to mankind and in itself of true religion and high ethics, which now, in Mohammadanism is the great opponent of the universal triumph of both. One thing we may safely conclude, that wherever we trace true religion and pure ethics, there we may infer Shemite influence, but we must beware of the fallacy involved in the converse. The Shemite was the missionary race of the ancient world, but the truth was a treasure in its charge, not an inheritance it had by nature.

I will take two examples which prove what will be seen to be of no small importance, that the ethics of the Talmud are in their germ of extreme antiquity.

Scripture speaks not merely of the knowledge of right and wrong granted to the Gentiles, but of a primæval knowledge of the true God, given to the fathers of mankind.

The old Egyptians were partly Shemites. Their aspect, their language, and, most of all, their religion, contain the proof that the constant influx of Arab blood that is still changing the African populations is no new phenomenon, but that the same current has set in that direction since the very beginnings of the history of nations. The Book of the Dead, already mentioned, deals wholly with the welfare of the soul in the after state, and thus in the midst of the jargon of Nigritian incantations we find, like the Semitic grammar of the essentially barbaric language of Egypt, the inculcation of man's responsibility, and the moral conduct by which he should gain happiness in the future of his soul. But this is not all. Even amidst the multitudinous and incoherent vocabulary of gods and genii, where names are often as monstrous as their forms, we are startled to read of God in the singular, or, if you will, in the abstract. Thus the babble of polytheism could not drown the pristine knowledge of truth, as on some storm-beaten coast, above the discordant clamour of the many-voiced sea-fowl, rises and falls, yet never ceases to sound, the solemn roar of the vast ocean.

But even these remarkable facts are not enough to prepare us for the teaching of an old Egyptian book of moral precepts. Here we find the bondage of idolatry almost shaken off. Once embarked in his subject, the ancient sage dismisses the divinities of Egypt, and founds his teaching on man's responsibility to God.

The proverbs of Ptah-hetp form part of the oldest manuscript in the world; the original was still older, a work of probably not later than B.C. 2100.

The writer speaks to mankind as a father to a son. The object of man is the attainment of long and happy life. The way of attaining it is by virtue, which is life; while vice is death. Virtue is due to God, and springs from filial obedience. No part of duty is more

strongly insisted on than the duty of husband to wife; the husband to the one wife. No evil is so great as that which springs from the harlot.

"The obedience of a docile son is a good deed: the obedient walks in his obedience, and he who listens to him becomes obedient: it is good to listen to all that can produce love; it is the greatest of goods. The son who receives the words of his father will therefore become old. Obedience is loved of God; disobedience is hated of Him. The heart is master of the man in obedience, and in disobedience; but man vivifies his heart by his docility."

"The rebel who does not obey, does absolutely nothing; he sees knowledge in ignorance, virtues in vices; every day he commits with audacity all kinds of fraud, and so he lives as if he were dead. . . . What the wise know to be death is his life every day; he advances in his ways loaded with a mass of curses every day."

"If thou art wise, take care of thy house; love thy wife heartily, nourish her, clothe her; it is the adornment of her body; anoint her, rejoice her during the time of thy life."

"A rock of abominations whence it is impossible to remove oneself [is the bad woman]; she outrages fathers and husbands with the minions of the harlot; the woman who seeks man is an assemblage of every kind of horror, a bag of every kind of fraud."

With such teaching as this the history of the nation has much in common—most of all in the high dignity of the wife, who, in the tomb, is represented seated by her husband's side, hand-in-hand, as she sat by him in life at their feasts, the one wife, whose title is "lady of the house."

It is very curious to compare the teaching of a work so strikingly resembling the Book of Proverbs with the direct appeal of the Book of the Dead to the belief in future rewards and punishments, not indeed that the idea that the good man is really living, the wicked man really dead, already in this life, can exclude the notion of future life and future death, for it rather aids it. But, though we may remark in passing, that the Israelites in Egypt, and for the centuries before David, could scarcely have been ignorant of the ancient Egyptian knowledge that there was a future state, it is important to observe that the real point of contact between the remains of old Shemite religion in Egypt and the later moral teaching of the Old Testament is ethical. And it is still more curious to observe how completely the lofty ethical level of the Biblical work in reference to the marriage state connects it on the one hand with the Egyptian moral book before it, on the other with the Talmudical sayings after it. The Egyptian book is but a bud, but it is a bud of good promise. That the Jews of the age of Moses were for the hardness of their hearts allowed a greater latitude than either

the older Egyptian writer, or the later Hebrew of the Book of Proverbs concedes, is but a proof of their low state of civilization. But the germ was in the Jewish race, and it survived, and ultimately threw off polygamy, to which the noble Arab has fallen a victim.

I have spoken of documents far anterior to Moses; let me speak of the life of another Shemite native long after him.

People are becoming accustomed to think of Mohammad as a reformer, and no doubt he effected reforms of great value in the stern suppression of infanticide and the tightening of the marriage bond. He found his people mainly idolaters, and for the most part idolaters of the basest kind; he left them strict monotheists; yet he crushed out a tender feeling of chivalry that was true to the Shemite heart after God had once given it this precious jewel, and that was parallel to the same feeling in the Talmud, anticipating, but not so clearly, the heights reached by Dante and by Petrarch, and by our own Surrey and Spenser.

The romance of Antarah (properly Antarah) is a modern composition of inferior interest, viewed either for plot or execution, and written in a miserable style. It has, however, this remarkable characteristic. The moral purity of Antarah's love for 'Ibla is quite unexcelled in the romances and poems of modern chivalry. And the story has been heard and admired in the tents of thousands of desert Arabs, and though the Muslim doctors have placed it in their index, has been for long past recited at Cairo by men who take their name from its title; and yet in not one passage does it, as far as I have heard, or any orientalist is aware, contain an appeal to the baser feelings of the people. Antarah, though like the brilliant Esh-Shanfarà, also a hero and a poet, a raven, or Arab with black blood in his veins, is emphatically the national hero.

Antarah was a poet of the age before Mohammad, and in the Seven "Suspended" Poems which remain to us of those which were hung in the Ka'abeh at Mekkeh, one is by him. A pagan of those wicked poets whose works Mohammad proscribed in public, but recited in secret, Antarah's remains show the reason of the national choice.

Listen to the criticism of an Arab writer, unhappily anonymous.

"I would that we had with our Islâm the generosity of manners of our fathers in their paganism. Antarah of the horsemen was a pagan, and Hasan, son of Hânee, a Muslim. Antarah was restrained within the bounds of duty by his honour, and El-Hasan, son of Hânee, was not at all restrained by his religion."

If we institute another comparison between the ethics of the Talmud and those of Mohammadanism we shall be struck by a similarity and a difference, that will help us to see how high the former stand in the moral scale.

The so-called proverbs or sayings of 'Alee afford the most favour.

able view of Mohammadan ethics. It is to be regretted that they have not been the subject of a critical analysis, for it is sufficiently evident that there has grown around the first nucleus a very literature of the moral sayings of the best and purest of those who have followed the teaching of the gentlest of the first Mohammadans. So various are these sayings, that they could not possibly have been the thoughts of one life, were there no other evidence of the later date of some of them.

Of religion in general we have such sayings as "No higher honour than to be Godfearing. Fear God, then thou hast nothing else to fear. Trust in God; He will suffice thee. Wisdom is the lost she-camel of the faithful;"—this last a striking picture. The Arab awakes in the desert, and looking round the vast shield of waste, he sees no trace of his property and his support, and sets forth at once to exercise all his power of tracking until he discovers the treasure he has lost.

But besides these general precepts, there are two very distinct classes: those which teach the religion of the asceticism that has abandoned the world, and those which teach a religion which sets ethics at the very front and determines to better the world. "Well to him who has no family," an intensely non-Shemite outburst of asceticism. "Hopelessness is free: hope a slave." On the other hand, here are ethical sayings which make religion mainly morality. "A third part of belief is modesty, a third part understanding, a third beneficence." "The blow of a friend pains more than any other." "A man without humanity is also without religion." "By good deeds man makes free men slaves." "Do good to him who does ill to thee: thus wilt thou be his master." "Thy brother is the man who stands by thee in misfortune." "The guardian of an infant is himself sustained by God." "A generous unbeliever has more hope of Paradise than an avaricious Muslim." "No honour to the liar."

Two sayings may be quoted as protests against our current opinion of the whole Mohammadan world. "The man bowed with sorrow is highly esteemed of God." "Bliss in the next world is better than enjoyment in this."

But here I must not stop. Where are the virtues of married life? All I find is a stray saying, such as this,—"No truth in woman." Here, alas! is the blot and shame of Islám. You may look up and down Muslim literature in vain for one pearl of such a string as the author of the article in the *Quarterly* has strung together, the fruits of the trees of Paradise.

Let me not be supposed, in having collected some few Egyptian and Arab sayings, to have attempted anything to be compared with the life's labour of the essay I am endeavouring to illustrate. I am but indicating sources of knowledge and subjects to be compared, trying

a little to break up the rough ground that lies about this city of marvels.

Very slightly, and with an anxious mind, I have endeavoured to show the capacity of Shemites to practice a high moral code, and that such a code, in a rudimentary form, was from a very early date known to them, and yet that it was not a natural outgrowth or acquisition of study, but the direct gift of God, found nowhere but among those who have other traces of revelation, if not a revelation itself.

IV.

The point of contact of Judaism and Christianity has been examined at some length. The point of divergence has now to be noticed. There are people who are inclined to ask whether, if the ethics of the Talmud be such as the *Quarterly* writer has represented them, in the very words of the Talmud be it remembered, there is anything new in Christianity. These people are in fact uneasy at the discovery that they are after all only Jews, and unfortunately very indifferent Jews, Jews that Hillel would have sighed over and Shammai driven away from his door. They have nothing of Christianity but its ethics, and these seen through a very dense modern atmosphere. Christianity differs from Judaism somewhat in its ethics, but far more in carrying those ethics to all mankind, to the very outcasts, and, most of all, in its dogmatic system. Those who attack Judaism from a supposed Christian point of view, and have not ascertained whether they can take that point of view, are necessarily very feeble critics. I do not wish to be thought to depreciate the splendid ethics of Judaism; I would not be so foolish, if I dared to be so wicked; but I must protest against the idea, that neither Jews nor Christians could admit, that either revelation is wholly ethical.

V.

There is a minor bearing of the *Quarterly* article which, minor though it be, may ultimately be of greater importance than any other. The time will come when the relation of Judaism and Christianity will be understood and acknowledged, but it will be long before the value of so difficult a book as the Talmud as a commentary is recognised. It is so much more convenient to have one's commentaries in Greek and Latin, not very difficult Greek or Latin either, than in Hebrew, and a Chaldee which has nothing more than tentative dictionaries and no grammars. The very dates of the redaction of the Talmud lead to the conclusion of its being necessarily a comment on the New Testament, and this essay brings out designed

seems irreconcilable with the statements of the New Testament. We had been accustomed to regard the Pharisees of the time in question as a sect, or party, comprising but a small portion of the Jewish nation, perhaps not more numerous than the Sadducees. We are now told that the Pharisees were the great body of the nation; the Sadducees a small aristocratic party.* The real state of things will be better understood if we consider a parallel case. In every Roman Catholic country there is a preponderance of Roman Catholics, and a small body of dissenters or skeptics, but within the body of Roman Catholics is a Catholic party, or *parti prêtre*. The Pharisees condemned in the New Testament are not the whole body, but the leading men, the Pharisees who gloried in being Pharisees, the very people whom the Talmud condemns almost without exception. We can now understand the seemingly unqualified condemnation of the Pharisees in the Gospels, and St. Paul's declaration that he was a Pharisee, a declaration no man of his unflinching courage would have made had he not known he could make it honestly and unreservedly. In the controversy as to the obligation of converts to keep the Law, the conservative view was urged by Pharisees who believed.

In the account in the *Quarterly* of the criminal law of the Mishnah there is a deeply touching comment on the most sacred part of Gospel history. The reviewer tells us that the ladies of Jerusalem formed a society which provided a soporific beverage of myrrh and vinegar to alleviate the sufferings of those that were executed.† We can now understand the rejection of the first draught, which was offered to Christ before his suffering, and also a special reason for the presence of the Jewish women, "daughters of Jerusalem," "who bewailed and lamented him."

A very curious inquiry is opened by the suggestion that moral sayings, hitherto considered to have originated in Christian teaching, were already current at an earlier time. Such an idea gives great umbrage to those who are unaccustomed to look at the whole of Revelation in one general view; who, having been delighted with the quotation by St. Paul of some heathen sage, are shocked at the notion that our Lord could have quoted a pious Rabbi. Why should not a pious Rabbi have been quoted when the saying of a narrow ascetic was condemned?

There can, however, be no doubt that certain popular teachers of the

* [Lightfoot, *Vestibulum Talmudis Hierosolymitani*, p. 28, had told us precisely this: "Pharisaismus . . . stata gentis erat religio." "De schismate Sadducæorum hic non curiose agemus." Indeed, Josephus had long ago said the same. See Antt. xiii. 10, 7: τῶν μὲν Σαδδουκαίων τοὺς ἐπὶ πόρους μόνον πειθόντων . . . τῶν δὲ Φαρισαίων τὸ πλῆθος σύμμαχον ἰχόντων.—Ed.]

† [Our knowledge of this fact does not date from the article in the *Quarterly*. Lightfoot, *Hor. Hebr.*, on Matt. xxvii. 34, gives from the *Babyl. Sanhedr.* fol. 43. 1: "Traditio

age of Christ and the Apostles stand at a great disadvantage by the side of the teachers of the final redaction of the Talmud. There is no doubt that some of the Jewish doctors of that age held aloof, and left instruction to religious impostors, men who then, as in all ages, thought that religion consisted of dresses, services, seasons, days, times of devotion, length of prayers, postures, and all that is excluded by the idea of "the faith of the heart," to which the Talmud reduces all the commandments of the Law (p. 438). Had any belief not been able, through the kind force of calamity, to throw off much of such withering delusion, and this the Jewish belief had undoubtedly done long ago, it would have perished altogether, eaten up by a miserable crust of formalism. But as the Jews have undoubtedly long thrown off very much of this coating, why should we not believe their books, when they show us how long ago this was done?

VI.

What, then, is the result of this evidence brought to bear upon the history of religion?

1. The essential identity of Jewish and Christian morality.
2. The Jewish origin of modern social virtues.
3. The continuity of revelation.

But this is by no means all.

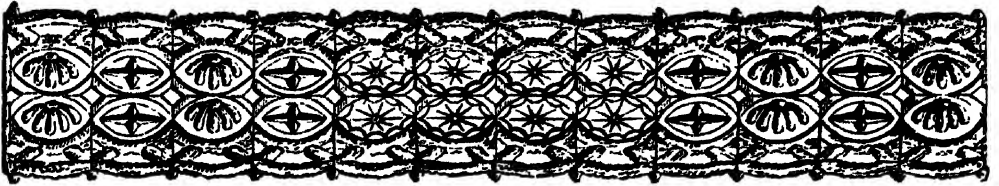
Ingenious critics, better versed in the literary history of the Greeks than of the Jews, have constructed a chain with Plato at one end, and St. Paul at the other, with the Alexandrian Jews and notably Philo between. This theory must now be abandoned. Thinkers of the same school have been at great pains to derive modern social virtues from a German or a Roman source. Their theories are equally disproved. Most of all has there been a tendency in almost all theologians and critics to draw a sharp line between the Law and the Gospel, if not to consider the Law as in no sense a revelation. This position is now reversed, and the two revelations, as heretofore, must be held to stand or fall together.

In the *Quarterly* article a key-note has been struck. The world has now a right to expect from the author a fuller description of the wondrous realms he has journeyed through in order to produce this heart-moving essay, in which justice is done to an illustrious race, and a grand book, both long oppressed under the weight of suspicion, hatred, and jealousy.

As I finish a not easy labour, for it is not easy to form even the slightest estimate of the great problems I have dared to face, I remember it is Christmas-Day, and there rings in my ears its divine message :

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

REGINALD STUART POOLE.



NOTICES OF BOOKS.

I.—THEOLOGICAL.

The Keys of St. Peter ; or, the House of Rechab. By ERNEST DE BUNSEN. London: Longmans.

M. ERNEST DE BUNSEN, inheriting much of the wide discursive knowledge of his illustrious father, and uniting with it a strong taste for new combinations of facts and the perception of remote analogies, continues in this work the line of thought which was worked at some length in his two volumes on the "Hidden Wisdom of Christ." There the main thesis was, that from the time of Zoroaster (whom he identified with Adam), there had been a traditional transmission of spiritual truths, such as are found in the nobler elements of the Zend-Avestâ ; that from time to time these were uttered by Hebrew teachers, as in the description of Wisdom in the Book of Proverbs ; that after the return from Babylon they were kept secret by the Jewish teachers of Palestine, and were partially uttered by those of Alexandria in the Wisdom of Solomon and Ecclesiasticus ; that these formed the basis of the Gospel which was preached to the multitude in parables, and communicated in fulness to the disciples. The difference between the teaching of St. Paul and of the Apostles of the Circumcision was, that he proclaimed without reserve, while they strove for a time to conceal, this apocryphal (in the sense of *hidden*) wisdom. The relation of the Gospel of St. John to that of the other three is explained in the same way.

The "Hidden Wisdom of Christ" met with more appreciation from foreign than from English critics. Some of the latter were shocked at the idea of the distinction drawn between our Lord's esoteric and exoteric teaching ; some looked on the book as a revival of Gnosticism ; some were sceptical as to the evidence on which the theories were based. M. Emile Burnouf, on the other hand, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, welcomed it as a valuable contribution to the science of religion, and assigned to it a high place among the most "remarkable" treatises on that subject.

In "The Keys of St. Peter" M. de Bunsen brings before us yet more startling theories as the result of his researches in the interval. Starting from the facts brought together in the article *Rechabites* in Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," that the house of Rechab belonged to the Kenites ; that they played a conspicuous part in the religious revolution under Jehu ; that they were welcomed by the prophet Jeremiah, and ultimately incorporated by adoption into the tribe of Levi, he goes on to find traces of these Kenites through the whole history of Israel. In the Rechabites he sees those who, taking their names from Rechab, the "chariot" of light, were, through a long succession of centuries, the vehicles by which the hidden wisdom of divine truth that had come from the primeval revelation given to the Aryan races was transmitted to the Christian Church.

Israel is thus represented as a mixed race,—half Aryan, half Africa. The former is throughout the purer and nobler—the proclaimer of a loftier monotheism; the latter tends to fall back to fetiche-worship and idolatry. Melchizedek, Job (M. de Bunsen hints his belief in their identity), Jethro, Caleb, Joshua, David, Asaph, Jeromiah, are the representatives of the Kenite element. The questions which gather round the names of Jehovah and Elohim are settled in the same way. The former is the Kenite, the latter the Hebrew name. The use of the two names, separately or jointly, in history, or prophecy, or psalm, represents the parallelism or the confluence of the two streams of tradition. In the twofold lines of Eleazer and Ithamar in the Aaronic priesthood, in the pairs of the Scribal succession, as in Hillel and Shammai, he finds the same indication of a double origin. The Sadducees and the Sadducean priesthood are Hebrews—the “Son of David” and the first disciples Kenites. The Pharisees are Kenites, who wish to keep their doctrine within a narrow circle of disciples. The Christianity of St. Paul was the revelation to all men of the Kenite Gospel.

But though it was thus proclaimed in its broad outlines, M. de Bunsen holds that there was a vast body of truths, originally Kenite, still hidden. The symbols in the Revelation of St. John and other apocalyptic books, these, which gather up the older symbols of the Sacred Volume, still await an explanation. Their relation to the idolatry which grew out of them and overshadowed them, the mysteries of Incarnation and Redemption, the relations between the Bible and the Church,—all the questions which the Bible suggests but does not answer, the developments of doctrine in Ecclesiastical History,—these are referred to “the keys of St. Peter,” and to the “progressive consciousness of the Church,” of which the See of Rome, in its historical continuity, is the supreme living representative. To Rome accordingly he turns for an answer to many questions which, we fancy, would task the powers of Pius IX. and his advisers.

“There is a gulf, and it must be bridged over. Canons of interpretation are the requirements of the age. They can only be supplied by the revelation of what is hidden, the Apocalypse of the Apocrypha. How were the Gospels gradually composed in the form we received them from the Church in the fourth century? What became of St. Matthew’s Hebrew Gospel,—that which St. Jerome translated? What became of the ‘Expositions of the Sayings of the Lord,’ based upon the teachings of the elders, by Bishop Papias, to which work St. Irenæus and Eusebius refer as existing in their time? What share did St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John take in the transmission of Apostolic tradition? How are symbols to be interpreted? These are some of the urgent questions of the day. What we know not, the successors of St. Peter, the possessors of the keys of St. Peter, of the key of David, do know; unless we assume that the tradition of this Church has become a mere fiction, and is in no sense ‘the memory of the Church.’ Let the mystery of Babylon fall. Let Rome speak.”

We have thought it due to M. de Bunsen’s name, to his wide reading and manifest earnestness, thus to sketch the outline of a theory which we cannot adopt, and which seems to us based upon conjectural identifications, often upon precarious etymologies, often upon a series of probabilities or possibilities dealt with as facts. To the final demand of the passage we have just quoted we fear the only answer of the See of St. Peter would be, as with the vexed question of the temporal power, the familiar, oft-repeated “*Non possumus*.” But in this, as in his former book, the reader who can keep his head clear amid the fascination of new theories and the whirl of transformed facts will find much information gleaned from the works of great Oriental scholars, and many suggestions, often fruitful, which throw light upon familiar, yet obscure, facts in Sacred History.

The Continuity of Scripture, as declared by the Testimony of our Lord and of the Evangelists and Apostles. By WILLIAM PAGE WOOD, Vice-Chancellor. London: John Murray.

THIS useful little book consists mainly of the testimonies of our Lord and of the New Testament writers, cited at length and placed in juxtaposition with the Old Testament passages to which they refer. They are arranged in the order of the Old Testament books, to show how large a portion of them are there attested. The work is preceded and followed by some very valuable remarks of Sir W. Page Wood’s on the subject which he thus desires to illustrate, the Continuity of Scripture. This, in his preface, he considers under three heads:—

"1. The Historical Unity of subject,—the great epic, if I may venture reverently so to call it, of the Creation, Fall, and Restoration of man. 2. The Moral Unity; or, the Unity of design with reference to man's moral preparation for the great work of Redemption. 3. The Spiritual Unity; or, the uniform declaration of the complete Restoration of fallen man to his Father's love, by the free mercy of God the Father, through God the Son as a Mediator,—One who, though man, should be free from man's guilt, and willing to offer up Himself as an atoning sacrifice for all mankind, thereby drawing all men to Him, and purchasing for them the gift of God the Holy Ghost, by whom their hearts would be renewed to a state of loving obedience."—(P. xii.)

These three he then follows out with much clearness and simplicity, giving, as he passes on, many valuable hints on each.

In his postscript he deals with the still abiding effect of God's Word on the human race as a portion of the subject without which its consideration would be incomplete. There is no more powerful consideration than this in aid of our most holy faith—that while other writings, other schools of thought, other influences, have had their day, and have passed away, the work and influence of this Book has not only survived them all, but is manifestly even now only in its youth, so to speak; is pregnant with mightier changes among mankind than any article which history has yet seen; still, changes which the Book is fully capable of accomplishing, and which, when brought about, will but lead to more and more yet, by us unseen and but faintly suspected.

In thankfully recommending this little book, we quote, as a sample of what is to be looked for in it, one of its concluding sentences:—

"The personal sense of this blessed continuity in those who have once heartily welcomed the teaching of their Bible is a matter of experience, which addressing, as I do, believers in its truth, I may also thankfully dwell upon. I do not believe that any one who has sought for guidance or comfort in its pages has ever failed in his hope; though, of course, to any one who reads simply to criticise, or to judge that Word by which we believe we shall be judged, it would be vain to address any argument deduced from personal experience."—(P. 127.)

The History of Israel to the Death of Moses. By HEINRICH EWALD, Professor of the University of Göttingen. Translated from the German. Edited, with a Preface, by RUSSELL MARTINEAU, M.A., Professor of Hebrew in Manchester New College, London. London: Longmans.

THIS translation represents but a fragment of the seven volumes of Ewald's "History of Israel"—a work, observes Professor Martineau, extensively studied in our Universities, as well as much admired by many eminent writers out of Germany. Some of the latter are quoted in the preface, as M. Ernest Renan, Dr. Rowland Williams, and Dean Stanley, who characterizes the "History of Israel" as "a noble work," though he disagrees with many of its general statements. Professed students, trained not only to habits of severe attention but also to the guarded weighing of all they read, and accustomed to gather their stores from flowers of every leaf, will make their gains from this erudite work, even if they should consider its main principles, as we do most thoroughly, unsound. An elaborate Analytical Table, by the editor, is at once a proof of the reader's need of assistance and of the logical arrangement of the author's matter. The hermeneutic discoveries of the Göttingen professor (as far as the present volume is concerned) are, that the Pentateuch is the composition of various authors, whose several shares he even undertakes to define; and, in accordance with this system, the "Five Books of Moses" are distributed between the "Book of Origins," the "Prophetical Narrators of the Primitive Histories," the "Third Narrator of the Primitive Histories," the "Fourth Narrator, &c.," and the "Deuteronomist." For the reader's further information of Ewald's treatment of the early Bible history we cannot do better than extract the following passage from the Editor's preface:—

"When Ewald shows us Abraham as a 'representative man,' and his wanderings as those of a large tribe, and the quarrels of Jacob and Esau as great international struggles between the Hebrew and Arabian tribes, rather than the petty strife of a few herdsmen, the history assumes a grander scale than we had any idea of before; and we look with heightened eagerness for what more it may disclose. Stories which before amused us with their prettiness, now tell of the fates of empires and the development of nations; and we see why they have been preserved from an antiquity so high that the deeds of individuals have long been obliterated."—(Pref. p. 9.)

He also tells us that "the earliest period of the life of the Greeks, Romans, and Hebrews is now called mythical;" and that Ewald has done for the Hebrew History what O. Müller and Niebuhr have done for the Greek and Roman. Well, we venture to assert that if "the strife of a few herdsmen" is only "petty," the "international struggle between the Hebrew and Arabian tribes" is nothing very great; and if the frog strain ever so much, she will never look like "the fates of empires and the development of nations." And further, if the mass of English Bible-readers may no longer see in the patriarchal histories a revelation of the Father of man leading His children in their individual and family life, but are shut up to the alternative of picking up crumbs of antiquarian lore in allegorical disguise, they will cease to read those histories at all, or the Book in which they are found.

On Miracles and Prophecy. By WILLIAM J. IRONS, D.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's. London: Hayes.

WE trust that we shall not offend the able and learned author of this book by saying that he seems to us to be theologically a "cross" between Thomas Aquinas and Dr. Rowland Williams. Carrying out the argument of his treatise on "The Bible and its Interpreters," he gathers up all the doubts and difficulties which can bewilder the plain, Protestant, "Bible Christian," and makes him feel that he has not a leg to stand on. If he changes his position, and takes up the ground of historical evidence and criticism, then Dr. Irons assails him as the "literary Christian" with new perplexities, dwells on the boundlessness and hopelessness of the task before him, on the manifold contradictions of critics and interpreters. So far the work reminds us of the Rector of Broad-Chalko. But when the ground is cleared, Dr. Irons comes forward to the help of the perplexed inquirer. He invites him to accept the position, "That Scripture is a Divine whole, and received from Christ quite apart from criticism;" that however impenetrable its meaning, or dark its history, it "speaks mysteries to the Church;" that, consequently, its "literary sense," treated "as any other book," is "of secondary consequence at most."

In applying these principles to the two subjects of his present volume, Dr. Irons lays down the axiom that the miracles of the Old Testament stand on a higher or lower footing, according as they are, or are not, referred to by Christ in His teaching, or wrapped up with histories which are, or are not, so referred to. The miracles of Moses and the cycle of wonders connected with Elijah and Elisha belong to the former class, those of Balaam and the Book of Judges to the latter. The history of Balaam's ass is treated as the narrative of a vision (in this he follows Maimonides); all that is strange in it is "natural in dreams;" the crushing of the prophet's foot against the wall is like the "trance sensation," the "incubus feeling," which dreamers are familiar with. The narrative of the wonder when "the sun stood still on Gideon, and the moon on the valley of Aijalon," is treated as an interpolated passage from the Book of Jasher, interrupting the narrative; and, though Dr. Irons thinks that "we are scarcely at liberty to doubt" that "some remarkable signs in the heavens are traceable both in the nineteenth century before Christ and in the eighth," he is yet bold enough to say that "it is a serious responsibility for any man to claim the authority of Christ for a certain view of a fact," and a miracle "which Christ Himself passed by without notice."

So, too, in dealing with prophecy, Dr. Irons does not shrink from tabulating every Messianic prediction referred to as such in the New Testament, with "its apparent sense in the Old, if read like any other book;" so as to leave on the mind of the reader the impression that they all had a real, perhaps also an adequate, historical fulfilment within the horizon of the prophets who uttered them. It is true that here also he claims submission primarily to the authority of our Lord wherever He has sanctioned any special interpretation, and secondarily to that of the Church, as guided to the true spiritual meaning of prophecies which seem, at first, to remain within the limits of the letter. Incidentally, in this work, Dr. Irons has some remarks well worthy of the attention of the Biblical student on the different formulæ of citation used in the New Testament quotations from the Old. Partly on the authority of Jewish writers, partly by an induction from the New Testament, he endeavours to prove, and

we think succeeds in proving, that the words, "as it is written," "as the Scripture saith," and the like, have a higher, more authoritative force than "according to that which was spoken by the prophet;" and in explaining both sets of passages he accepts and applies the truth that "the poor idea of a naked prognostic or foretelling may be contrasted with the fact that the record of every tradition and of every history of any favoured prophet, priest, or king of the former covenant, would seem as if constructed to suggest something of the coming Messiah."—(P. 86.)

The method which Dr. Irons proposes has, at least, the merit of being a "short and easy" one.

"There is no record that the Primitive Church, when the Gospel of St John appeared, 'examined its claims,' 'sifted its authorship,' 'debated the consistency' and reality of its statements, or anything of the kind. No, it was *felt at once*. The first thing we find is that a society, calling itself the Christian's Church, *received the Gospel as Divine*; and we know that that Church has done so for these 1,700 years since, and feels that Gospel now. . . . Our proposition is, that this is the way, and the only way, of receiving Divine Revelation. It is the way of Faith, the way of the Catholic Church—the Church of the Creeds, the Priesthood, and the Sacraments."

It matters not, *i.e.*, who wrote books or when they were written, whether they were authentic, anonymous, pseudonymous; it matters not what they seem to mean when we interpret them as we would any other book. We *feel* they are true, and that is enough. Doubtless for those who *feel*. But what help has Dr. Irons to give to those who do not feel? What criterion does he offer where the feelings that accept conflicting beliefs are equally strong? How does he answer the doubter who *feels* that the doctrine of the Atonement is at variance with his moral senso, or the sectarian who *feels* that it is utterly unreal unless it bring the assurance of personal salvation? How, on this ground, can the Catholic maintain his position against the Bible-Christian? We fear that the only answer which can be given to these questions is that which M. de Bunsen gives in his "Keys of St. Peter," "*Let Rome speak*."

The Increase of Faith. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons.

A BOOK, the object of which is to show, that Faith is trust in Christ, that it is capable of increase, and that the means of increase are prayer, the devotional study of the Scriptures, and a holy life, seems at first to belong to the class of books which the reviewer casts on one side as having little or no interest for him, but which often vindicate for themselves a *raison d'être* by a sale which shows that they meet the wants of many thousands of readers. The "Increase of Faith," in spite of the apparent narrowness of its scope, belongs to quite another category. It is evidently the work of a man of wide culture as well as piety. Pascal, Butler, Hooker, the Confessions of the Reformed Churches, Bishop Bull, Dr. Newman, Jonathan Edwards, even Montaigne, and "Essays and Reviews," and Renan's "*Vie de Jésus*," all contribute in the way of argument and illustration. The student will find much that will help him to understand the Reformation controversies as to the nature of justification and the work of justifying faith—whether faith be trust in a living person, or belief in a dogmatic system, or the assurance (*fiducia*) of personal salvation—whether it is born full-grown in the soul of the believer, or passes through the stages of infancy and youth to the stature of the perfect man. To many, doubtless, these will seem as forgotten disputes that lie far behind the more agitating problems of our own time. To us it is at once interesting and satisfactory to find a thoughtful and well-informed writer dealing with them as recognising that they are questions which touch man's life still, and yet making his discussion of them subordinate and subservient to personal religion.

The Divine Teacher: being the Recorded Sayings of our Lord Jesus Christ during His Ministry on Earth. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

THIS volume is strictly what it professes to be, and nothing else. "It seems desirable," says the editor, in his (or her) preface, "that words which are so precious, and which must remain equally precious to all generations, should be gathered together into a complete whole, and presented in a convenient form for the use of those who value them." All that has been added to our Lord's own

words is a thread of connecting narrative to explain their occasions. This is given, for the most part, in the language of the Authorized Version.

We have observed some faults in detail. One is, that our Lord's discourses are not always given as they stand in any one Gospel, but one Gospel is *patched* out of another. *E.g.*, in p. 31, we have:—"There is nothing from without a man, that entereth into the mouth, that can defile him; but the things which come out of the mouth, those are they that defile the man." Now our Lord said no such words as these; and the former part of the sentence is not even good English. How far this has been carried we cannot say; but, wherever it occurs, so far the book is worthless. Even one such instance is a fatal blot.

Another, but far minor fault, is that the editor, or his compositors, have miserably mangled the punctuation of the Authorized Version. "Woe unto you, also, ye lawyers;" "Therefore, whatsoever ye have spoken," &c.; "Who, then, is that faithful and wise servant," and the like, are in the very worst style of printing-office *commuing*, and are carefully avoided in our Bibles.

If such a work as this be not accurate it is nothing.

II.—HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Huguenots: their Settlements, Churches, and Industries, in England and Ireland. By SAMUEL SMILES. London: John Murray.

THE readers of Mr. Smiles will not be surprised at the announcement of an ecclesiastical subject from his pen, when they observe the word *Industries* on his title-page, showing that he still pursues his old paths in new and interesting directions. The records of French Protestantism, in its purely religious aspect, will always have the sympathy of English readers; but no one, perhaps, except Mr. Smiles, would have thought of placing this noble theme in an industrial point of view. The effect is very striking, and every one must feel how greatly the entire subject gains from this mode of treatment. The author does not profess to have entered upon any original investigation of the Huguenot story; this he has narrated according to the latest and best authorities; and his real originality lies in the plan and idea of his work, showing us the sufferings of a cloud of confessors, and a consequent migration to these shores of every useful art, the details of which he has brought into his canvas by researches in our various antiquarian literature. We suspect that few of the readers of our current histories are aware of the prodigious streams of refugees for conscience' sake that have reached us at various times from the other side of the Channel. They will realize from Mr. Smiles' pages how, in the Elizabethan period, their presence among us was at once a strength to our yet undecided Reformation, and one of the great difficulties of our glorious old Queen with the despots of France and Spain, from whose grasp her guests had escaped; and how, too, at a later period, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the French Dragonnades helped on the cause of the Great Revolution of 1688.

These emigrants are not to be reckoned only numerically; they were the cream of the land they had left—all muscle, mind, and skill—of which we are reaping the benefit to this day. Papal persecutions, while aiming at theological sentiments only, have so influenced social history that the study of them has become a necessity to a far larger class of inquirers than the theological; and the facts, therefore, must be held in eternal remembrance. The historian of weavers, gardeners, and paper-makers is obliged to narrate the Inquisition in the Low Countries, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's, and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Rome cannot escape this penalty.

A valuable Appendix brings into view the various industrial colonies established in the British Islands from the earliest times, especially by Edward III., whose warlike propensities compelled him to study finance and foster commerce. In those days skilled hands had to be enticed from the Flemish factories by all sorts of promises, and had to be petted when they came; for it was only from the accession of Protestant Edward VI. that they began to flock over to us as unbidden as swallows in spring. But the old allurements would have proved of little use, had it not been for one fact, which will not be lost upon our

artisans of the present day, namely, the tyranny of their own trade-guilds—trades-unions they were, neither more or less—which drove vast numbers to carry their skill to a more liberal market and erect a formidable competition in England.

Not the least interesting portion of Mr. Smiles' volume is an account of the refugee congregations formed in different parts of this country, some of which have preserved their old character and privileges down to this day; and notably at Canterbury, where the undercroft of the cathedral is tenanted by the "French Church," praying in the French tongue, and chaunting the Psalms to the old Huguenot tunes. Not mechanics alone, but professional men and authors, have been among the refugees or their descendants. It is thus that such names as Abbadie, Allix, Casaubon, Ducarel, Desmaiseaux, Dunfey, Layard, Marcet, Martineau, Rapin, Romaine, figure in our literature; and that Auriol, Bouverie, Gambier, Labouchere, Hugessen, Trench, still are known among our peers and gentry, whose Huguenot lineage is as honourable as a Norman, if not so ancient.

Mr. Smiles will permit us to point out, for future correction, a little confusion of statement at the conclusion of his third chapter. At p. 75 he states that the wars of the League were brought to a conclusion "by the succession of Henry IV. to the throne in 1594." This king abjured in that year, but succeeded in 1589, and the wars of the League did not finally close till the Edict of Nantes was proclaimed in 1598. At page 9, in the note, Henry VII. is evidently a misprint for Henry VIII., whose life Lord Herbert of Cherbury wrote.

History of the Commonwealth of England from the Death of Charles I. to the Expulsion of the Long Parliament by Cromwell: being omitted Chapters of the History of England. By ANDREW BISSET. Two Volumes: Vol. II. London: John Murray.

THIS is the concluding portion of Mr. Bisset's "History," and comprises the last two years of the entire four and a quarter; narrating, therefore, the battle of Worcester, Sept. 3, 1651; Blake's naval victories, 1652-3; and the famous "Expulsion" mentioned in the title. The author's references show a diligent reading of the ordinary authorities for this period; but he rests his claim chiefly on his having made use of the forty MS. volumes of the Minutes of the Commonwealth's Council of State, which (he tells us) no historian had hitherto consulted, as far as was known to the gentlemen (or "gentleman," as we think the grammar of the text requires) of the State-Paper Office, who informed Mr. Grote, who again told Mr. Bisset. Giving all due weight to this fact, we are obliged to say that the book, as a popular history, contains grave faults without counterbalancing excellences. Irrelevant matter is continually intruding, and the reader's patience is tried by too frequent discussions on incidental points. For instance, the enigmatical character of the great Protector brings a quotation from Dr. Arnold, whose leading thought is accepted; but the Doctor having likewise merely observed that no one but Shakspeare could have portrayed the real Cromwell, we get half a page of Mr. Bisset's "History of the Commonwealth"—the actual text, too—to prove how little the dramatist understood Julius Caesar; and how surely his Cromwell, therefore, would have failed. Page after page, text and notes, of this rambling production of an undisciplined mind occur at the beginning of the volume, under the headings of "The Divine Right of Kings," "Divine Right Tyranny," "Divine Right Nobility." We are never allowed to forget, too, how thoroughly the Minutes of the Council of State have now, at length, been ransacked. A work in which quotations from these occur perpetually, a page-full at a time, may have its use, but it is not exactly historic narrative. We have also to remark that the spirit of the narrator is partisan, and his diction not unfrequently coarse. The Muse of History is a stately dame. She need not be stiff; but we do not like to see the skirt of her robe often sweeping the street, and sometimes trailing in the mire, as we find it, for instance, at p. 477: "Cooper or Shaftesbury (for he had rotted into a peer with that title)."

Memoir of William Edmonstoune Aytoun, D.C.L., Author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," &c. By THEODORE MARTIN. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons.

WE are not of those who think Professor Aytoun undeserving of a memoir.

It would be difficult indeed to find the life that would not yield its lesson when, told by fitting hands, its scattered incidents were strung on those inner oscillatory lines of purpose, which, clearly followed, are seen to run up till they mysteriously connect the most insignificant history with the whole course of things, thus rounding it off into a unity of its own. But we believe that just in proportion to lack of claim to notice on the part of the subject should be the insight and capability of him who undertakes to tell the "mystic tale." Emerson says that he loves a *sufficient* man; we, in common with the public at large, love a *sufficient* biographer. When then we hear it remarked again and again, over a bit of biographic work, that the subject of it, like Canning's Knife-grinder, had "no story," we may conclude, not unreasonably, that the biographer has scarcely proved himself *sufficient*.

Mr. Theodore Martin's misfortune, as Professor Aytoun's biographer, was that he came to his task too well supplied with all the conventional aids of the memoir-writer, and commanded too easy access to all requisite information. This may, perhaps, seem paradoxical; yet it is true. Separate facts and details, lying clustered on the intellect, wounded by recent loss, often act like sponges in drawing off and absorbing the vital fluid, which they will scarce give forth again unless submitted to such painful pressure as few, for the sake of truth, are willing to trouble themselves with. We all know how mourning relatives overlay their letters with incidents and sayings remembered by blunt contrast, and thrown down on the page oppressively, however neatly and musically worded. Mr. Martin was for many years intimately associated with Professor Aytoun in literary labour; he aimed besides at so close an assimilation of thought and purpose with those of his friend, that up to the publication of this memoir the sharpest critics were at a loss to which to assign some of the happiest *jeux d'esprit*. Mr. Martin knew the outgoings and incomings of Professor Aytoun so well, indeed, that when he came to write his memoir, he had actually to sketch a sort of *alter ego*. All this was favourable enough to our being told in a certain tone what the professor *did and said*, but by no means favourable to the writer's clearly exhibiting to us what he really *was*. We have here clear, flowing, graceful narrative; occasional quaint spirited turns; passages sparkling with epigrammatic point and *naïveté*; the professor's best bits of humour—and he was a master in the lighter firework sort which sparkles brilliantly, but does not steadily illuminate—being skillfully conserved. But we lack that sort of insight which "opens a foreground," and so shows us the main subject faithfully. Perhaps the primary condition to the attainment of this is that the biographer should view his subject from a wholly foreign plane of life and thought. Mr. Martin is right when he says, "It is not for me to attempt to define Aytoun's place in literature. I lived too near him, and loved the man too well, to be an impartial critic of his work, even were I disposed, which I am not, to sit in judgment upon it."—(P. 248.) But, nevertheless, he tells us that Aytoun's ode on the Prince of Wales' marriage was incomparably the best published, which is very like sitting in judgment a little harshly on the work of other and highly distinguished poets. Mr. Martin's memoir will be read as it deserves; but it will not live long, nor will it keep Aytoun living. There is a certain fitness, and yet a certain "sarcasm of destiny," in the fact that Aytoun, who only wrote clever *jeux d'esprit*, should have had his last chance of remembrance committed to one in many respects so like him.

Aytoun owed more to happy chance and cultivation than to nature. But let us be just. It is something that a man makes much of what he has. He had the knack of hitting off a serious matter with such dexterous lightness, that he was tempted to be light in manner even when he was earnest in purpose. This bred in him a sort of cynical man-of-the-worldism which but ill-expressed the real goodness of his heart. His Toryism, which was assumed, not natural, helped very much to this result. It was but seldom that the inner depth of his nature was stirred; the well-trimmed flowers of fancy and taste, cunningly twined together, seemed to fence it off effectively from the field of expression; and he was never, perhaps, guilty of a positive impropriety. Yet even flowers may shut out the sky, and keep the bracing breath of morning from reaching us. It was one of the strange paradoxes to be met with in human character, that Aytoun, while he almost scorned to seem in earnest, yet absolutely needed something which he could be in earnest about. "Firmilian" is

perhaps the most serious piece of work he ever did. But his choices were mostly unfortunate. He fought wildly for his party, yet his whole heart was never in the work, also it is scarce possible he could have written so playfully; so that a change of side might have been easy to him had circumstances loudly called for it. Even in regard to Jacobitism his allegiance was uncertain, personal, and dashed with little fantastical vanities. Had a Stuart offended him, as Thackeray did about the Stuarts, he would just have answered as curtly, and probably the result had been very different—a total estrangement and a revolt on Aytoun's part against the Stuarts because of their vanities and personal littlenesses. Now, the poetry of Jacobitism lies in the atmosphere of emotion which an imaginative and impressionable race threw round the names of otherwise indifferent individuals; and it is thus that a true poet must view it—thus that Burns and Lady Nairne, for instance, did view it, and so were justified in singing of it. But Aytoun never viewed Jacobitism thus deeply, never related himself to it poetically at all. It was with him a personal preference, giving easy scope for picturesque ambitions. Hence, notwithstanding the polish and the power of his "Lays," there is now and again a sham ring, a dubious clink, as of a false coin among a mass of sterling silver. Well does the present writer remember how once, by a wholly gratuitous expression of opinion as to the lofty intellectual character of the Stuarts, Professor Aytoun raised such a tempest in his class-room as even his soft suasive manner was scarce equal to quell, and how, almost ridiculously defeated, he had to veil his defeat by a reluctant discharge of humour. His insight was limited to the range of mere fancy and taste, as was well seen in his preference of Marlowe's "Faust" to that of Goethe—an opinion, too, which called forth loud applause from a large portion of his hearers, and repressed hisses from a few of them. But he was a most genial man, formed for friendship and society; and it is no wonder that his familiars loved him. He well deserved such a tribute as Mr. Martin has paid to his memory, which will be valuable for the specimens given of his humour and his peculiar powers.

The Inner Life of the Very Rev. Père Lacordaire, of the Order of Preachers.
Translated from the French of the Rev. PÈRE CHOCARNE, O.P., with
Preface by the Very Rev. FATHER AYLWARD, Prior Provincial of England.
Dublin: William B. Kelly.

Lacordaire. By DORA GREENWELL. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

It has been well said that while in religion individuality dissolves and disappears, in true morality it asserts itself and grows. Lacordaire's life was a most remarkable one, inasmuch as it exhibited the extremes of self-sacrifice and self-assertion—a religious intensity such as seemed to need nothing from the world, and a moral expansiveness such as seemed to need everything. Luckily his lofty ideal of the Church, and of that authority which he regarded as the Church's consecrated weapon and the only way towards perfect liberty, was something different from the earthly symbols Rome holds forth; and hence, when he submitted to her dictates, it was not blindly as with Fénelon, but with a glance of the inner eye at that ideal to which with him she ever pointed. While, therefore, he had the soul of a recluse, he had the heart and brain of a reformer, and this lofty ideal of the Church held constantly before his eyes was the nexus which united his outward and inward life into a harmony at once captivating and unique. In him the overpowering tendency to mysticism and isolation recovered itself by the very need he felt for outward aids to quicken and intensify his spiritual experience and insight. When he called upon his inferiors to administer the terrible severities of discipline, the fire of his concentrated religious zeal burned through the very mediums he set up to protect it. Hence the truth and beauty of Miss Greenwell's remark (p. 140), "While his horror of ostentation indisposed him to public penitences, yet his ardent desire of humiliations sometimes led him to break through this reserve." And this, indeed, gives unconsciously the key-note to his whole life, and furnishes the secret of the thrilling power of his oratory. His inner nature needed obstacles, hard surfaces to reflect back and reflect in upon it whatsoever it could give forth, and it scarce ever gave forth spontaneously until such a reflector was held up before it and against it. "Lacordaire's was a life made

sweet with endearing personal intercourse, and rich with the warm glow that contact and communion give; and yet this life, around which so many other lives grew and clustered, was spent in a solitude that was awful, in a neighbourhood that was more awful still."—(Miss Greenwell, p. 131.) Madame Swetchine is certainly the most imposing and the most interesting of those lives which clustered round Lacordaire's, giving back its mystic glow; and Miss Greenwell has in our opinion dealt with it in a wise and masterly way. Madame Swetchine did much to educe, and to give permanent direction to, the best in Lacordaire, and to bring into clearness, through contact with certain forms of life, the most recondite elements in his truly singular nature. If we could conceive the two Newmans and Archbishop Manning thrown into one individuality, it might give us a faint idea of Lacordaire, and followed out, might suggest strange questions as to how it is that Rome so readily claims or develops such characters, at once strong and fine, robust and tender, self-abnegating and self-realizing.

It is so far fortunate that these two memoirs of the great rector of the Dominicans in France have appeared in England simultaneously. The titles might well be exchanged. Anything about such a man could not but be interesting; but the *Père Chocarne* is diffuse and rambling, and fails to show us clearly how the inner figure of Lacordaire came to act so powerfully on the outside world. Instead of anything like scientific analyses, we have heaps of letters and reminiscences and extracts; instead of the "Inner Life," we have, as far as that could possibly be, the outer life of Lacordaire. Miss Greenwell may sometimes need to be supplemented as to matters of fact by Chocarne or Montalembert; but her fine sympathies, her vivid intuitions, have enabled her to give us rare glimpses into the subtler aspects of Lacordaire's being; and on the whole she paints a portrait which will be read, and we should fain hope will live in English literature. Her style, too, is well suited to the subject. We notice some slight defects which might be mended in a new edition. The book is tantalizingly encumbered with an undergrowth of notes, which, considering that there is an appendix, should either have been thrown in there or wrought into the text itself. Then, Miss Greenwell unpardonably dots and spots her pages with italics, and often when the use of them is anything but a compliment to the reader's penetration.

Edmund Burke: a Historical Study. By JOHN MORLEY, B.A., Oxon.
London: Macmillan & Co.

THIS book is really what it purports to be. It is not a biography of Burke, nor is it a mere *résumé* of his political doings, but a "historical study" of those political and social influences which combined to make him a central figure at a time when the whole tendencies of English politics turned in a new direction, and one which is only now receiving its full and solid development. Mr. Morley has shown great skill in grouping all his materials round representative men, and at the same time never permitting the individual to overshadow the background of principles which is here his chief concern. Even the "dull arbitrary" King George he succeeds in relegating to his own place and to his own proportions as one of those individual men with whom "history has strictly only to do as the originals, the furtherers, the opponents, or the representatives of some of those thousand diverse forces which, uniting in one vast sweep, bear along the successive generations of men as upon the broad wings of sea-winds to new and more fertile shores."—(P. 63.) He may also claim credit for a determination to hold the balance steadily, and to mete out an impartial judgment, not only on the chief character, but on his most distinguished contemporaries,—Pitt, Fox, Bolingbroke, Lord North, &c. This justice is all the more noticeable and praiseworthy, inasmuch as it is very evident that on those points most calculated to excite enthusiastic sympathy, Mr. Morley is not at one with Burke. Yet it is possible to carry what we may call "dramatic apologies" too far, and to lead us into a sort of sentimental shadow-land, where there is no true footing. The influences of two master minds of the past half century are very noticeable here; so noticeable, indeed, that had it not been for them, this book had scarcely taken the form it has done. These are M. Comte and Mr. Carlyle. That peculiar sort of apologetic tone, determined not to acknowledge itself as apologetic, which gives such a peculiar air to the essays on

Voltaire, and Diderot, and Mirabeau, reappears here, combined with a passion for exhaustive exactness, doubtless derived from the oracular egoism of Comte. These two things sort but poorly; and the result is that by a kind of unconscious mental thimblery, one thing is almost whirled over into the place of its opposite. Burke's dislike to the French Revolutionists is explained away with the grounds on which it rested, and we have a defence both of the Revolution and the worst leaders of it, in a vein strangely compounded of our two hierophants named above. Had Burke's opinions had the weight with the author which his veiled apology might almost lead one to believe, it is scarce possible he could have written thus; but the apology he writes for the Revolutionists might well be taken as proof strong, though indirect, that Burke was nothing but a "resplendent rhetorician," which incisive characterization Mr. Morley at the outset summarily dismissed. Yet this "Study" has much value as a specimen of literature in which, notwithstanding Mr. Hallam's happy efforts, we in England are defective. It is written with power and pointed clearness—proving that the author has made himself master of his subject; and it should be read by every one interested in the political history of England.

Life and Labours of John Campbell, D.D. By the Rev. ROBERT FERGUSON, LL.D., and the Rev. A. MORTON BROWN, LL.D. London: Richard Bentley.

AFTER having faithfully tried to discharge what Mr. Matthew Arnold has called the proper function of criticism with regard to this book—that is, to "disinterestedly seek and show forth the best" in it—we confess we are unable to recommend it to our readers. Drs. Ferguson and Brown have lost a good opportunity, such an opportunity as the records of Dissent may not again present for long. Through Dr. Campbell, they might have recommended to Englishmen at large that stolid strength, and rugged, manly independence which made him, *malgré* his defects, a typical Dissenter, and, on the other hand, by care and judicious treatment, they might have maintained the highest tide-mark of Nonconformist culture and learning. They have notably failed in both respects. Yet Dr. Campbell would have been a first-rate subject for an original-minded biographer, careful in that sort of psychological comparative anatomy of which we have now so many examples. He was a man of honest character and unwearied energy. Doggedly pertinacious, and with that rigid intellectual clearness which only comes of moving regularly in a narrow circle, he was never troubled with doubts, and was always ready to dash into the thick of controversy, and deal about blows in all directions. He was by nature a polemic, and the same tendency would have exhibited itself whatever walk of life he had chosen. That anecdote his biographers give of his chasing Stratton, the foreman under whom he wrought as a blacksmith, with a bar of red-hot iron, because Stratton had challenged him for bad work, is typical of all his activity. He had a keen nose for heresy, and in tracking it out was as watchful, sagacious, and unrelenting as a sleuth-hound. When he declared war it was always to the—red-hot bar. Underneath the shell of his eccentricities and egotisms, however, there was a kernel of real goodness and quaint, distinctively-marked character, which all readers would have respected. But the biographers seize the absurdest points, and dwell on them, all unconscious of their absurdity, thus unwittingly perpetrating the most amusing caricatures. They strike a wholly false key-note, setting up their sect for the broad world, and their great-small men for heroes. The letters are thrown down on the page pell-mell; those given regarding the Doctor's second marriage being inexpressibly ridiculous. It is a relief to find, in the midst of all this rhodomontade, that Dr. Campbell, in his last years, like Dr. Cunningham, Dr. Chalmers, and others, deeply regretted the fiery severity of his theological onslaughts—a point which might have warned his biographers, and moderated the tone in which they celebrate his victories.

The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, late M.P. for Finsbury. Edited by his Son, THOMAS H. DUNCOMBE. Two Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

WE have read this book with interest—such an interest, indeed, as we must confess we once or twice felt half ashamed of. But "man is perennially interesting to man." A book composed of the scandal and gossip of the Regency

—piquant, picturesque, adventurous—could not but be entertaining. But “there is a speedy limit to the use of” men of fashion as well as of “great men.” And we are not sure but this manner of seasoning and preserving the name and fame of a person like Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, by sandwiching it with matters of grave historical and political import, only associated with him in the most adventitious manner, is a little dangerous and over-venturesome. It is not enough that the public eagerly seeks after and devours such conglomerations; the public needs sometimes to be protected against temptation. This book properly divides itself into two—“Public Matters during the Regency,” and the “Private Life of Mr. Duncombe.” Whatever has permanent value, and could be held forth as throwing light upon past policy, or offering the most distant solutions to present perplexities, has the most accidental and arbitrary association with Tom Duncombe, and could have been committed to the public without him as the immediate peg to hang it on. Indeed, Mr. Duncombe appears here in somewhat the position of that amiable character we have heard of, who, able to stand more drink than his associates, arrayed himself in their top-coats, and like a sober man, left each at its owner’s door, as signal of the helpless condition in which he was lying. This, of course, applies with most force to the first portion of the book, where “honest Tom” is regarded as the man of pleasure; it does not to the same extent apply to the second part only because the writer does not seem to feel that there is any necessity for the personal reserve he practised in the first half. But that does not redound much to the credit of the subject. While Mr. Duncombe was showing himself off as the friend of political refugees—Kossuth, Mazzini, *et hoc genus omne*—he was plotting to place Louis Napoleon on the throne of France, and had even entered into a compact with the Duke of Brunswick, whereby he was to be properly rewarded for his pains in that matter. In the light of these things, and the bribery which is here openly confessed to, Mr. Duncombe’s services on the Radical side, even where they were undoubtedly beneficial, seem somehow to lose their attractive aspect; and we are forced to think of him simply as a mean though astute intriguer, ready to sacrifice almost anything for substantial advantage. Those who have been spendthrift in youth often grow calculating and mean in age. Mr. Duncombe was an instance, only he was cunning enough to try and hide it. This may seem a harsh judgment; but when a son can tell us that his father “went in” to politics simply with the hope of place and connection, and turned Radical only because he fancied it would pay him better, we surely do no despite to his father’s name. Indeed, it would seem almost as if the son had some secret interest in slyly insinuating the existence of low motives wherever he can on his father’s part. We do not deem it either proper or profitable to expose errors in this carelessly-written book, for that would be to attach a wholly false importance to its matter; nor do we offer any outline of its contents, for that would only be to reprint what we have hinted had better not have been printed at all.

III.—PHILOSOPHICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

The Darwinian Theory of the Transmutation of Species Examined. By a Graduate of the University of Cambridge. 8vo. London: J. Nisbet & Co.

Man: Where, Whence, and Whither. By DAVID PAGE. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

WE take these two works together, as both treat more or less directly on the vexed question of the physical origin of man. In the volume first named the anonymous author stretches the whole theory of Mr. Darwin on the dissecting table, and with scalpel sharpened on the keenest whetstone of a logical and mathematical mind, he lays bare every joint of the framework. He strips off the integuments of “natural selection,” and exposes the many dislocations of the skeleton. This is the first time that the system of Mr. Darwin has been dealt with as a whole. Other critics have treated it in detail, have pointed out the vast hiatus between mammal and lower vertebrates, between vertebrate and invertebrate, which not even Mr. Darwin’s skill has been able to bridge. We have here the whole question examined from first principles. Mr. Darwin is relentlessly driven by his examiner to the utmost consequences of his hypo-

thesis, and then his steps are traced back to his "one primordial form," and his proofs, geological and physical, examined at each halting-place.

The first three chapters are devoted to the question of "species." Here, we think, is Mr. Darwin's strength and his weakness. His strength, for as naturalists we are compelled to admit that many so-called species are merely hereditary varieties; his weakness, for, taking advantage of the reckless multiplication of species by modern naturalists, he has implicitly denied the existence of species altogether, and built his pyramid on the foundation of an indiscriminate amalgam of orders, genera, species, and varieties. The author shows how frequently Mr. Darwin has contradicted himself in his explanation of the idea of species, and how, after stating that there are "good and distinct species," he writes:—"To discuss whether forms are rightly called species or varieties before any definition of these terms has been accepted is vainly to beat the air." The author next examines Mr. Darwin's theory of "natural selection," and shows that, after all, he uses this term, upon which the whole edifice is based, as synonymous with "the sequence of events." The operations of this "sequence of events" are next examined as to its functions in the structure of living things, and as to its functions in accumulating instinct. Transmutation, the geological question, and the total absence of geological evidence, are very fully treated; then the organic similarity and organic distinctions of animals. The writer concludes by boldly throwing down the gauntlet on the argument of design; and shows, we must confess, to our minds conclusively, that the argument of design explains infinite difficulties which Mr. Darwin avowedly admits are inexplicable with our present knowledge on his hypothesis. Mr. Darwin asks, "Do they really believe that at innumerable periods of the earth's history certain elemental atoms have been commanded suddenly to flash into living tissues?" Yet, in alluding to objections, he writes, "They relate to questions in which we are confessedly ignorant, nor do we know how ignorant we are." His critic observes:—

"If we deny the will and the work of a Creator in the existence of organized beings, we must deny it in the cosmical arrangements also; we must carry out the theory of natural selection to the earth itself, and the whole machinery of the solar system. . . . To allow that the earth was arranged as it is by design, but to deny that organic life on the earth is the production of design, would be to allow the greater miracle and deny the smaller. If an artificer and design can be discovered anywhere in the universe, they will be acknowledged everywhere."—(P. 363.)

It is impossible in our limited space to give even the barest outline of the mode in which the absence of geological evidence is handled; and the difficulties opposed to transmutation by the organic distinctions of animals set forth. Our author claims that "in every instance we must begin with what is known and present to us before we can speculate about what is unknown and remote. To this rule we know of no exception" (p. 354). But Mr. Darwin draws largely upon the imaginative faculties. Upwards of forty cases are adduced in which he calls for our *faith*.

"It is to be remembered that the whole system is proposed as a creed, and that belief, and the necessity of belief in things which do not appear, is frequently urged by the learned author. How often, how very often, does he make use of the expression, 'I see no difficulty in believing,' and almost always when the thing to be believed is most startling, and we may add, too impossible."—(P. 150.)

We may give a few of these instances. The grand theory of transmutation wholly depends on it:—

"It is necessary to believe that when a variety has once arisen it again varies, and that these varieties are preserved." "Analogy leads the observer to suppose either that (intermediate links) do now somewhere exist, or may formerly have existed, and here a wide door for the entry of doubt and conjecture is opened." "If my theory be true, it is *indisputable* that before the lowest Silurian stratum was deposited long periods elapsed, as long as, or probably far longer than, the whole interval from the Silurian age to the present day; and that during these vast, yet *quite unknown*, periods of time the world swarmed with living creatures."

The great anti-Darwinian argument from accidental variations is handled in a masterly way, viz.: that every organized being forms a whole, a unique and perfect system, the parts of which mutually correspond, and concur in the same definitive action by a reciprocal reaction. None of these parts can change

without the whole changing. In a strain of caustic irony is pointed out the difficulty (which Mr. Darwin has himself confessed) of conceiving how the earth-worm or the bustard, the horse or the bear, would be better fitted for their positions in nature by a change through "natural selection," and it is demonstrated how, in the lower Silurian strata, the eye of the trilobite was as intricate and perfect an organ as any eye of recent times, while in any case the earliest of each class are proved by the record of geology to have been as perfect as their successors. If the record of geology be imperfect, at least we have no other; and by it we must abide till further evidence is forthcoming. We conceive that this work, vigorous in style and forcible in argument, may do good service in checking the spirit of reckless speculation amongst naturalists, and reminding them that though at perfect liberty to advance theories, yet before they can enforce their acceptance they must have some more cogent argument than "I see no difficulty in believing." We could have willingly dispensed with the too frequent tone of banter and sarcasm; yet, till such difficulties as those here set forth are answered, Mr. Farrar can scarcely again class Mr. Darwin with Galileo as a persecuted discoverer.

In referring to the other work on our list, we are put out of count by the author at the outset. "No man who has subscribed to creeds and formulas, whether in theology or philosophy, can be an unbiased investigator of the truth." Yet he has no scruple in demanding subscription to a creed of his own, for immediately afterwards he adds, "Belief in the *uniformity* and *permanence* of the methods of creation is all essential to our inquiry." Mr. Page is well known as a successful compiler of handbooks on geology, but he has here shown that the power of indexing a subject does not necessarily imply that of sifting premises and drawing logical conclusions. The most original parts of his work are the vehement invectives against theologians with which he is fond of winding up his chapters. The rest is a summary of the most "advanced" views of the anthropologists and other speculators, the premises, often put hypothetically by the authors whom he quotes, rarely bearing out the dogmatic conclusions at which he arrives. We can assure Mr. Page that in reading carefully every page of his book, we have been influenced by a sole desire to arrive at truth, and our honest conclusion is, that he has throughout mistaken speculation for demonstration. He categorically asserts what Mr. Darwin only hypothetically suggests, that "it would not be difficult to show that the vertebrate is a higher specialization of the molluscan, each linked to the other by intermediate forms, which are either still existing or belong to bygone geological periods" (p. 40). If it be so easy to prove, we can only say it is most cruel in Mr. Page to keep his proofs locked up in his cabinet. But Mr. Page is not a discriminating collector. He appropriates Mr. Darwin's hypothesis in its fullest extent, applying it to man's origin from the monad through the ape, on which subject he warms to enthusiasm, and then he so far forgets himself as to speak of the "*original conception* of the vertebrate skeleton." After this he tells us, "Though observation has not yet been enabled to complete the argument, there can be no doubt of the existence of the principle of variation, and we may safely accept it as one of the main factors in the law of biological development." Then he tells us, "The idea of *development* involves that of *superaddition*!" Not more lucid are his metaphysical views. "The *soul* is essentially instinctive, but superadded to instinct, it possesses the power of storing up its sensational experiences." Further on, "soul, reason, or instinct," are identical. His ethnological dogmatism is really amusing. "Physical causes alone could not account for the difference (of man), physiological and psychological" (p. 82); forgetting that just before he had stated, "There is no cause for such divergence save what is of a physical nature" (p. 76). We are told that everywhere the Caucasian has been preceded by the Mongol, he by the Red Indian, he by the Malay, he by the Negro, behind whom comes the undiscovered primordial man. Upon this *fact* (?), as it is next called, many conclusions are built. "There can be no greater delusion than that nations will ever be brought to the same beliefs, or to one common course of action." The conclusion of the work is not flattering to our pride of race. "The existing varieties of mankind will pass away, and the *highest* be superseded by others more highly organized and more nobly endowed."

IV.—CLASSICAL.¹

Eight Comedies of Aristophanes. Translated into Rhymed Metres by LEONARD-HAMPSON RUDD, M.A. London: Longmans.

IF Mr. Rudd will be content with a bracket in the second class of Aristophanic translators, John Hookham Frere having the first class to himself, he may be said to be fully entitled to it. To Mr. Frere he is not comparable either in intimate appreciation of the spirit of Aristophanic comedy, or in that admirable approximation of his own humour to the same quality in the great comic poet of Greece, which has enabled him to distance all his competitors. But, setting Frere aside, the excellencies in which such translators as Walsh and Mitchell outvie Mr. Rudd are generally counterbalanced by other good points in the translation with which he has favoured us; and we should be inclined to rank him pretty close to Mr. Rogers, whose translation of the "Peace" is characterized by much the same evenness of workmanship, and the same creditable approach to excellence, as is exhibited in the eight plays of Mr. Rudd. This gentleman has undertaken a difficult task—to convey to general readers (for he disclaims addressing himself primarily to scholars) photographic representations of political and social life at Athens as pictured by Aristophanes; and to do this at the same time that he purges that poet's scenes and plays of the excessive grossness which seems to have recommended them to an Athenian audience. No one with any pretensions to true refinement in our days can be insensible to a nausea ever and anon supervening to mar the pleasure derivable from the racy humour of the Acharnians. Knights, Frogs, and Peace; a nausea arising from coarse and filthy jests which Christianity and Christian civilization repudiate. Yet it must be owned that the process of expunging these is very trying to the translator, and lays him under the imputation, which it is not easy to escape, of sacrificing some of the fine wheat of Aristophanes coincidently with his tares and chaff. We are not at all sure that Mr. Rudd's expedient of omitting whole passages which represent the context, so to speak, of some objectionable and unrepresentable indecencies, is so satisfactory a mode of handling an admitted difficulty as the plan of verbal omissions and alterations, and the substitution of some vaguer or less pronounced word for that which, in certain cases, requires excision. We have no acquaintance with Bowdler's Shakspeare, but judging from the tradition of it which we have received from others, we should say that the principle of the edition of Shakspeare by the Messrs. Chambers—namely, "to substitute for an objectionable word or phrase some other word in inverted commas, which does not spoil the sense or detract from the author's wit and wisdom"—was preferable to the earlier attempt at expurgation, and more fitted for imitation, where it is feasible, in translating Aristophanes. There is a large amount of innuendo and of "jesting not convenient" in the scene of the Acharnians, when the Megarian brings his daughters into Dicæropolis's private market; but really it is hard to know where one is, if at all versed in Aristophanes, when one reads the Acharnians "per saltum," with such broad leaps as over fifteen or twenty lines at a time, e.g. vv. 735—749. Under the control of his self-imposed rule—the general principle of which we commend, although we doubt its working well—the wonder is that Mr. Rudd can carry the reader on so well as he does, and contrive to convey so much of the flavour of Aristophanic humour.

There is another feature in Mr. Rudd's translation which we cannot help regarding as doubtful, especially as he seeks the suffrages of non-scholars; and that is his adoption of the "iambic measure" for the ordinary dialogue of his translation. From time out of mind it has been the usage of English translators to represent the Greek iambic by the ordinary English blank verse. From this rule Mr. Cayley has deviated in his translation of the Prometheus, and his ear has helped him to escape failure in his experiment. Still he has not, apparently, taken the public or the critics by storm; and perhaps Mr. Rudd, too, is satisfied if he can *deserve*, without *commanding*, success by a like experiment. But Mr. Rudd superadds to his addiction to English iambics an inexplicable attachment to rhyme. Every iambic in his eight plays has a rhyming brother. *Foreign* in his metre, he is *native*, thrice *native*, in his adherence to rhyme, even where English poets would dispense with it. And this is certainly a drawback

to a meritorious work; nay, more, it leads him at times into additions and importations for rhyme's sake which, had he kept even to unrhymed iambs, he would have eschewed. As a sample of this we take the reply of Pæchus to Hercules' suggestion of "henlock" as a short road to hell—

“ψυχράν γε καὶ ἐνσχιμίρον·
εὐθὺς γὰρ ἀποπήγνυσι τ' ἀντικνήμια” (*Frogs*, 125—6);

which, in his desire to get some word to rhyme with “members,” Mr. Rudd cudgels his brains to translate—

“That is cold, as bad as two Decembers,
And gradually chills one from the lower members.”—(P. 363.)

But, in truth, the iambs, apart from the fetters of rhyme, are the least likeable feature of these translated plays; and we rejoice to be able to praise, as a set-off, the general happiness of Mr. Rudd's imitations of the Aristophanic anapaests, and indeed of all the choral metres. These all rhyme, as it is meet they should, save the famous choral prelude to the contest between Æschylus and Euripides (vv. 814—829 of the *Frogs*), which the translator has with much success reproduced in the metre and rhythm of the original (see p. 379). Some of his shorter staves rhyme and read very gracefully; and any reader who will refer to the *Frog-choruses* in the *Ranae*, or to the choral odes in the *Clouds*, will see that we are not overstating the truth.

Mr. Rudd is entitled to the praise of not riding the Aristophanic puns to death like his predecessor, Mr. Walsh. His hits have more warranty in the Greek text, and if not always lively, are never “loud.” The play on φῖναξ—φεινάκις (Acharn. 89—90) he matches with “chetah” and “cheated.” The lesson in the deserter's “primer,” which Nicias gives Demosthenes in the *Knights* (21—26), reappears here in the form of—

“A way, away,—run-away.”

which is as good as any of the attempts of his forerunners; and a snatch from a chorus of the *Knights* (985—995), where the point is the alliteration of Δωριστὶ and Δωροδοκῆσσι, to Cleon's discredit and disadvantage, will serve at once to show that the present translator can render humour humorously, and that he can rhyme and poetize creditably. He is withal nearer the Greek than Walsh:—

“For me I often have admired
Under what master he acquired
The music of a hog; but they,
Who were his fellow-scholars, say,
He was so slack to learn as lad
To touch the lyre and sing,
That all concluded that he had
No taste for fingering.
In vain his master would employ
Each artifice and shift;
Till, angered at the last, “this boy,”
Said he, “will never, never, learn
To touch a lyre: his only turn
Is—fingering a gift.”—(P. 105.)

The discussion of the Chorus and Dicæopolis over the packing of the informer, Nicarchus, in the *Acharnians*, is given in pp. 44, 45 with spirit and humour, and with a regard for the letter of the Greek not common in Aristophanic translators; and many other passages from choral odes are not less successful. It would be unfair not to give a taste of Mr. Rudd's iambs, of which we have already said that we do not affect them, but they may find favour with others. We quote from the passage in the *Knights* where Cleon finds that the oracles are against him. The sausage-seller's birth, school, and education, all fit the oracle's description of the coming man who is to supplant the demagogue. Then Cleon cries—

“Oh! Lycian Apollo, what must be my fate?
What calling did you follow, when at man's estate?”

S. S. Sold sausages.

Cleon.

Alas! I am undone. 'Tis slight,
The hope that yet remains ere I am ruined quite.

Answer me only this. In the market-place did you,
Or at the city-gates, that sausage trade pursue?

S. S. Where else but at the gates, where they buy salted stuff?

Cleon. Alas! the prophet's words are only sure enough.

Bear off the hapless wretch! Away: my sun has set.

And, chaplet, fare thee well, though all unwilling yet

I part with thee: thee shall another now possess,

No greater thief perhaps, but rogue with more success."

P. 113. Knights, vv. 1240—50.

The parody of a line in the *Alcestis* in the last of these verses reads very naturally. As far as our examination has gone, Mr. Rudd's interpretation of his original is very accurate. We doubt, indeed, whether Aristophanes would have known his own words, had he read of Dexitheus "coming in upon the calf" (*ἐνὶ Μόσχῳ*), *Acharn.* 13; and whether to render *ἃ σύνισμεν τοῖσιν ἵπποις* ("what we feel about our horses") is not to mistranslate. Also, as respecting the Queen's English, we do not admire translating *κωμωιδιδάσκαλος* "one who put comedies on to your stage." But these are exceptions to Mr. Rudd's rule; and we can commend him to the general reader as a refined, pleasant, and faithful translator of Aristophanes.

Decii Junii Juvenalis Satiræ XIII. With English Notes and Introduction.
By G. A. SIMCOX, M.A., Fellow of Queen's Coll., Oxford. London: Rivingtons.

A THIRD instalment of that handy and promising series, the "*Catena Classicorum*," lies before us. It is an edition by Mr. Simcox of so much of Juvenal's *Satires* as is required in the Oxford examinations; the omissions being the 2nd, 6th, and 9th *Satires*, which an able Cambridge editor, Mr. Mayor, had set the fashion of leaving out, as ill-suited for the study of younger readers. To Mr. Mayor, indeed, Mr. Simcox owns himself largely indebted; and, in taking in the main the text of Jahn, he gives a further security that his edition will be up to the mark in point of "readings" as well as of interpretations. Not but that he exercises independent judgment, and supports, with more or less success, his deviations, where they occur, from authorities to which he gives general credence. One of his rules, and one, we think, liable to be pushed too far, though excellent in moderation, is the axiom that "*potior est lectio difficillima*;" and in examining his annotations, it has struck us that he is too fond of cleaving to the harder reading, even where it yields no vestige of probability. An instance of this occurs in the 3rd *Satire*, v. 218, where, in the face of the Pithou MS., which he generally favours, of the Scholiast, and of the editions of Mayor, Macleané, and Prior, he prefers

"*Phœcasianorum vetera ornamenta decorum*"

to the much more probable "*Hæc Asianorum*," or "*Hic Asianorum*." As these "ornamenta" are amongst the presents which the satirist says will pour in to the rich man, whose house has been burnt down, from his assiduous satellites, it is hard to see how their value would be enhanced by their having belonged to gods clad in priests' woollen shoes; and we cannot but think that this is a passage where Mr. Simcox would have done better to acquiesce in the carefully-weighed text of Jahn, "*Hic Asianorum*," avoiding, as it does, the incongruity of a solitary female amidst male mourners ("*Hæc Asianorum*"), and the difficulty, which Mr. Simcox himself feels, as to what gods could be meant by "*phœcasiani divi*."

At the same time one is bound to respect a principle which necessarily involves "*bonâ fide*" addition of labour and research; and, as there is no lack of these in the whole volume, our readers have in its adoption an earnest of solid fruits of inquiry and patient thought. That which we take, however, to be the main characteristic of Mr. Simcox's editorial labours, is the happy manner he has of throwing into a couple of lines or so the gist of two or three otherwise obscure verses of his author. Here Mr. Mayor is not always successful, and Mr. Macleané is too diffuse. But something of the kind is very needful, especially in editions which have not, as the meritorious edition of Juvenal by Mr. Prior, in the "*Grammar-School Classics*," a brief running commentary in

the margin. And this something Mr. Simcox is very happy in supplying when, e.g., at iii. 9, young readers might not see all the point of including among the "*mille pericula sora Urbis*"—

"Augusto recitantes mense poetas,"

without such a note as this: "They are dangerous, as they make you hear them in crowded rooms, in the hottest part of the holidays, when you can have no excuse for refusing, if in town." The meaning of Sat. iv. 86—88—

"Sed quid violentius aure tyranni,
Cum quo de pluviis aut æstibus aut nimboso
Vere locuturi fatum pendebat amici,"

could not be made more apparent by the most exact interpretation than by this condensed but sufficient comment: "You had to talk of the weather, and felt your life was at stake all the time." The meaning of "*facilis jactura clientis*," in iii. 125, could not be put into briefer or more expressive paraphrase than in the note, "He is sold cheap for another false smile from a Greek," which fully explains the bearing of the text on its context. At the last line of the same satire this concise manner of putting before the reader the point and connection of the Latin is usefully applied. The Latin runs—

"Satirarum ego, ni pudet illas,
Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros;"

and although Mr. Mayor takes "*caligatus*" to mean "prepared to do service in the ranks," and Mr. Prior understands it "equipped for fighting," there are few who will not at once see light and reason, and point and force, in Mr. Simcox's brief exposition, "I'll come up to your cool farm to reinforce your satires, if they are not ashamed of my hobnailed boots."

Another happy characteristic of Mr. Simcox's editing is his manner of illustrating, where it is possible, ancient ideas by modern. On "*verna Canopi*" (i. 26) he notes, that "Canopus was to Alexandria what Greenwich and Rotherhithe are to London;" and he parallels "*Titio Scioquo*" (iv. 13) by our "John Doe and Richard Roe;" "*Artem scindens Theodori*" (vii. 177) is "making a mess of his Lindley Murray." Such parallelisms, doubtless, are not far to seek, yet they help, in their measure, both to enliven and to enlighten the ordinary run of readers. Those who look for something deeper will generally find the grammatical notes good, as is the case with the explanation of the dative in "*Et mare percussus puero*" (i. 51); though we think there should have been some little said about the "*genitive of quality or respect*" in iii. 48, "*Extinctæ corpus non utile dextræ*," which, being unnoted by Mr. Simcox, might puzzle such readers as had access to no other editions. There are not a few similar omissions, explicable, possibly, by regard to the circumstance that the "*Ætæna*" series is pledged to go as little as possible over old and oft-trodden ground; yet consideration for the possessors of but one book ought to secure a few words of interpretation wherever a word occurs which is either extremely rare, or used in a sense which does not commonly attach to it.

In the tougher passages, throughout Mr. Simcox's volume, the student will never lack manful and "*bona fide*" help; and, as in such cases he gives a choice of interpretations, there is room for independence of decision, where, as is sometimes the case, his view does not recommend itself. We cannot think, for instance, that his punctuation is right at i. 61: "*puer: Automedon*"—nor at i. 67, "*signator falso, qui.*" On the other hand, he is quite right, at iii. 105, in putting a comma between "*a facio*" and "*jactare manus.*"

The introductory matter is entertaining and cleverly put, which is saying a great deal, where facts are few, data uncertain, and comparative estimates confessedly "*precarious.*"

Horace: Odes, Epodes, and the Secular Song. Newly translated into Verse. By CHARLES STEPHENS MATTHEWS, M.A., Pombr. Coll., Cambr. London: Longmans.

MR. MATHEWS, with some poetic taste, has a vagrant and erratic muse, not in the least fitted for translating Horace. Diffuse where that poet is succinct,

roundabout where he is pointed, involved and hard to understand when his original is clear as crystal, he utterly fails to represent the Roman master of the lyre. And though, where he is minded, he is tolerably successful in matching a lively Latin metre by something kindred in English measure, yet so frequently does he content himself with a slovenly gait and a defective syntax, that even this promise of excellence is disappointed in every page; so that a translation can hardly be conceived less likely to give those unread in Horace a fair idea of his poetry, or more certain to outrage the taste of those who read him and love him. This is plain speaking, but it is the truthful result of deliberate conviction; and any one who will take a patient survey of the first book of the Odes, original and translation side by side, will be driven to allow that our estimate is not extreme or unnecessarily severe. Schoolboys often find a great help to the understanding of the classic they are reading by a poetical version—a perfectly admissible help for them; but what gain would it be to them (and this is, after all, a tolerably fair test) if, seeking to realize Ode I., i. 7, 8—

“Hunc si mobilium turba Quiritium
Cerrat tergeminis tollere honoribus,”

they find it frittered and spun out into—

“This man will have Quirites vie
; To pass him up to honours by
The dozen, with a steady love
Not always not inclined to move,”

where the only foundation for the last ungainly line is the word “*mobiliū*?” Or what fruit are they likely to reap from a comparison of the line, “*Trahuntque siccas machinæ carinas*” (I. iv. 2) with its rendering by Mr. Mathews?—

“The very keels, which stranded high
With gaping seams, for rollers cry
And line, to drink to drag them by;”

a triplet which can have no other aim than to show how far neglect of grammar, of syntax, and of due care in interpretation, can avail to confuse what was once clear.

The truth is that diffuseness, and a tendency to “*slipshod*,” are ruinous propensities in a translator of Horace. “*Duplicis Ulyssei*” figures in this version as “that complicated man, Ulysses, minglement of force and cunning;” and any one who will turn to the oft-quoted passage describing the effects of the appearance in the heavens of the constellation of the “*great twin brethren*” (I. xii. 27—32) will come upon such an erratic, obscure, and diffuse amplification of the original as will satisfy him that Mr. Mathews has taken rope enough to hang his poetic pretensions. In the beginning of the 15th Ode, the words “*pastor*” and “*perfidus*” not only send him off upon this sort of amplification,—

“From shore to shore Ægean when
The Shepherd, *who his like belied*,
For pastoral be faithful men,” &c., &c.;

but they also lead him into a serious blunder, that of supposing “*pastor*” (and not “*Nereus*,” which comes after) to be the subject to “*ingrato celeres obruit otio Ventos*,” for he goes on,—

“In floated woods from Ida’s side.
Fatigued the time, and shamed the breeze,” &c.—(P. 32.)

This is a more serious mistake than we have detected elsewhere, although there was little excuse enough after Milton’s “*Courts thee on roses*,” in the ode to Pyrrha (I. v. 2) to torture the verb “*urget*” into—

“’Tis you
He *urges* to the rendezvous,
And asks—why come you not?”

But, to do Mr. Mathews justice, he sometimes lights upon a happy hit. In the prophecy of Nereus, where he begins with a mistranslation (as above noticed), he does poetical justice to the words—

"Sorus adulteros
Crines pulvere collicies."—(19, 20.)

"These crisp provocatives to lust
At last shall drabble in the dust."

And in Ode IX. there is poetry and fancy, as well as tolerable faithfulness, in the third stanza,—

"All else permit the gods to guide,
All else perceives them at the helm.
At rest yon tufts of cypress ride,
And those two lines of aged elm,
Soon as the gods send to their pillows
The battling winds with fervid billows ;"

and in the conclusion of the last stanza,—

"The traitor laugh from corner'd wall
Of lurking maiden, and from arm
Or finger, rape of token gold
Let go with faintest show to hold."—(P. 22.)

But even poetic instincts are sometimes a snare to a translator, as when, in another ode (XXIII. 6, 7), they tempt Mr. Mathews into the quaint and fanciful, but questionable, effort to improve on Horace's simile :—

"Seu virides rubum
Dimovero lacertæ."

"Or lizard, for a peep
At day, but draw apart
Brier-blind."

When, to what has been said, it is added that there is a superabundant crop of archaisms in this translation, an affectation not congenial to Horace or his admirers, and that such false rhymes as "dawn"—"man," "eld"—"afield," occur, page after page, a case has been made out fatal to Mr. Mathews's prospects of being held in remembrance as a translator of the Odes.

The Odes, Epodes, Carmen Sæculare, and First Satire of Horace. Translated into English Verse by CHRISTOPHER HUGHES. London: Longmans. Northampton: Dorman.

FROM the number of attempts at translating Horace, it would seem as if he were as popular as ever; and, to judge by the failure of most of these, as hard to transfuse without loss. The bard's captivating manner enlists imitators, who do not foresee that it is his finish and grace which will be hardest to reproduce. And though these attempts witness to an appreciation of the classics in days when some, who owe most to them, are turning their backs upon scholarship, a censorship of Horace-translations, with power to imprison and confine some, and to strangle others, might be an institution to be desired. To this view we are the more inclined after perusing the translations of Mr. Hughes, an attorney-at-law, we believe, who, amid professional pursuits alien in the furthest degree to poetry, has found time to cultivate his Horace, improving his own taste, and beguiling rare leisure in the worthiest way. With so good an intent, it is a pity that he did not, before publishing, take "counsel's opinion." His preface makes one doubt, "in limine," his being alive to all the difficulties of Horace; and his confession in it that he has translated "from now an old Elzevir, now a Milman, then a Delphin, and then, perhaps, a Weber's 'German Corpus,'" suggests the misgiving that as, of all these, only the poor Delphin has notes, his textual interpretation is very likely to be defective. And what is a translator of Horace without an intimate acquaintance with Orelli, Gesner, Bentley, and the like? Professor Conington often gives the gist of one or other of these in a single line, and Theodore Martin disdains not the precaution of ascertaining his author's meaning from the best commentaries. But Mr. Hughes has manifestly overlooked this preliminary, and thereby damaged his translation. With its metres we have little fault to find. Some are good, some indifferent; none that we have examined absolutely bad. But, as regards the poet's sense and meaning, many of his translations substitute half sense for whole sense, and many betray a neglect of Latin grammar.

Upon Ode II. xx. 6—

"Non ego quem vocas
Dilecte Mæcenas, obibo," &c.,

a little more research would have taught him not to punctuate as he has done in translating, "And called Mæcenas' friend mortality, I scorn;" and to avoid the awkwardness of having two vocatives instead of one, by interpreting "Quem vocas," "Whom you invite to your society," for which sense of "vocas" there is a parallel in "me petit," II. xviii. 10. And a nicer insight would have brought out in Od. III. viii. 19, 20,—

* Medus infestus sibi luctuosus
Dissidet armis,"

the antithesis which is lost or obscured in—

"The Mede his own death-wound has dealt,"

because "infestus" points to "war with Rome," and "sibi dissidet" to "intestine or civil strifes."

But much more serious fault lies in omission of important members of sentences, e.g., in the "Lament for Quinctilius," (I. xxiv.) 12, where, in the lines—

"Tu frustra pius heu! *non ita creditum*
Poscos Quinctilium deos,"

the words in italics mean either "intrusted to the gods not so," i.e. "to be preserved, not lost," or else "lent to you by them not so," i.e. not absolutely, but as a loan to be resumed. Recent translators adopt the former interpretation—Professor Conington the latter. But Mr. Hughes simply ignores the words and their difficulty, translating—

"By many good men wept he died,
By none, my Virgil; more than you,—
Vainly on virtue you relied,—
You with vain prayers the gods pursue,
To us Quinctilius is denied."

Again, in Europa's words, III. xxvii. 57—9—

"Potes hæc ab orno
Pendulum zonæ *benè te secutâ*
Lædere collum,"

resides infinitely more force and point than Mr. Hughes reproduces. When he renders—

"Your zone from elm suspended may suggest
A ready way,"

he banishes altogether "*benè te secutâ*," words meant to tell a tale of that zone, which maidens parted with at marriage, being retained by poor Europa, because her amour was illicit; retained, too, as she hints in the adverb *benè*, to hang herself withal. Conington translates—

"Twas well you kept your maiden zone,
The noose to tie."

Elsewhere sense and perspicuity suffer from misapprehension of the syntax, as in III. iv. 13, &c., q.v. where Mr. Hughes does not see that "*mirum quod foret*," &c., is a clause in apposition to that which precedes it, and that "ut" just afterwards depends on "*mirum*," and means "how." And in the rendering of—

"Age dic Latinum
Barbite carmen
"Lesbio primum modulate civi"—(I. xxxii. 3—5),

occurs a misinterpretation which has puzzled us not a little. As Mr. Hughes Englishes it—

"We ask the air to which Alcæus first
His Latian song outpoured,"

we are curious to learn of him when *first*, *last*, or ever, Alcæus outpoured a Latian song; and how—even if we settle the first difficulty by reading "Les-

bian" for "Latian"—"modulate" can possibly, as in this English it is, be referred to "carmen."

In truth, what is wanting throughout is revision. "Hurry-skurry" is a sin against taste. Hence, in turning the words of Nereus to Paris (I. xv.),

"Necquicquam Veneris præsidio ferox
Pectus cesariem,"

"In vain you comb your locks by Venus' aid,"

the translator makes the goddess of love appear, not as patron, but as valet, lady's-maid, or purse-maid of her effeminate favourite. Hence the sins of commission and omission in such a rendering as this:—

"Et superjecto pavida natarunt
Æquore damas."

"Whilst afraid,

"Stags swam the deluge to evade,
Which nature dooms."

Of a truth such scholars as enter really into the spirit of Horace might be excused for putting a new interpretation on his line—

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius,"

when they see what wretched recastings of him in baser metal are ignorantly resorted to. In justice to the bard, and to scholarship and its interests, it would be wrong to speak smooth things of the well-meant but ill-finished copy of Horace's golden monument which is before us.

Sales Attici; or, the Maxims, Witty and Wise, of Athenian Tragic Drama. Collected, arranged, and paraphrased by D'ARCY WENTWORTH THOMPSON, Professor of Greek, Queen's College, Galway. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas..

"PARÆMIOLOGY," the study of the "wisdom of many and the wit of one," has been always so attractive that one may augur a large amount of success for this happy venture of Mr. D'Arcy Thompson. The Greek fathers of the Church enshrine a vast number of proverbs and maxims, but the Greek tragedians teem with "adagia," witty and wise. The "gnomæ" of Euripides are amongst his most marked features; and his great rivals, as it will be seen in this pleasant volume, had a good title to the same character. And there is this ground for thankfulness to Mr. Thompson, that he has, where possible, contented himself with giving close English parallels for such dramatic maxims as admitted of them—parallels from the "old-said sawes" of English proverb-lore. In other cases he has thrown into his paraphrase, or translation, a good deal of the air and smack of our English proverb-language; and in others, again, he has turned the noble and wise moral sentiments of greater length which are found in Greek chorus, as well as in the iambic portions of each drama, into telling, pointed, didactic, modern dress, such as, when we read it, preserves in a great measure the gnomic stamp impressed upon the Greek. Indeed, although proverb-lovers set most store by brevity, one cannot too much thank Mr. Thompson for the many longer passages which he has vouchsafed; because they embody, as it were, many pearls in one setting; while, to vary these, there is no lack of others that shine out single, simple, and separate. Space forbids us to go at length into an enumeration of the riches of this volume, which has been but a short time in our hands, yet which is too valuable to go unnoticed. One or two veins may be traced by us a little way, if we cannot pursue the many which invite more leisurely research. There is, e.g., the religious tone of Æschylus and Sophocles, more real and notable than that of Euripides, in assigning true attributes to the Deity. God's truth is borne testimony to in the maxim, "God cannot lie: whatsoever He speaketh that will He in due time bring to pass" (p. 7, § 12), a pretty close translation of the "Prometheus Bound" (v. 1032-3). His omniscience, His hearing prayer from His throne in heaven, is owned by the same dramatist in the adage, "Though God is far away, yet He heareth all that call upon Him" (*ibid.*, § 18), an English turning of the Æschylean line—

"κλύει καλοῦντος καὶ πρόσωθεν ὦν Θεός"—(*Eumen.* 287),

to be paralleled by a sentence of Sophocles (*Electra*, 173), paraphrased in p. 71 of the "Sales Attici": "God dwelleth in the heavens continually: He seeth all things, and all things are beneath His feet." But if these two or three proverbs mark out a line along which to pursue the theme of the reverence of the elder Greek dramatists, it must be owned there are not a few others of a much more heathen and debased type. This, from the "Septem c. Thebas," 716: *νίην γε δήπου καὶ κακὴν τιμῇ Θεός*, or, as Mr. Thompson puts it, "God respecteth even a knave, if he be a lucky knave" (p. 55), is one of a class largely represented in the pages before us, which will remind the student, well versed in proverb-literature, of the low type of the Italian proverbs.

But we must give two or three parallels for trite English maxims. In the "Supplikes" of Æschylus (484), *αἰδρίς εἴην μᾶλλον ἢ σοφός κακῶν* (pp. 50, 51), is no fancied prototype of our "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." "God helps them that help themselves," represents, in p. 57, two gnomæ, from the *Persæ*, and from a "fabula incerta," of which we give the least known: *εἰωθεὶ τὸ κάμνοντι συσπεύδειν Θεός*. The germ of "Do at Rome as Rome does," or, as Mr. Thompson renders it in p. 143, "I do at Athens what the Athenians do," is Soph., *Philoctet.*, 1049: *οὐπερ τοιοῦτων δεῖ, τοιοῦτός εἰμ' ἐγώ*. "Second thoughts are best thoughts," is, as many will remember, anticipated in the *Hippolytus* of Euripides (436): *αἱ δεύτεραι πῶς φροντίδες σοφώτεραι*; and indeed the latest, and commonly least esteemed, of the three dramatists has what look like the originals of several scores of our trite adages. His tact, however, is greater than his moral sense. Alongside of each other in this volume (p. 401) are found a maxim of guidance for daily life, which is excellent, "Good temper is good manners;" and an axiom as to faith and duty which is simply detestable: "In matters of religion, my son, go ever with the tide." Both come from the same play, the *Bacchæ*.

We must not close this brief notice without recognising the taste, elegance, wit, and brightness of many of Mr. Thompson's poetical reproductions of adages of larger dimensions. We do not know a better version of Sophocles, *Æd.* 7. 189,—

"Τέλει ποτ' εἴ τι Νύξ ἀφῆλ'
τοῦτ' ἐπ' ἤμαρ ἔρχεται."

"What work the Night leaves incomplete,
Day turns out polished, round, and neat."—(P. 75.)

And the same might be said of many longer passages. The volume will be invaluable to the student and to the curious in adages.

V.—TRAVEL.

The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia, and the Sword-Hunters of the Hamran Arabs.
By Sir SAMUEL BAKER, M.A., F.R.G.S. London: Macmillan & Co.

THIS book,—which, though first in point of the time and order of the explorations which it describes, and the sporting exploits which it narrates, is second in point of publication,—conducts the reader, in the company of Sir Samuel Baker, to the time and place at which his former work, "The Albert N'yanza," began. This eccentric arrangement of material is not conducive to the scientific interest of the author's work, as his readers already know the issue of all the speculations raised in its pages. They are familiar with the features of that magnificent lake-country of Africa, which he reached after the adventures, observations, and explorations here detailed had faded into distance from his onward track. The upshot of the discoveries, to a section of which each work is devoted, is this:—

"The lake sources of Central Africa support the *life* of Egypt, by supplying a stream, throughout all seasons, that has sufficient volume to support the exhaustion of evaporation and absorption; but this stream, if unaided, could never overflow its banks, and Egypt, thus deprived of the annual inundation, would simply exist, and cultivation

would be confined to the close vicinity of the river. The inundation, which, by its annual deposit of mud, has actually created the Delta of Lower Egypt, upon the overflow of which the fertility of Egypt depends, has an origin entirely separate from the lake sources of Central Africa, and the supply of water is derived exclusively from Abyssinia."

In a word, the equatorial lakes *feed* Egypt, but the Abyssinian rivers *cause the inundation*. All along the course of those beneficent rivers Sir Samuel Baker marched, sometimes in the actual bed of the Atbara and by the Blue Nile, where its dimensions had dwindled to those of a mere stream. The narrative in this volume of the sudden flood which rushes into "the two great Abyssinian arteries," and how it came rolling and thundering down within his own sight, forms a parallel to the description in his earlier volume of his first view of the Victoria N'yanza. This grand phenomenon was preceded by a whirlwind, and the mighty rush of the waters began in the night of the 23rd June.

"On the morning of the 24th," says the writer, "I stood on the banks of the noble Atbara river, at the break of day. The wonder of the desert! Yesterday there was a barren sheet of glaring sand, with a fringe of withered bush and trees upon its borders, that cut the yellow expanse of desert. For days we had journeyed along the exhausted bed; all nature, even in nature's poverty, was most poor: no bush could boast a leaf; no tree could throw a shade; crisp gums crackled upon the stems of the mimosas; the sap dried upon the burst bark, sprung with the withering heat of the simoon. In one night there was a mysterious change,—an army of water was hastening to the wasted river; there was no drop of rain, no thunder-cloud on the horizon to give hope,—all had been dry and sultry; dust and desolation yesterday, to-day a magnificent stream, some 500 yards in width, and from 15 to 20 feet in depth, flowed through the dreary desert! Bamboos and reeds, with trash of all kinds, were hurried along the muddy waters. Where were all the crowded inhabitants of the pool? The prison doors were broken, the prisoners were released, and rejoiced in the mighty stream of the Atbara. The rains were pouring in Abyssinia! *These were the sources of the Nile.*"

† Sir Samuel Baker's style is very much superior to that of the generality of travellers who take to writing. It is brief, incisive, and graphic, though never picturesque. The sentimental, poetic, or religious aspects of the grand subjects with which he deals have no attraction for him, but he treats the practical aspect, and the results of his journey, with great skill and admirable arrangement. In the present volume he has only Arabs among "natives" to mention, and the reader is not pained and shocked by the hard, positive inhumanity of tone which made the "Albert N'yanza," in spite of its value and interest, a distressing book to read. To the Arab tribes he grants some good qualities, and no lack of intelligence in their own way, and he has no words sufficiently strong for his admiration of the courage, the endurance, and the skill of the wonderful Hamran hunters, whose exploits require to be seen to be believed. It is when he has to speak of the negro tribes that he is so coarse and hard and inhuman in his tone. And yet the poor wretches on the White Nile were wonderfully faithful and useful to him and his wife, and it is difficult to combine that fact with his statement of their unmitigated brutishness. It seems to the unprejudiced reader rather as if Sir Samuel Baker had begun his explorations with a foregone conclusion in his mind, and made everything fit it. No one, with the exception of Commander Bedford Pim, of unenviable celebrity in connection with the "nigger" question, has written so coarsely or so hardly of our black brethren as Sir Samuel Baker, and we must confess to having opened this book with some distaste in consequence; but there is nothing to object to in its pages. As a record of exploration and discovery it is supremely interesting; as an addition to our knowledge of the animal life of Northern Africa it is most valuable; as a story of personal adventure and experience there is no book of modern date to be compared to it; and as opening up strange and wide fields of speculation concerning future probabilities for the human race, and the spread of western civilization, it has an interest of wide and deep extent. The chapters devoted to a description of the author's adventures in the company of the Hamran Arabs are most interesting and wonderful. The daring of these men, who attack every kind of large "game," elephant, rhinoceros, lion, &c., on foot, and without other arm than a short sword, almost surpasses belief. The story of the prolonged hunt on so magnificent a scale has great fascination in it, and works the reader up to such a pitch of enthusiasm that he is disposed rather to like than to

find fault with the illustrations, which are full of dash and expression, but absurdly exaggerated. Lions bigger than mammoths, and rhinoceroses in comparison with which mastodons would look little, abound in these Munchausen-like pictures; but that is a very pardonable fault. The volume concludes with an able and carefully-stated exposition of the great resources of Upper Egypt, and the want of scientific irrigation for their development. The author pleads for that. Increase the area of Egypt, he says, to the extent to which it is capable of increase, and it will give you an immense amount of cotton and grain. A dam across the Atbara would irrigate the entire country from Gozeragup to Berber, a distance of upwards of 200 miles; and the same system upon the Nile would carry the waters throughout the deserts between Khartoum and Dongola, and thence to Lower Egypt. The Nubian desert, from Korosko to Abon Hamed, would become a garden; the whole of that sterile country enclosed within the great western bend of the Nile towards Dongola, would be embraced in the system of irrigation, and the barren sands, which now give birth to the bitter melon of the desert, would bring forth the water-melon and heavy crops of grain. He concludes with an eloquent appeal to the spirit of European enterprise to do something for the fertilization of the desert. Give Sahara water, he says, and Sahara will repay with amply rich gratitude. Perhaps we may think about this when we have fought out our quarrel with Abyssinia.

Narrative of a Journey through Abyssinia in 1862-3. With an Appendix on "The Abyssinian Captives Question." By HENRY DUFTON. London: Chapman and Hall.

THE first impression made by Mr. Dufton's book upon the reader is, that he is singularly impartial and unprejudiced in his views of the Abyssinian question. He does not, like many perfectly well-intentioned, but ill-judging Englishmen, rush to the conclusion that because the Emperor Theodore has got into trouble with us, everything that has been hitherto stated to his advantage must necessarily be false, all favourable accounts of him, that everything which tends to elevate him above the level of a bloodthirsty savage, must be mere fiction, and the splenetic outbursts of anger and vituperation which have lately been hurled against the Napoleon of Abyssinia necessarily true.

The emphatically moderate and fair tone in which he treats the unfortunate subject of quarrel between us and King Theodore inclines one to accord him a greater measure of confidence, of absolute belief, than is always extended to the narrators of adventures in unknown lands, and his personal intercourse with the king, who, whatever may be his faults, is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable men now in existence, lends his narrative a vivid and romantic interest. The tantalizing position in which a sovereign is placed who rules a large, almost savage, country, bounded on the side which leans to the light, in every sense, by Egypt and the Soudan, the mongrel Christianity of his country in constant antagonism to the fanatic Mahometanism on his borders, and the fact that envoys can reach him only through the enemy's territory, is well put before Mr. Dufton's readers,—a position which he evidently believes to be untenable, even without the accelerating incentive to its destruction of a deadly breach with such a power as England. All that portion of Mr. Dufton's narrative which relates to the king is very interesting, and though we cannot go with him in his recommendation that we should keep a footing in Abyssinia (in plain words, annex it) when we find ourselves there, we believe the advice which he gives, relative to the points for which our expedition should make, to be both sound and feasible. The programme which he proposes is,—“1. To get to that portion of Theodore's frontier which is nearest to his capital, for purposes of negotiation. This is Matammah. 2. Those negotiations failing, to march at once upon his capital. 3. In the event of his retiring, to occupy his capital and the rich corn-growing and cattle-breeding districts on the shores of Lake Tsana, giving him at the same time to understand that they shall be restored to him on the liberation of the captives.” The reasons by which he supports this proposal are, so far as outsiders can judge, eminently clear and convincing. He is entirely at variance with the idea that in the intestine difficulties of King Theodore's divided country we shall find our opportunity. He denies that the revolted tribes will help us in any way. The Abyssinian

will never believe us that the force which he will magnify into 50,000 men are merely sent to liberate our countrymen. In his eyes our entrance will be an invasion, with the object of making Abyssinia another India. He will resist us as far as he is able, not unitedly, but individually, by withholding supplies and beasts of burden. We need not reckon on getting from him a solitary cow, or a bushel of corn, or a mule to carry our baggage, and we may expect the whole nation to be on the alert after plunder. If all these prophecies prove themselves, the Abyssinian expedition will indeed be a disastrous blunder, and only to be "recouped" by taking possession of the country, and proceeding to colonize it forthwith. But we are not inclined to see everything so much *en noir* as Mr. Dufton, even though he possesses the undeniable advantage of knowledge in matters where we must stop at speculation and conjecture. As a narrator of travel he is more lively than as a prognosticator of history. The chief interest of the book attaches to his personal acquaintance with King Theodore, the story of his life while following the migratory king about, and the frequent, undeniable evidence which he obtained of his former friendship towards England, and warm, almost passionate, attachment to his unfortunate English friends, Messrs. Bell and Plowden. The story of Theodore's rise from the position of a common soldier to his present irresponsible power is one of the most wonderful which contemporary history can unfold, and Mr. Dufton tells it with much acceptable fulness of detail. The history of Mr. Dufton's journey is not particularly interesting. His style is quite wanting in picturesqueness, and he falls into the error, so common to travellers, of forgetting that his readers cannot see the places he is mentioning, and that therefore it is not sufficient to declare their beauty or their grandness; he should paint them. Of Abyssinia he says succinctly that it is an earthly paradise. He is an ardent admirer of Bruce, and is very careful to verify and vouch for all his statements, especially as to the disgusting method and material of the natives' food. He gives an interesting and favourable account of the Mission to the Abyssinian Jews, at which Sir Samuel Baker sneers so bitterly, and devotes considerable space to an account of the extraordinary and horrible cases of mania which are common among the natives of Abyssinia, and imputed by them to diabolical possession. The book has sufficient merit, in spite of the tame tone in which the narrative portions of it are written, to be interesting at any time: as a *pièce de circonstance* it is particularly acceptable.

Through Spain to the Sahara. By MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS, Author of "A Winter with the Swallows," &c. London: Hurst and Blackett.

THOUGH Spain is still a little-visited country, a large proportion of the tourists who have visited it have recorded their experiences in print, so that it cannot be called a little-known land any longer. There is nothing new in Miss Edwards's work, which is inferior in style to her "Winter with the Swallows;" but, for all that, bright and charming, bearing the marks of her cultivated mind and correct taste. She is a little too fond of quoting from Latin authors, and she tells the reader unnecessarily often that her object in going to Madrid was to study Velasquez. One is always prepared and pleased to hear about Velasquez and Murillo,—as inevitable, and infinitely more interesting than the horrid bull-fights which every one goes to see, and every one denounces. But Lady Herbert has so lately taken all readers of "travels" over precisely the same ground, that it is somewhat tedious to make the journey in this instance. Miss Edwards is a thoroughly good-humoured and appreciative traveller, and all the personal narrative in her book is charming. She utterly denies the charges of extortion, incivility, and uncleanness so freely brought by British tourists against Spanish innkeepers; and though she gives a ludicrous account of the unpunctuality, slowness, and *laissez-aller* of the railway system, she describes the results as exceedingly luxurious and delightful. Happily she does not go much into the political situation in Spain, for her abilities are not of the order required for the treatment of such questions. She is a little cloudy in her history sometimes—as, for instance, when she speaks of the Inquisition in Spain as "the system of Ignatius Loyola," which is not just, as we think, to the Jesuits, or, as they would think, to the Dominicans. The author's sketches of Algiers, Oran, Saïda, and the glimpses of desert life caught by her on her way to Blidah, are very bright,

pleasant, and picturesque. She reached Blidah immediately after a great shock of earthquake had wrought wild ruin, and describes the desolation of the scene as terrible, the despair of the population as heart-rending. Only the Arabs remained undisturbed. " 'It is the will of God,' they say when any evil happens; and they resign themselves to it, outwardly calm as statues."

Far Away ; or, Sketches of Scenery and Society in Mauritius. By CHARLES JOHN BOYLE. London : Chapman and Hall.

MR. BOYLE writes well, in a pleasant, chatty style, but his work has not had sufficient or judicious revision, and he has fallen into the error which so easily besets writers who compile books from correspondence. He has retained a number of personal allusions, references to common recollections, and small jokes, which are not very intelligible or at all interesting to the general and uninitiated reader. The impression of life in Mauritius afforded by this book is very pleasant. It has its drawbacks in mosquitoes, ants, and "Malabars," as all the native inhabitants, no matter of what race, are promiscuously called. Its advantages are far more numerous and important. The glorious climate, the wonderful natural beauty, the splendid trees, the pervading presence of superb colour, the general ease of life, the universal hospitality, and the absence of poverty, are large ingredients in the happiness and peace of existence. The "coloured" population are of various origin, and differ widely in point of intelligence, but they all entertain the reckless disregard of life which is common to Orientals. The Hindoos in Mauritius are of the lowest grade, and, even for Hindoos, grossly superstitious. There is a story of a servant, a convert to Christianity, quite equal to that of the New Zealander who conformed to the Christian law of marriage by eating his surplus wives. "The family in whose service this man was, were about to start on a long journey, when he was caught in the act of sacrificing a lamb. 'How is this?' said Gen. —; 'sacrificing a lamb? Why, you are a Christian!'" "Well, yes, so I am, but though the Blessed Virgin is good, Vishnu is good too, and here we are, going a long way, and there are elephants in the jungle, and I thought if I could please the Virgin and Vishnu as well, we should have a double chance of getting through safely." A few chapters devoted to the Fauna and Flora of Mauritius, and the author's description of the beauty of the giant vegetation of the forests, are of transcendent interest.

Pictures in Tyrol and Elsewhere. From a Family Sketch-Book. By the Author of "A Voyage en Zigzag." London : Longmans.

It is difficult to tire of descriptions of mountain travel, however multiplied. The magic of the mountains, which exerts so potent a spell over the traveller, extends to the reader too, and tempts him through volume after volume of the literature of climbing. One of his pleasantest excursions was that made in company with the travellers "on Zigzag," and another opportunity of the same kind is sure to be accepted with delight. In Tyrol, "and elsewhere," the writer of those charming descriptive chapters, the artist who drew those matchless sketches, so full of truth, humour, fun, and freshness, must be the most acceptable of companions. This volume is only superior to its predecessor inasmuch as there is more of it.

With Maximilian in Mexico. From the Note-Book of a Mexican Officer. By MAX, BARON VON ALBENSLEBEN, late Lieutenant in the Imperial Mexican Army. London : Longmans.

MAX, BARON VON ALBENSLEBEN, is an extremely well-intentioned individual, with more sentiment and enthusiasm than judgment and prudence. Impelled by a strong personal admiration of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian, he joined the imperial army at a period when its fortunes were rapidly waning, and doubtless conducted himself remarkably well during the brief period of his service in the falling cause; but he would have done much better not to have written a book which, while professing to be a tribute to the memory of the archduke, whom he praises in terms of absurd hyperbole, and of whose career he takes an utterly impractical view—indeed, a view totally opposed to facts—is in reality a silly and verbose piece of self-glorification, quite worthless as a

contribution to the history of a very remarkable period in our time, and which true and honest criticism must condemn. Of Maximilian, the impulsive and "gushing" Baron has really nothing whatever to tell. The reader cannot discover from the book whether the writer was ever in the presence of the Emperor. Nothing can exceed the cloudiness of the narrative, except it be its flimsiness, and the value of the Baron's opinion on the whole case may be estimated from the fact that he gravely declares Maximilian's failure to be attributable to his superhuman virtue and purity of mind, which rendered him incapable of suspecting or believing in the existence of evil in others. In a word, Maximilian, according to the Baron, was much too good to live, and he expects history to arrive at the same conclusion. For the rest, the book is mere rubbish—denunciation of "perjured traitors," romantic descriptions of eternal friendships, and deadly treacheries, ending with a duel, in which the Baron's adversary "falls bleeding at his feet," and the Baron instantly jumps into a boat, and, fortunately for him, makes his escape from Mexico. This book is intended as a monumental tribute to Maximilian. It is much to be hoped that the "House of Hapsburg" will not understand its merits very clearly.

VI.—POETRY, FICTION, AND ESSAY.

Guild Court. By GEORGE MACDONALD, M.A., Author of "Alec Forbes of Howglen," "David Elginbrod," &c. &c. Three Volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett.

WHEN criticism has done its worst upon a new book of Mr. George MacDonald, the book remains a valuable gift. It is impossible to read him without passionate admiration constantly rising into something better, though the shortcomings of his work may be even glaring. It is due to him to try and get it clearly understood that he never was intended to write novels or three-volume stories. He is, by nature, a cross—unique, so far as our knowledge goes—between the poet and the spiritual teacher. Stooping, however, to the conditions of the novel, Mr. MacDonald is still himself—a beautiful, inspiring, pellucid writer. Of the purity and brightness of his work it is difficult to speak without seeming to bring down an echo of Minerva—*cerulean* is the adjective that belongs to both the brightness and the purity. It is not by any means as if Mr. MacDonald looked down from the skies upon the life he sees, but rather as if the life itself were lifted upwards; as if a groundswell of glamour carried his scenery and his people "up high," as children say. It often seems as if bright, coloured clouds flitted between him and his object, so that it is for a moment seen with prismatic distortion and prismatic hues; but the light is there always in some shape. A little sense of unreality keeps slipping into the reader's mind, because Mr. MacDonald, though he has a fine, peculiar humour, has not the same kind of humour as Jean Paul and some others; he never laughs at himself, is never so roughly tickled by a thrust from a hard fact as to get shaken out of the glamour. He does not readily take to the deep, pathetic *fun* there is in the disparities of life; or, perhaps, for some reason, he does not do himself justice in this respect, for Mr. MacDonald has grown, and is growing, so much that it is hazardous to insist upon deficiencies in *him*, though shortcomings (a word which, as distinguishing from faults, is in his case the true one) in his work cannot escape notice.

The peculiarity of "*Guild Court*" is that it is a *London* story; that Mr. MacDonald has, in writing it, deliberately cut himself off from one source of power, or at least facility of expression, in abjuring the Scotch dialect; and that he has also set himself the task of dealing with quite commonplace people. Mr. Fuller is more a mouthpiece than a man, so he is no exception; and Lucy, the kind, faithful, little heroine, is deliberately painted as an ordinary girl (vol. iii. p. 62), who is even capable of a rather "small" thing. We are told (vol. i. p. 136) that Thomas Worboise "was not so [ill-tempered] as this always, or even gentle-tempered Lucy would have quarrelled with him, if it had been only for the sake of getting rid of him." Of course strong, noble natures do not

stoop to the meanness of quarrelling at all; and if they did, it would not be in order to "get rid of" anybody. But Lucy is simply good, sweet, constant, and capable of following a high initiative. As for Thomas, the hero, he inevitably reminds one of what Luke, the mill-servant, used to say to Maggie Tulliver about the prodigal son: "Eh, miss!"—but we forget the exact words, only they implied a strong doubt of the permanency of the young man's good resolutions. The love-making of the story is very sweet and pretty; but, strange to say, the best of it is in the first part of the book, and Mary Boxall, after she gets her little kiss on the shoulder, carries away far too much of the reader's sympathy to permit him to like Lucy as well as she deserves. The want of moral force, or driving power, in Thomas, shown, among other ways, in his utter incapacity to deal bravely (and as "honourably" as the situation permitted) with his self-created Mary Boxall difficulty, is, to our thinking, a far more humiliating thing than the frank, "fast," semi-animalism of the horsey Miss Hubbard, whose talk with Thomas Mr. MacDonald declines to describe, in these words (vol. ii. p. 208):—

"But why should I go further with the record of such talk? It is not interesting to me, and therefore can hardly be so to my readers. Even if I had the art to set it forth aright, I hope I should yet hold to my present belief that nothing in which the art is uppermost is worth the art expended upon it."

In another place Mr. MacDonald makes Lucy tell Mattie, an old-fashioned little girl, that if monkeys disgust her, that is what they were made for. Just so; and Miss Hubbard was made for something too, of which it is a shame to cheat us in this way. It is too bad to ride off upon the "art" question—it is not "art" that is uppermost in, say, Fielding's picture of Parson Trulliber, but free-playing sympathy. We know how difficult it is (if not impossible, or at least unexampled) to get this free play along with height and purity like Mr. MacDonald's; and we should not have said a word if we did not believe that Mr. MacDonald has the requisite "art," if he will only cut his cable and trust himself. Elsewhere (vol. ii. p. 176) Mr. MacDonald says, "There are no natural types that do not dimly work their own spiritual reality upon the open heart of the human being." Deep and true words, of a far wider significance than they bear upon the page in question. If any man living could trust himself to sketch fully a type like Miss Hubbard, and yet remain faithful to his best vision of the best type, that man is Mr. MacDonald. In all his writing we have never been sensible of one jarring note, of a single moment's moral discord. To return to a point just touched upon at the beginning—the grandeur of life and duty may be suggested by showing us freely a figure like Miss Hubbard's (ten times more *real*, even as she is left, than Mr. Fuller), because there is infinite humour in the irrelevance of such a figure to the awfulness and beauty of the great spectacle. It is in not availing himself sufficiently of this irrelevance, as a moral power as well as a relief to his other "effects," that we venture, with the deepest respect, to think Mr. MacDonald does a little injustice to himself. The man who can do that natural old Mrs. Boxall may trust his "art" for some other matters, and we hope he will.

For the rest, "Guild Court" is a story of strong interest, moving on quiet middle-class levels, and among the domestic passions and the domestic interests. There is an air of *home-ness* about it all which is incomparably sweet. We should think nobody will begin it without reading it through, and that nobody will finish it without feeling exhilarated and strengthened. It is the most unequal story Mr. MacDonald has ever written, but it contains no confusing *alloy*. You have always before you either gold, or something which you recognise for exactly what it is. And if you are a London man, you shut up the book with a longing wish that you knew where St. Amos's is, and could drop in when you pleased, to hear Mr. Fuller read prayers in the quiet while the traffic was raging outside. Let the reader buy "Guild Court," and find out what this means.

The Guardian Angel. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Two Volumes. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

MR. HOLMES' "Guardian Angel" has some value as a story, but more as a psychological study, and more still as being at once the symbol and result of

peculiar social and intellectual conditions. Those characters in the work which have really an independent existence—that is, which are creatively realized and developed from vital centres—are so thrown into the background that the interest in them is only awakened to be tantalizingly sucked away by those porous buffers which have been so cleverly interjected to keep Myrtle Hazard—the heroine—from becoming essentially a sort of second Elsie Venner. This we shall explain more fully in a moment. Myrtle is supposed to inherit the predispositions of no less than seven progenitors, and she lives through their lives in separate stages of hers. She is, in fact, “possessed;” being a witch, a Puritan martyr, a woman of beauty and fashion, a Red Indian, and so on by turns. Now, the whole chance of keeping this sort of exceptional central interest from becoming so morbid and oppressive as to positively repel, lay in running up to the parallels of Myrtle Hazard’s life advance lines of normal, common influences, so powerful as to relieve, and yet not to completely counteract, the dominating psychological influences personified in her. Mr. Holmes has not wholly succeeded in this because his mind is in the main scientific. George MacDonald, for instance, who more than almost any of our English writers inclines to this sort of study, loses his hold where Mr. Holmes is most powerful, and regains it exactly where he loses. Mr. MacDonald is constantly striving to throw inside the enchanted circle of physico-psychological conditions spiritual electric lines conveying currents that overcharge the ordinary elements of life, till at last breaches are made in the outer bulwarks; and, by these, ordinary men and women may advance to the innermost citadel of the enemy, and find in the religious instincts a means of approaching and aiding poor fellow-creatures possessed and beaten by devils in whatever form. Euphra Cameron’s letter to the dead David Elginbrod is the mystic breach by which the ministry of Margaret Elginbrod—who, it should be remembered, had no special force of will or remotest possibility of counter-fascination—becomes possible. Mr. Holmes seems really to be of old Dr. Hurlb’s opinion that “live folks are only dead folks warmed over;” but at the same time he regards Nature as constantly working towards crises and readjustments, the true cure being the careful help and acceleration of her processes. “Biles Gridley, A.M.,” is therefore a most commonplace “Guardian Angel,” who seems dynamically separated from the very personality he is so intimately bound up with. He, after all, lives outside it—a stranger to its mystery—one of the porous buffers, which destroy dramatic continuity by the very interest they excite. Mr. Holmes is the positivist; Mr. MacDonald is the mystic. Both to some extent, though from opposite sides, slide off from that magic centre which lies between spirit and body, ideal and actual, making them at once wonderful and undistinguishable. And the result is that both, at certain points, destroy the creative medium, and have to anchor a certain class of their characters within separate arbitrary circles, and to work them together by mere tricks of the intellect. Just in the degree that Dr. Fordyce Hurlbut and Clement Lindsay—two of Mr. Holmes’ most ambitious characters—are brought under the fascination of Myrtle, are we separated from Kitty Fagan, Cynthia Badlam, and the rest, who, as genuinely natural beings, most deeply excite our curiosity and our sympathy. That subtle impalpable element, in which art has its very life, is excluded, and hard scientific exactness takes its place. Here inheritance seems Fate, and the spiritual world becomes either a nonentity or a lie, with due result of doubtful teaching. When Susan Posey’s simple letter decides Clement Lindsay, the sculptor, to throw off the yoke and decide for duty—making him smash to atoms the image by forming which, in the passion of artistic creation, he had linked and lashed his unstable soul more firmly to a perilous enchantment—the moral impression is good; but that must yield to something like a hard scientific law of affinity, of necessity bringing like to like in due time, when Clement Lindsay weds Myrtle Hazard. The laws of art’s kingdom, which cometh not with observation, are deeper than those of science’s kingdom, which so comes; and all clever manipulation—and Mr. Holmes’ manipulation is unspeakably clever—will not make the one set of laws cover the field of the other with any satisfactory result. We have here scientific materials used to ends of art, but with no artistic result; and though we heartily recommend this story to our readers, we wish them to be fully alive to these facts.

But we said it was mainly valuable as the symbol and result of social and intellectual conditions. We believe such a book was possible in no country save

America and at no time save the present. A vital factor which has dominantly entered into any national life can never, in our opinion, be practically eliminated from it. Calvinistic Puritanism lies deep in the American character, and though attempts are now being largely made to get rid of it logically as a mere mode of thought, as a fact of life, it returns in the strangest manner, colouring and deepening all forms of thought, notwithstanding the strange conglomerate strata the stream has to rise through and flow over. And these strange strata do not impede it; they but impart to it a trace of their own peculiar dyes. America, with her boundless physical resources, her strange admixtures of race, her spiritual crampedness, and her eager, almost feverish reaching out for, and sharp assimilation of, all new facts and elements of civilization—in one word, with her restless *ennui* and despair of the body even in the blind worship of that which pertains to the body—is an interesting phenomenon; and what form could her Calvinism well take but that which Mr. Holmes has here so skillfully wrought out, and which he has thus succinctly expressed?—

“And now the reader, if such there be, who believes in the absolute independence and self-determination of the will, and the consequent total responsibility of every human being for every irregular nervous action and ill-governed muscular contraction, may as well lay down this narrative, or he may lose all faith in poor Myrtle Hazard, and all patience with him who tells her story.”

It is from the old deep Calvinistic idea in contact with transitional ill-assorted external elements running into grotesque arrangements—just as things lie mixed in a backwood's “store”—which has given us at once the far-withdrawn quaintness of Hawthorne, the deep-shaded humour of Holmes, and the inimitable drollery of Artemus Ward. All spring from the same earnestness playing against capriciously-assorted objects which it sees a profound meaning in, yet delights to view with one eye close or winking. There are single sentences in Mr. Holmes that, like the stones on some soils strengthening them, might have been picked out of Artemus.

Norwood; or, Village Life in New England. By HENRY WARD BEECHER.
London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

“NORWOOD” is no more a novel than it is a table of logarithms; but then, as the reverend author artfully abstains from calling it by that name, it must not be criticized by the laws of the novel. It belongs to a type of story of which American literature has given us a good many specimens—Mrs. Stowe's “Minister's Wooing” and “The Gayworthys,” for example. But while its literary qualities and its suggestive power are much higher than those of a work like “The Gayworthys,” it is far inferior, as a story, to “The Minister's Wooing.” We put the case in this form, not because comparisons are as a rule desirable, but for the sake of giving in small compass an idea of the rank “Norwood” may take, and the general character of its contents. Mr. Beecher's strength lies in character, and in the moral criticism evoked by the collision, or rather juxtaposition, of character. In other hands the scheme of his volumes might well have made a more affecting story; but in *his* hands it is chiefly Mr. Beecher that affects us, and not so much the narrative, though that is touching too. Fortunately, he is strong enough to wield a good deal of power, even in spite of the gross mistake of interweaving the story of the American war with the fiction. Mr. Kingsley made a similar false step (though not to such a degree) in “Two Years Ago.” The nature of the mistake is obvious. When nothing is said one way or the other as to what is “real” and what is invented, we accept the illusion of a story, and ask no questions; but the moment anybody says, “founded on fact,” or the like, or does what is equivalent, namely, introduces newspaper material, as Mr. Beecher does, we are reminded that certain of the events narrated have really happened, while as to others we must be uncertain, or more. Even what *might* be newspaper material, if it comes too close to familiar matter of fact, is damaging, as was so unhappily shown in “Aurora Leigh.” To this day it is almost an open question whether an historical novel can be a true work of art—i.e., satisfactory as to the illusion; but one thing is certain, that to mix up the well-known facts of *yesterday* with an invented story is sure to produce a very imperfect result upon a reader of to-day.

In spite of this, and that other drawback of the preacher's too frequent eye

to edification, "Norwood" is sufficiently successful, even as a work of fiction, to be a surprise to those who previously knew Mr. Beecher only in another capacity. All the character is well drawn, and the general handling shows an insight which goes far to console us for the missing *art de conter*. Some of the little episodes are admirable; the anecdotes of old Pete, for instance.

American literature may, perhaps, be said to furnish a crude answer, or a crude suggestion of an answer, to those who, in our own day, so haughtily decry "sentiment" as incompatible with strictly "human" energy and the honest service of Duty. The American nation is as sentimental as Joseph Surface—the book before us is a perfect eruption of sentiment, most of it, indeed, noble and beautiful. Dr. Beecher is a man of tried energy and activity, yet he goes on here like "foolish nineteen." He is too practised a writer, and has too much humour and truthfulness in him to condescend to mere high-falutin'; but if we were to describe "Norwood" as a story written by a young American professor of much ability, who was over head and ears in love at the time of writing it, we should scarcely fail to convey some sort of true impression to the reader. One of its most obvious faults is that it is too crowded; but, with a hundred points to irritate the critic, and too often heavy with "positive fact" or matter "founded on fact," "Norwood" is a book which no one who has learned for other reasons to respect Dr. Beecher should omit to read.

Mabel's Progress. A Novel. By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble." London: Chapman and Hall.

"MABEL'S PROGRESS" is such an improvement upon "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," that nobody would guess it was by the same author; but certain passages in the theatrical experiences of Mabel make it almost impossible not to identify the author of the novel with the author of certain charming papers which, appearing in another place some months ago, excited considerable curiosity. In all the three instances we find the same kind-heartedness, the same quickness of observation, the same fluent sympathy, the same histrionic bent, and, above all, the same utter openness or want of reserve. If Mabel had not left the stage, it might be worth while to remind her that this fluent openness is a great defect in our actor, who must be able not only to take on the individuality of another, but to suppress his own. In the language of the phrenologists, he must not only have large Imitation, he must have large Secretiveness. And this is the very first particular in which "Mabel's Progress" strikes an experienced eye as falling short. In spite of the story, in spite of the multitude and variety of the characters, and the interest of the situations, the book is a revelation from beginning to end. A more winning peculiarity a "new writer" could not have. The fact is, you fancy as you read that this kind, gay creature is going to offer you her hand; and, at parting, you drop ceremony and give it as sound a shaking as you can be forgiven for.

The greatest faults of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble" lay in the story and the people. The latter, except Stock the gardener, were lay figures, and the passions and the *morale* of the narrative were *jeune*. In "Mabel's Progress" this is mended. The accomplished author has boldly walked up to a larger canvas, and felicitously filled it. The story is good, the characters are well conceived, the style is natural, and the moral, *motif*, or intention so admirable, that it remains unaffected—a great triumph—by the imperfect apprehension of the "evangelical" type which has permitted a caricature like Miss Fluke. Even Stock was wide of the mark, though evidently intended for a copy; but Miss Fluke is a figure dashed in with a pencil that can do *much* better if it likes. Still, she is a powerfully-drawn caricature: it is impossible not to laugh at her, and it must be remembered, by those who find it unpleasant as well as powerful, that the "Hard Church" type may show more disagreeably than they know to one who has evidently been brought into active collision with it on points of conduct.

"Mabel's Progress" is strictly a novel, using that word in the most obvious, accepted sense. It deals with common scenes and ordinary society, and it has no romance in it except such as may be seen by any one who walks through London with his eyes open. Such material as commercial failure, the drop-down of a well-to-do family, the efforts of a son in one case, and a daughter in the other, to retrieve the situation; a "course of true love" made rough by

misfortune, honourable pride, and honourable delicacy, but flowing into haven at last; the self-betrayal of characters of weak fibre; the degradation of characters of no fibre at all; the cruelty of characters that are over-fibrous; the pathetic goodness of childlike inexperience,—out of these and their natural accessories the author of “Mabel’s Progress” has woven a moving, unexaggerated story. Its spontaneity makes us hope that the author may some day find her way to a class of work far better than the novel. One says, looking at “Mabel’s Progress,” the author has *produced* a charming book; it is evidently “put together,” however sweetly and naturally. But only a penny-a-liner would say Keats *produced* the “Eve of St. Agnes,” or l’ouqué “Undine,” or St. Pierre “Paul and Virginia.” Whatever the facts of her career as a writer may prove to be, we do not hesitate to say that her affinities, though not, so far as yet appears, of the deepest, do lie, weaker or stronger, with a nobler school than that in which she now appears desirous to take her degree. The figure and story of Corda Trescott are decisive evidence upon that question.

Old Sir Douglas. By the Hon. Mrs. NORRIS, Author of “Lost and Saved,” &c. Three Volumes. Second Edition. London: Hurst and Blackett.

It is scarcely possible, while turning over a novel by the Honourable Mrs. Norton, to avoid a passing consciousness of the speed with which the literature of fiction has been casting its skin during the last five-and-twenty years. Where shall we now find a style or a manner of conception like hers? Both the method and the more superficial characteristics belong to an era which might almost be called pre-Wordsworthian. The critic of to-day is scarcely accustomed to handle such material; he feels as if he wanted to go and talk it over with somebody like the late Mr. T. L. Peacock, lest the habits of thought engendered by what he is habitually forced to read should do it some injustice.

One thing is clear—the gifted author of “Stuart of Dunleath” has not forgotten her ancient cunning, her polish, her varied knowledge of men and cities, or her equally varied reading. Nor has she left behind her any of her power of expressing, without obtruding, indignation at wrong; or her gift of rhetoric, highly coloured with poetic feeling. “Old Sir Douglas” may be said to fulfil all the conditions of the novel. We have seen numerous objections to certain parts of it, but none which we do not believe Mrs. Norton could instantly answer. Her work has evidently been planned with care, and carried onward with a resolute hand. Nor can all the delicate self-control of the artist conceal the sense of delight in doing “justice” on a scoundrel which underlies the merciless irony of hatred that pursues the man Frere till he goes horribly to “his own place.” It is a portrait, whoever the original was, or is; so, perhaps, is Meg Carmichael. At all events, she is sketched with much reality. The narrative contains at least one highly dramatic surprise.

One passage made us laugh aloud, though it was not intended by the author to be funny. We are told (vol. i. p. 129) that Lord Brougham’s theory of dreaming is so and so, “in proof of which, he says, you have only to go and run a pin sharply into a slumbering friend.” Only! This is very like Lord Brougham, who has in his time run a good many pins sharply into a good many people; but any one who has contemplated the well-known bust of the Honourable Mrs. Norton cannot with complacency think of her running a pin sharply into a slumbering friend—Lord Duferin, for example, to whom the novel is inscribed, in one of those strongly-phrased, and yet delicate dedications, in which the author is so felicitous.

VII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

The Government of England, its Structure and Development. By WILLIAM EDWARD HEARN, LL.D., Professor of History and Political Economy in the University of Melbourne. London: Longmans. Melbourne: George Robertson. 1867.

THE fact that a bulky octavo on the above subject, from the pen of a Victorian professor, should have found its way to the mother country with a Victorian

imprint, has attracted much notice already. Dr. Hearn's learned and instructive work would deserve a far more elaborate review than can possibly be given to it in these pages. Its plan is original, and every page bears the mark of a mind which has thought out its subject; whilst the occasional references to colonial history and practice give—for an old-world reader at least—a certain zest and flavour to its matter. But the most remarkable feature of the work is by no means its novelty. What should well reassure those who, at every political change among us, see the "flood-gates of revolution" ready to burst on our devoted country, is to find that under a *régime* of universal suffrage, artisan representation, and common schools supported by rates, Dr. Hearn imperturbably sets forth the old traditional theories of English constitutionalism—declaring on the one hand that, "whatever may be its merits, democracy has no place in English law;" carefully proving, on the other, that "the royal will in contemplation of law is by no means the mere personal will of the king," but "his official will," carried into effect by certain special organs provided by law, all distinct, and none of them "competent to perform the functions of the other." In terms, at least, Dr. Hearn indeed falls short of the current doctrines as to the sovereignty of Parliament, maintaining that "the power of legislation resides in Queen Victoria no less than it resided in William the Norman," except that "the conditions under which that power is exercised are very different." He goes so far as to deny the legality of sudden creations of peers for a special emergency, and devotes several pages to proving that "the stoppage of supplies" is "no longer a constitutional remedy." Dr. Hearn's chapters on "the Cabinet" and on "Political Representation" may be pointed out as favourable specimens of his historical research and acumen. But could he not have shortened his work? Its bulk must repel many a reader whom it would well deserve to attract.

Curious Myths of the Middle Ages. By S. BARING GOULD, M.A., Author of "Post-Medieval Preachers," &c. Second Series. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons.

MR. BARING GOULD'S second dozen of "Curious Myths," if dealing generally with less familiar subjects than the first, will be no less delightful to all who relish a quaint tale and the hunting up of its pedigree. The bent of his mind is to resolve all legends into nature-myths concerning earth and sky, sun and moon, clouds and rain, dew, lightning, thunder, putting aside entirely the view which connects them with the mysteries of living nature, both of man and of animals, making sparing use of philology, Dr. Max Müller's sole master-key, and (except for the legend of Theophilus) wholly pretermittting the possibility of an underlying historic element. Whether a really comprehensive physiology of legend can be established otherwise than by an impartial recognition of all these various elements (together with an often enormous admixture of mere lying) as entering into its composition, may perhaps be doubted. To what extent such last adventitious matter may be present, Mr. Baring Gould shows excellently in treating of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins. These he does not, according to the current Protestant view, resolve into a St. Undecionetta, but traces the whole legend back to the Swabian moon-goddess Hørsel-Isis, queen of the many thousand stars; telling meanwhile how the bones in an old Roman cemetery having been once identified by ecstatic vision with those of the virgin-martyrs, such visions had to be repeated again and again to account for the presence of male bones, of sepulchral slabs, of the bones of children. Mr. Baring Gould has a visible leaning towards the Roman Catholic Church, but fortunately still, as him he has also a true Protestant and English horror of falsehood, which shield him from her seductions. Some of his views as to the lingering under-
 shield the of Druidism in our lower forms of dissenting worship deserve careful
 current who he But he might have looked higher. Rightly insisting that the Christian
 weighing at. tel's Pro-ry of the day, in its almost exclusive insistance on the immortality
 doctrine is trans- even on the lips of its most refined opponents, far more akin to
 popular theolo in it he Phædo than to that of our Saviour and His apostles, and
 of the soul, is, in his Tartarology flows far more directly from the sixth book of the
 the teaching of tell-t- anything in Holy Scripture.
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European Armaments in 1867: based upon Letters reprinted, by permission, from the TIMES. By Captain C. B. BRACKENBURY, R.A., Assistant-Director of Artillery Studies. London: Chapman and Hall.

CAPTAIN BRACKENBURY'S book, based upon letters descriptive of the implements of war lately exhibited at Paris, is just what is required by those who would like to follow with intelligent interest the discussions constantly arising on the subject. The only want felt by the reader is that of illustrations, without which the best descriptions of machinery are necessarily obscure. The author enters fully into the requisites for good ordnance, and describes the different experiments which have been made in Europe and America in the manufacture of guns; and it is consoling to find that he considers us at the least fully abreast of other nations in our preparedness for war, as far as material is concerned.

In these days of constant change and improvement it was, perhaps, as well that Captain Brackenbury's criticisms should be confined to schemes which have stood the test of practical trial. He therefore, in his chapter on naval architecture, says nothing about the plan of indented ports for ships, which promises to combine the advantages of the broadside and turret systems of armament, or of the suggestion of introducing into large guns an internal ring of metal joined to the body of the gun at the breech only, and so constructed that the powder will lie within and all round, the object being to lessen the strain on the breech by distributing the force of the explosion over a larger *surface* of metal.

Captain Brackenbury is, indeed, quite pathetic on the woes of inventors. "A brilliant idea," he says, "occurs to somebody; he makes drawings, or embodies his thoughts in a model, and from that moment happiness deserts him and peace flies from his pillow for evermore." On which passage take the following by way of comment: "Warren's cooking-stove," writes the author, "has the defect of only cooking properly in a state of rest." It is within the knowledge of the present writer that, at the time of the Crimean war, one of our engineers had designed a military cooking-stove to accompany the troops on the march and cook their rations while in motion. This cooking-waggon he intended to have made at his own expense, and to have driven it through the streets of London in operation; but he was so disgusted with the result of inquiries made at the Horse Guards respecting a cannon invented by a foreigner, and recommended to our Government by an ambassador, whose letter, with subject, had been *lost*, that he gave up the matter *entirely*.

A Paper read before the University College Students' Christian Association. By Professor SEELEY. London: H. K. Lewis.

ESSAYS of this kind have seldom more than a local and passing interest, and for the most part may well be left unnoticed by the reviewer. But there are many reasons which lead those who are watching the "signs of the times," in their bearing on religious thought, to regard any utterances of Professor Seeley with special attention; and on this ground we commend this "Paper," slight and fugitive as it is in form, to their careful notice.

It is, indeed, so brief as hardly to bear epitomizing, and yet it seems necessary to give some account of it. He begins, then, with recognising that among students, as in other classes, there will be many "not made for inquiry." "Those who abjure it altogether may find a happiness, may attain a *sancta simplicitas*, which the most confident and successful inquirer may envy." But there are others called "to grapple with the problems of the time," and to these he chiefly speaks. He tells them that in spite of all attacks on orthodoxy, all appearances that "the Church is breaking up, and Christianity dying," he believes that "the influence of Christianity was never so wide or commanding
bitterest
against

"all Christian churches" is, that they have not "made war against abuses," but "preached resignation and submission to the powers that be." What the Church needs is "a philosophy of society." It should be "a tribune interceding for the plebeian," an "incorruptible critic upon all social questions." If "any revolution break out in a Christian country, if any class remain unenlightened, uneducated, barbarous, the Church should reckon it her own sin."

"That philosophy," Mr. Seeley adds, "is not to be found in the Bible." The "great and universal principles are there," but "new powers have begun to

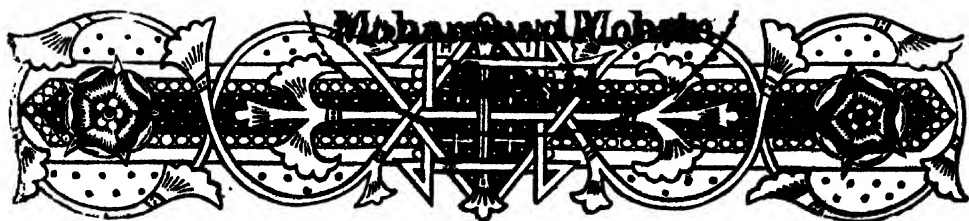
work in the world—free labour, industrial enterprise, political liberty, science, and these demand a new treatment.” “There are two books in which the Christian must perpetually read, the Bible and the Time.” “Charitable institutions are but patchwork.” The Church must gird herself, if she will keep or regain her influence, to the task of meeting evils at their source; if need be, “to labour for organic change, for the abolition of bad institutions and bad customs.” Into the wide questions which are thus opened we will not now enter. It is enough to have called attention to words that well deserve it. Those who believe that the Christian Church has yet a great work to do may thank Mr. Seeley for indicating, from his point of view, what that work is.

The Story of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, &c. By the Rev. HENRY ROWLEY. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co.

THE principal events in Bishop Mackenzie's mission are known to most readers. The energetic appeal of Dr. Livingstone (himself formerly an agent of the London Missionary Society) was heard in the old Universities of the Church of England: and, after two years' preparation, three clergymen and four laymen (followed by others afterwards) set out from Canterbury in October, 1860, as missionaries to Central Africa. They entered the mouth of the Zambesi river in May, 1861, and in July occupied Nagomero, between Lake Shirwa and the river Shiré, as their permanent station. The following nine months brought them disastrous experience of war, fever, and scarcity of food: and they lost their noble-hearted leader and bishop, and the Rev. D. W. Burrup. Removing thence to Chibisa's village on the Shiré in May, 1862, they maintained the struggle against the increasing famine, disease, and the desolating effects of intertribal wars in their neighbourhood. Here, on Bishop Tozer's arrival in June, 1863, he found the relics of Bishop Mackenzie's band; and by him the mission was transferred to Zanzibar as the best means of ultimately reaching Central Africa.

Mr. Rowley, one of the two surviving clergymen, has admirably filled up the familiar outline of the history of the mission. His straightforward manner of telling his tale—so different from the sentimental and affected style which the public (whether justly or not) regards as characteristic of a missionary report—is in itself an assurance that the comparative failure of the mission was not owing to any want of manly good sense, energy, and devotion in those who conducted it. So far as the mission was unsuccessful, it was so in consequence of imperfect organization, resulting from the imperfect knowledge possessed by its projectors. With a larger staff of men, there would have been no necessity for the clergy to take up arms to insure the safety of the heathen who came to them. With an adequate supply of food and medical appliances, the missionaries might have lived and held their position, in which they had ascertained that “with a little outlay and much care, you might make the country produce enough for the wants of moderate men—sufficient, therefore, for the wants of the Christian missionary.”—(P. 337.) Difficulties, though great, were not overwhelming, if sufficient resources had been provided in England. Bishop Tozer probably decided rightly, that, from so distant a base of operations, sufficient means would not be placed at his disposal to enable him to hold his ground on the Shiré.

But if in one sense a failure, it was so noble and pure an effort—so strong a testimony to the vitality of Christian faith—so likely to increase a spirit of Christian heroism in a self-indulgent age, that it cannot be regarded as thrown away. Wherever Christian readers are found, they must be influenced by the spectacle which Mr. Rowley's book presents of a few devoted men, with their calm and hopeful leader, patiently enduring privation, and wisely carrying on their work, animated, not by unreasoning enthusiasm, but by sober faith. We had marked many passages for quotation, but we must content ourselves with special references to two subjects only, namely, proofs of the cruelties and degradation which the slave-trade to this day entails on Africa (pp. 58, 64, 157), and the prudent method which the missionaries used in imparting religious knowledge to their untaught hearers (pp. 146, 161, 170, 175, and 230).



THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM IN ITS HOME ASPECT.

WHAT can be more desirable, a consummation more to be hoped and prayed for, than the union of Christendom? So we feel at first sight of the words; so we feel after long pondering on them, and appreciating their depths and their difficulties.

In the interest, then, of the fulfilment of these hopes and prayers, we would place on record some of these our ponderings. We are the more induced to do so, because it seems to us that many in our time have taken up the words without any such pondering, and are striving after their realization, in fact, in a manner which may prove rather a hindrance than a help.

What is Christendom? What is union? These are two preliminary questions, without some discussion of which it seems to us vain to expatiate on the subject. We must clearly know with what material it is purposed to deal, and with that material how it is purposed to deal, before we can pronounce the manipulation either possible or desirable.

I. *What is Christendom?* Let us face the question at once. Is Christendom the agglomeration of Episcopal Churches throughout the world, or do its limits extend further? The former view seems to be that of our friends who are professedly working for union at present. In their estimation the *sine quâ non* of a Christian Church is Episcopal government, and Episcopal government with a traceable succession

from the ancient Catholic times. Now, if the question were asked of us, as Churchmen, which of all forms we, in our conscience, believe to be the best one and the right one, our answer would probably be given in these very terms. But let it be carefully observed that that is not the question now at issue. We suppose that the man is hardly to be found who would seriously maintain that a mode of Church government is an essential to salvation. We say, *seriously* maintain. For that there are those who hold it as their theory, and in argument inflexibly keep to the position, that all grace comes to the individual soul at the hands of a ministry descending in formal succession from the Apostles, and so from our Lord Himself, we are perfectly aware. But there is an immense difference between what a man inflexibly maintains as his theory, and that to which he is driven in his serious moments, when his heart is laid open, and Truth looks in on him with her irresistible power.

It was once the lot of the present writer to introduce into a large clerical society, meeting monthly for discussion, the question, whether an orthodox Dissenter (using, of course, the term *orthodox* in its well-understood sense, as applied to Christian doctrine) is to be regarded as a member of Christ's Holy Catholic Church? It seemed to him very necessary that his fellow-members should be "brought to book" respecting this matter. Some of them were very high Churchmen, and were in the habit of speaking on it as the clergy of that school usually do—viz., of designating as "outside the Church" all their Nonconformist countrymen, and all non-Episcopal, and some of the Episcopal, foreign religious bodies. At the same time, it was a patent fact that the families of some of these very men were Dissenters, and equally patent that when any members of those families were spoken of by them, it was always as Christians, as living a Christian life, and dying in Christian hope.

Here then was an inconsistency which obviously wanted clearing up—which could only be cleared up, as it seemed to the proposer of the question, in one way—viz., by the abandonment of the high exclusive view in theory, as it was already abandoned in practice. The debate lasted far into the evening, and was adjourned to a second monthly meeting. At that meeting it was at last carried unanimously in the affirmative, that the Dissenter, holding the articles of the Christian faith, is to be regarded as a member of Christ's Holy Catholic Church. And I may mention that among those affirmative votes was that of one who very shortly afterwards left us for the Church of Rome. *Magna erat veritas, et prævalebat.* When men came once to look this question in the face, and to bring it to the test of their own consciences,—of their verdict over the holy lives and hopeful deaths of their friends and neighbours,—the artificial barriers fell, and the righteous nation which keepeth the truth entered in.

The only true test triumphed—that propounded for us by Our Master,—By their *fruits* (not by their hierarchies) shall ye know them.

This was seventeen years ago. How such a debate might *now* terminate is, perhaps, doubtful. But any other decision than that at which we arrived is, I submit, impossible to the fair-judging Christian mind. If the term “Christendom” is to be interpreted by facts, and not by a theory prior to facts, it must include those bodies of professing Christians at home whom we call Nonconformists: it must also include those foreign Churches whose form of government differs from our own.

I said, if the term is to be interpreted by facts. But many will say, in such a matter we have not to do with facts, but with a traditional belief, and with laws and canons of the Church. I answer, that with regard to the former of these, the fact of a general traditional belief on such a matter may appear to us a sufficient reason why we ourselves should, in our Church arrangements, conform to it. But by the very conditions which our own branch of the Church sets forth in her Articles, no mere traditional belief, even were it up to a certain time universal among Christians, is to be required of any man as necessary to his salvation, or, which is the same thing, as a requisite of his membership of the Church Catholic. In order to constitute a belief thus necessary, it must be capable of proof out of Holy Scripture; and however it may be evident as matter of fact, “unto all men diligently reading the Holy Scripture and ancient authors, that from the Apostles’ time there have been these orders of ministers in Christ’s Church, bishops, priests, and deacons,”* none will, we presume, be bold enough to maintain that such three forms are laid down in Holy Scripture as essential for the Church. So far is this from being the case, that the “bishops” of the later New Testament Epistles have hardly anything in common with the Church officers which have since borne that name, but were merely presbyters, as is acknowledged by the early Christian fathers. In Acts xx. we read that St. Paul, passing by Miletus, sent for the elders (presbyters) of the Church at Ephesus. In his address to them he admonishes them to take heed to the flock over which the Holy Ghost had made them *bishops*; for the word “overseers” here found in our English version is one of those pieces of disingenuousness by which its text is, though rarely, yet sometimes undeniably, disfigured. Again, in Phil. i. 1, St. Paul addresses his Epistle to the saints at Philippi, “with the bishops and deacons,” where Theodoret observes, “he calls the presbyters bishops; for at that time they had both names.” There is, it is true, in the pastoral Epistles—probably the latest, except one, of the New Testament writings—an apparently

* Preface to the Ordination Service, Common Prayer Book.

closer approximation to the superintending office of our present bishop; but not a word, there or anywhere, of that or any other particular form of Church arrangement being universally prescribed. If such prescription had been met with, of course it would be binding upon Christendom; but now that such prescription is not met with, no usage of the Apostles, no subsequent practice, however widespread, can close up or prescribe that which Scripture has left open. It is very probable—we hold it to be certain—that the safeguard of the individual conscience is more effectual for the good government of the Churches than that of the collective conscience; but to this general rule there might be exceptions, and this widespread opinion might not be held by all. Again, the Apostles made their arrangements for a particular time and condition of things; we have no right to say that they themselves would have enforced the same arrangements on other ages and in the presence of differing circumstances. Indeed they seem, even during the short period covered by the canonical Epistles, to have departed, at least in some instances, from their first ecclesiastical dispositions. So that we cannot concede any right to either the traditional belief, or the common practice of the Church Catholic, to enforce episcopal government as one essentially requisite. If any portion of the Church, in coming out of the corruptions of Rome, or out of subsequent corruptions of faith and practice in any reformed communion, had reason to believe that Episcopacy in that particular case had stood in the way of the work of God's Spirit on mankind, it had a perfect right to abandon episcopal for presbyterian government: it was not thereby removed a whit farther from the Scripture model of a Church; and we, however much we may differ from its conclusion, and deplore the step it took, have absolutely no right whatever to look depreciatingly on it as a branch of Christ's Church; still less may we presume to unchurch and unchristianise its members: they are in the direct and legitimate exercise of the sacred rights of the Christian conscience. And let it not be cast in our teeth, or in theirs, that they are guilty of the sin of schism. Whether they are so guilty or not, is a question bearing not on them only, but on us Churchmen also. If, in consequence of offence given to them by laxity of life and morals, we drove them to seek Christian purity in separation from us; if, by ignorance of the first principles of Christian charity, we persecuted them when we ought to have stood rebuked by them, then the sin of schism lay at our doors, not at theirs. To say that now, when they have a succession of ages and a traditional Church-belief of their own, they are schismatics, is a height of folly and pedantry, which it would be difficult to believe any intelligent mind to have arrived at, did we not see it far too often exemplified.

And this brings us to the second rule, with which it was supposed

that in this matter we have to do, rather than with facts; viz., the laws, and canons of the Church. Here we are met by what we cannot avoid again calling a pedantic, and at the same time a capricious, view of the subject. The pedantry of the view is found in this—that it insists on applying, to an actual conjuncture of manifest gravity, rules enacted with reference to a state of things having nothing in common with the time now present; rules, the framers of which never contemplated our difficulties,—never heard the call of God's Providence which summons us to action. To fall back upon such rules now, by way of discouraging those who would serve God in their own generation, is to be “unwise,” not “understanding what the will of the Lord is;” which conduct, as we believe, is of the very essence of pedantry, and that of the worst kind.

But this view of the subject is also one admitting of any unassigned degree of caprice and arbitrariness. Of the particular rules which they who hold it press on us, by far the greater portion has become obsolete and impossible. The burden of them is, “let him be excommunicated.” Why is not this done? Simply because it is impossible. Because, if it were in any one case attempted, the whole land would ring with indignation, and a storm would be raised which might bring down in ruin the outward fabric of the Church. Well then, if the aspect of things, and the public opinion of a Christian people, have thus far altered, are we to assume that the Church which once said, “let him be excommunicated,” has learnt no wisdom, but remains where she was in spite of this immense change? What has operated the change? What, disguise it as we will, but the conviction, deep as the inward sense of right—real as the daily grounds of thought and life—that Christianity is wider than Church hierarchies and canons ecclesiastical; that the Church Catholic is made up, not of those bounded by a certain pale of artificial barriers, but of those who, in the language of a well-known definition by the Church herself, “profess and call themselves Christians?”

But, besides that the hard *canonical* view is both pedantic and capricious, it possesses a peculiar demerit of its own, from the circumstances under which it is held. There can be no reasonable doubt that if the Church of England could be assembled in any fairly representative body, lawfully empowered to deal with her canons, the whole of this mass of illiberal rules would be ere long swept away. That the body which assumes to represent her is not so empowered, is fact of which none are ignorant. Few also can be ignorant,* that the last thing which Convocation is likely under present circumstances to represent, is the collective public opinion of English Churchmen. That assembly is for the most part delivered over to the guidance of the assertors of exclusive sacerdotalism, against whom the general feeling of the members of the Church is

in open rebellion. But it is not sufficiently known that, if anything like the whole of the members of the Lower House thought it worth while to attend in their places, the minorities which now in vain oppose the dictation of the High Church party would be transformed into triumphant majorities. It is mainly owing to the apathy of the so-called Evangelical party, and to their want of appreciation of the importance, even at present, of the decisions of Convocation, that the priestly movement at home and in the colonies is able to cite the official voice of the Church of England in its favour.

And is this a time, I would ask, to be throwing us back upon canonical rules more than two centuries old, and to be requiring the Church to stamp on herself the brand of folly, and of incapacity to do her duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call her? If in this and in some other respects her position be of necessity a false one; if at every step she require compromises and charitable interpretations to enable her to act, or even to exist at all, why should not those compromises be made for the benefit of her fellow Christians, as well as for her own? Why should not those charitable constructions be yielded to the love of her neighbour, which she is ever eager to accept for the love of herself?

I shall assume therefore, that we are called on to deal at the present day, not with theories, nor with traditional beliefs as to Church government, but with facts as we find them. I will proceed then to inquire what those facts are, as far as they concern our present question.

The Christianity of this our land is made up of the Church of England, comprising perhaps rather the larger half (?) of her inhabitants, and of many sects of Nonconformists. Among these latter, Roman Catholics are of course included, though, from their peculiar position, they belong to our present inquiry as a foreign rather than as a British denomination. Taking facts again, and not theory, as our index to character, Roman Catholics have really now become an Italian sect, inasmuch as their visible Head must always be an Italian, and, by the newly-proclaimed tenet of Ultramontaniam, must rule as a temporal prince over a portion of Italy. They have, by this regulation and this doctrine, for all purposes of strict inquiry as to the limits of Christendom, receded from an œcumenical into a local position. Dwelling in Britain, they must always be the spiritual subjects of an Italian prince; and the union of Christendom in its home aspect does not concern them, or concerns them only remotely. And even were this otherwise, there would be another reason why Roman Catholics cannot in such an inquiry be taken into consideration. With them, union implies absorption. Their position with reference to any accord between Churches differing in government would be simply antagonistic. That this is so as matter

of practice at the present time, was clearly shewn by the correspondence between the English promoters of what is called the union of Christendom, and the existing authorities at Rome. From these latter they got, as they always will get on every application for recognition, the curtest and severest answer:—"Our arms are open to receive you; nothing hinders your union with us but your own folly and obstinacy; other way to the union of Christendom we know not. God bring you to a better mind:" in substance, by the way, the same reply as the nonjurors were favoured with from the "orthodox" Greek Church, when they made a similar proposal.

For these reasons we are compelled, not by inclination of ours, but by unvarying action of their own, to pass over the Roman Catholics in our present inquiry.

But as regards the rest, we have a very large portion of the Nonconforming bodies divided from us by the thinnest possible partition, as far as theological doctrine is concerned. The Church of England has long used their hymns: their printed sermons and works on divinity rank, in not a few cases, high in our classical theology. In sacred learning and biblical exposition and criticism, it may be questioned whether their present average attainment be not above our own. If we descend from the leaders to the people, none, I suppose, would presume, in the matter of blameless walking in the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, to set ourselves above them. As to the share which each have borne in moral and social improvements, I imagine all will allow that they have oftener led us than they have been led by us. Their united missionary efforts far exceed our own. In schools, in charities, in good works of every kind, they have been our honourable, and not seldom our successful rivals. Considering the amount of discouragement and disparagement which they have had, and still have to undergo, the progress of education and cultivation among Nonconformists is one of the most wonderful, as it is one of the most satisfactory phenomena of our time.

In estimating then the elements of that Christendom for whose union we hope and pray, I submit that we have no right to refuse to include—we have no right to overlook—these vast bodies of Christians who surround us at home.

But a question here comes forward, and requires an answer. We have spoken of a very large number of Nonconformists whose doctrinal differences from ourselves are slight. But when we advance beyond that number we are met by the inquiry; How far are we to carry our inclusion?

Now this is evidently a question not to be hastily dismissed, as it would be by the rigid Churchman on the one side, and the Latitudinarian on the other. First of all, we must be careful to ascertain

what doctrine is; and then we must also be careful how we proceed in laying down its limits.

What doctrine is. For there are not a few who would be disposed to make Church government itself into doctrine; there are more who would charge with doctrinal error those who do not hold Church ordinances, or who, in their view, practise them amiss. The instances easily occurring to all are the Baptists and the Quakers. The former reject Infant Baptism; the latter reject both Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Now the whole practical system of the Church of England is based on the baptismal covenant, entered by the child, and accepted by the young person at confirmation. In the view of that Church, "regeneration" of necessity accompanies the act of baptism, and from the time of that act passing on any person he or she is regarded as "a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." She also holds the other Sacrament, in which "the faithful verily and indeed partake of the body and blood of Christ," to be, like baptism, generally necessary to salvation; and charges all her members to receive it three times in the year at the least. Now all this bears strong similarity to doctrine; and yet none of it *is* doctrine, in the strict sense of the word with which we are now concerned. We may believe, and we do believe, the Baptist and the Quaker to be misguided in their judgments, and to be acting inconsistently with the implied mind of our Lord and his Apostles, in thus setting aside, or in thus wrongly administering, the Christian Sacraments. But, notwithstanding this error in judgment, notwithstanding this (to us) apparent disregard of Scripture, the Baptist and the Quaker may hold every article in the Creeds as firmly as we do; the "one baptism for the remission of sins" of course receiving at the hands of the latter a spiritual meaning, as the texts would receive on which the article is founded.

So far, I should conceive, there would—supposing the way cleared of preliminary objections (*in toto*) to all differers—be no great difficulty. The extension thus won for our definition of Christendom would now include all holding the co-equality of the Persons in the Blessed Trinity, the atonement by Christ's death and resurrection, and the action of the sanctifying Spirit on those who believe in Him.

But here comes the real difficulty—the difficulty at which every attempt at general inclusion has found itself arrested, and has been compelled either to shut the door, or to incur imputations fatal to its acceptance by the Christian world. And the difficulty is, how to deal in the case of those who deny any of the articles of the faith, in which all hitherto in view are agreed. Of course, this notably bears on one body of religionists—those somewhat curiously known as *Unitarians*.

It will be hardly necessary, after what has already been said, for

the present writer to guard himself against being supposed for one moment to depreciate the magnitude of the contrast between the Catholic Christian and the denier of the Divinity of our Lord. Nothing less is at issue in this difference than the *whole* of the Christian faith, as understood by any of those who have been hitherto in our view. But our present inquiry does not concern any discussion of this contrast. It may remain in all its incompatibility, unaltered in any man's view by the issue of our inquiry. That issue will be the affirmation or the negation of the question—Is that body of religionists who, in some sort holding Christ, yet overstep the limits of the creeds which the Church has deduced from Scripture, to be accounted a part of Christendom?

It will assist us in this inquiry if we make another, simply of matter of fact; and it is this: What latitude of doctrine are we allowing, at this moment, within the English Church herself? Because it seems to me that this is the proper measure within which, at all events, we have no right to narrow our recognition of Christians without. That liberty which, in spite of articles and canons and ecclesiastical courts, we permit to Churchmen, we can hardly, in fairness, deny to Dissenters. And, if I am not mistaken, anything like a fair reply to this last inquiry must be such as to cause any honest man to drop the stone which he had lifted to throw at the Unitarian.

The fact seems to be this, that you cannot bound Christendom by a doctrinal test. You may bound certain Churches, you may limit certain sects, by such a test; even then, when the power of the test is tried in any really doubtful case, it almost universally fails. We want for Christendom a fact, not a doctrine, as the test of inclusion. And we are thus driven back to the definition before alluded to as furnished us by the Church herself, when she explains "the good estate of the Catholic Church" to be attained by "all who profess and call themselves Christians, being led into the way of truth." Christendom is as wide as the Christian name; as wide as the recognition of Christ as Master. Let each portion of it, as conscience dictates, defend truth and protest against error; but no portion of it has right to exclude or to unchurch another.

II. If this be Christendom, then, secondly, *what is union?* The answer generally given is, that it is that state of mutual recognition which is symbolized by *intercommunion*—a word itself, we fancy, coined to serve the purpose of this union movement. But it may be suggested that, though intercommunion may be most desirable as a pledge of union, it must not be considered as the object to be aimed at in striving for union. For it requires both too much and too little;—too much; for there may be that in the customs of one Church which may be distasteful to another Church, while yet Christian union may be set up and maintained between them: and too little;

for the rites of two Churches may be almost coincident as mere matter of form, while the attitude and animus of the two may be substantially antagonistic. It is plain that intercommunion will be rather an accident, than the substance, of the union of which we are treating.

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And the same reasoning may be carried further, and extended even to all formal acts of recognition. If any such formal act is to be set up as that without which union is not, and that on which union follows as matter of course, we shall have made the same double mistake. A formal recognition may be inadmissible in cases where union may be easy and obvious; a formal recognition may be, from concurrent circumstances, easy and apparently satisfactory, and yet no true union may follow.

These considerations lead up to the inference, that the union of which we are in search will consist not so much in outward acts, as in the state of feeling and temper of Christian bodies one towards another. It will then have begun to set in here in England, when all disparaging thoughts of a man in consequence of his religious denominational position shall have ceased; when we shall have learned to treat the fact of a man's being an Independent or a Wesleyan as no reason for distrusting him or shunning his company; when the Dissenter, on the other hand, shall have forborne railing at us by reason of the apparent ground of vantage which we possess in being the Established Church of the nation, and shall surcease from his endeavours to misrepresent and subvert us.

To expect such a time to arrive, may be thought somewhat chimerical. But it may not be altogether profitless to have indicated at least a desire for its arrival. At all events, this paper will serve as a protest, in the name of the Christian spirit, and the spirit of fair dealing, against the present attempts at formal union with Churches abroad, while the Christian bodies at home are left entirely out of the question.

It may be asked, whether it would be possible or desirable to aim at marking the union of Christendom at home by any outward symbol? As we said before, we would not have such symbol to be considered as of the essence of the union itself. It would merely be a sign of its existence, tending to carry its reality to the hearts and the senses of those who partook in it.

There can, we think, be very little doubt that any who are prepared to sympathize with what has been said would regard such a symbolical act as *desirable*. The profession of good feeling, even if genuine, needs some outward occasion on which it may be reduced to a great and tangible fact; and the habit of kind words and charitable thoughts requires stimulus to prevent it from falling into a mere habit.

If then an outward symbolic act would be desirable, have we any reason to think that such an act would be possible? It is obvious that we must not look for an answer to this inquiry in the direction of that which is commonly known as *inter-communion*. For we should thus at once come face to face with difficulties arising out of the constitutions and liturgical biases of the various Churches; and a concession, by way of *compromise*, would have to be made,—a necessity which we wish to avoid.

But, though *inter-communion* may be out of the question, might not the highest of Christian ordinances be so administered, by the abstention of each body from the use of its own liturgical forms, as to include all who interpret the command of our Lord as the institution of an ordinance at all? Suppose, at all events, that the commemorative portion of that ordinance were shared by an assembly of various denominations of Christians,—the only words heard being the Scripture narrative of its institution, and then bread and wine being administered in silence.

Of course such a proposition would meet with no favour from—nay, would probably strike with horror—those who believe the virtue of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to consist in the liturgical form, or, in other words, in the priestly consecration of the elements. But, seeing that such a belief would probably be commensurate with the view of the constitution of the Church which is held by the opponents of the whole spirit of this paper, it would introduce no new element of opposition, and requires therefore no special notice, except it be to say, that any such view of the efficacy of the Holy Communion is totally unsupported by Scripture, and that, consequently, even should we hold it ourselves, we have no right to require it to be held by another.

So that, even supposing this to be our view, we might yet find a way to the symbolical act of union. It would be this: that each body, or as many as thought good, might use such previous liturgical service as they might think fit, and that the administration might take place at one time and spot, each, or again, as many as thought fit, using the words belonging to their own liturgical form.

Either of these, or some other method which might easily be devised, would serve to unite those whose hearts were already predisposed, in a symbolical act of union. It was the fortune of the present writer to witness such an act of union performed in two different ways at Berlin, in 1857. The first time, exactly as described above, in silence, and with no words but the reading of the institution by our Lord: the second time, by administration to the members of each Church in the words used by each Church, without, however, any previous act of consecration. It then appeared to him that the former method was by far the more effectual as a symbol of union.

The abstention of all from even the forms which they dearly valued, and their meeting on the common ground of the solemn narrative of Holy Writ, seemed to carry with it the reality of their serious and incompatible differences, and the reality also of the One Word of truth to which all appealed; seemed to utter at the same time a confession of the fallibility of the Churches, and the infallibility of God's Word. It might be worth considering, whether the recitation of the Apostles' Creed, or, if thought better, of some declaration of belief made in the words of Scripture itself, might not form part of the act of union.

It would be matter of further inquiry, whether under any, and if so, then under what circumstances, the pulpits of one Christian body should be opened to teachers of another. It is obvious that such liberty, though it may seem a legitimate corollary from what has gone before, would require the most jealous guarding and watching. It must be strictly confined to its exceptional character, and never allowed to become customary, nor of course in any case to extend beyond exhortation from the pulpit. In the Church of England, the morning sermon is so strictly bound into the Liturgy, as to form part of the Communion office. For this reason, even were the above-mentioned license given, the morning should be exempted, and reserved without exception for her own ordained ministers. It will arise to every mind, but is necessary to be stated, as supplementary to any such proposal, that for every case, as it arises, special license, *pro hac vice*, should be required from the bishop of the diocese, with whom it would rest to obtain such satisfactory proofs of soundness in doctrine, and such undertaking to respect the differences between the Churches, as he might think necessary or expedient.* Probably any such admission might be found in practice undesirable. But it may not be amiss to have at least indicated a desire that it should be in some cases given. I have read Nonconformist sermons, which have begotten in me the wish that they could have been delivered to our congregations, and could have served both to stimulate our somewhat languid preaching, and to set us an example of earnest, and at the same time careful thought. The practice would not be altogether a new one, even in our own times. I have understood that Mr. Venn and Mr. Simeon were in the habit of preaching in the pulpits of the Established Church of Scotland; and the present writer knows of two occasions on which the offer of the parish pulpit in Scotland has been made to, though it was not accepted by, a minister of the Church of England.

But it may be well to conclude with an indication of a course already and easily practicable. The manifestation of private social

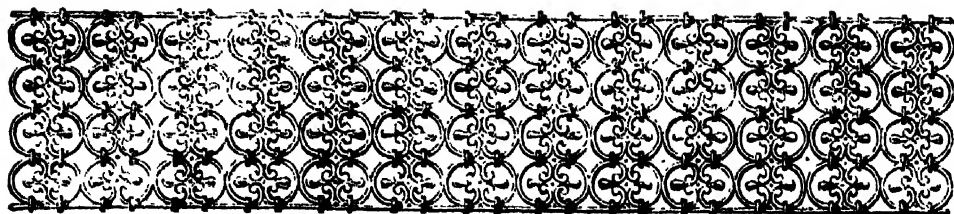
* It will be of course understood, but may be stated for fear of mistake, that incompatibility of doctrine, as in the case of the Unitarian, would of necessity prove a ban to such admission.

sympathy is in every one's power. It is in every one's power also, to lay aside all those disparaging epithets and insinuations which unfortunately are now so plentifully cast about in the discourse of Churchmen with reference to Dissenters. It is also in every one's power to banish denominational jealousies in commercial dealings. Of course those of the *clergy* who do these acts of Christian justice, or any of them, must make up their minds to incur the bitterest obloquy at the hands of the exclusive High Church party. The agents and the journals of that, as of every other extreme party, are perfectly unscrupulous, and will not hesitate to call in question their Churchmanship and their soundness in the faith. There is nothing in the eyes of that party more unpardonable than the following out, with regard to non-episcopal Christian communities, of the principles of the Church of England. They are well aware how entirely they themselves are in opposition to those principles. They know that the Church of England has again and again, by her Convocations, accorded to those bodies the name of Churches; and that the best and most approved of her writers have declared Episcopacy to be not essential to the being of a Church.* Knowing these things, and keeping them in the background, they trust to being able to bluster down those who are more consistent Churchmen than themselves.

But it is at length, we believe, beginning to be felt, that bluster is not proof; and that the advocates of common fairness, and of Christian charity, ought to be granted a hearing. In this belief we have ventured to put together the foregoing remarks. It seemed to us that, while to the superficial observer the Church of England is casting off her moorings, and drifting back to Romanism, there is in the hearts of the great mass of her children the earnest wish to make her faster than ever to the Rock which has for three centuries held her safe. We Churchmen yearn, as much as any can, for the union of Christendom; but we will not seek it by reaching out the hand to distant Churches, while we are fostering disunion at home. When we can say to them, "Look once more at the sects into which you charge us with being split; behold them, while maintaining the differences incident to freedom of thought, cemented together by the unity of the Spirit of our common Master;"—when we can challenge them to witness our success in having reconciled the rights of conscience with the mind that was in Christ,—then also we may say to them, "Unite with us, be followers of us." Then, it may be, some of them on their side may be given to reply, "We will go with them, for God is with them of a truth."

HENRY ALFORD.

* Some of the most remarkable of these testimonies may be found cited in the telling and authoritative reply of the Archbishop of Armagh to Archdeacon Denison, inserted in the *Guardian* of January 1, 1868.



THE FOOD OF THE PEOPLE.

The Journal of the Society of Arts, 1867—8.

The Food of the People, &c. By JOSEPH BROWN, M.D. London, 1865.

On Food. By EDWIN LANKESTER, M.D., F.R.S. London, 1861.

Sixth Report of the Medical Officer of the Privy Council. With Appendix. London, 1863.

Report of the Methods employed in the River Plate for curing meat for European markets. Presented to Parliament by command of Her Majesty, 1866.

THE traditional John Bull is a well-fed animal. From the days of Gilray to our contemporary *Punch*, his typical representative is a stout, well-to-do farmer or grazier. And if this be meant to denote that many classes of the community have enough and to spare, it is no doubt so far true. But if we suppose that there are not large masses of the people habitually and thoroughly under-fed, we make a great mistake. Long suspected, this fact has of late years been demonstrated by searching inquiry, and can no longer be questioned.

In the year 1863, the Lords of the Privy Council, acting under the powers which they possess as guardians of the public health, directed a medical inquiry into the food of the poorer labouring classes, and the result appears in one of those Blue Books in which Mr. Simon, their medical officer, annually makes his report to their lordships on the subject of health and disease. And here we pause for a moment, just to say that these Blue Books (now extending over nine years) ought to be better known than they are. They contain a great mass of information, in a fairly readable form, on many topics which closely affect the national welfare, and which are, or ought to be, attractive to all who take an intelligent interest in the well-

being of the people at large. Coming from high authority, they place the reader, so to speak, at the fountain-head of knowledge on many social questions about which very ignorant and mistaken notions are apt to prevail. It might not be amiss to endeavour to introduce some sketch of their leading contents in a popular form to general readers.

But we must return at present to our immediate subject. Mr. Simon, in summing up the result of the inquiry to which we have referred, takes a certain standard (derived from experience obtained during the cotton famine) as the minimum by which "starvation-diseases" can be averted. This standard is, that an average woman's daily food ought to contain at least 3,900 grains of carbon, with 180 grains of nitrogen, and an average man's daily food at least 4,300 grains of carbon, with 200 grains of nitrogen.* He then gives a table representing the actual weekly consumption of food by various classes of in-door operatives, into whose circumstances examination was actually made, viz., silk-weavers, needlewomen, kid-glovers, shoemakers, and stocking-weavers, the result of which is, that "in only one of the examined classes" (the shoemakers) "did the average nitrogen supply just exceed, while in another" (the stocking-weavers) "it nearly reached, the estimated standard of bare sufficiency, and that in two classes there was defect—in one a very large defect—of both nitrogen and carbon." Our readers will hear with regret, though probably not with surprise, that the most poorly-fed class of all were the needlewomen.

Pursuing the like inquiries in rural districts, Mr. Simon tells us that—

"As regards the examined families of the agricultural population, it appeared that more than a fifth were with less than the estimated sufficiency of carbonaceous food, that more than one-third were with less than the estimated sufficiency of nitrogenous food, and that in three counties (Berkshire, Oxfordshire, and Somersetshire) insufficiency of nitrogenous food was the average local diet."

The same authority reminds us that as food is the first necessary of life, a spare diet tells a tale of many other privations. Clothing and fuel will be scanty; dwelling space will have been stinted to the degree of overcrowding; household furniture will have been parted with; and a thousand other sufferings will have been endured, in order to find the means of keeping body and soul together by the purchase of nourishment. On the whole, he says, "There must, I feel assured, be much direct causation of ill-health, and the associated causes of disease must be greatly strengthened by it in their hurtfulness."

* For such of our readers as have no previous acquaintance with the subject, it may be well to mention that carbon is the material whence animal heat is derived, and that nitrogen supplies the flesh-forming substance, both being essential to life.

Other medical men have written yet more strongly. Dr. Brown, of Sunderland, in a work on "The Food of the People," speaks of the result of his own medical experience among the poor as showing "the diminishing power of Englishwomen to suckle their offspring;" and in treating of the unhealthiness of constitution which results from under-feeding, he says, "It is transmissible from sire to son, and is the great instrument in producing that deterioration of a race which is the concomitant and cause of the decay of states."—(p. 10.) Not only a great mortality at early ages, but softened and yielding bones, distorted spines, and feeble limbs in those who survive, are enumerated by this author as the consequence of deficient nourishment. The seed (he says) is thereby sown of tubercles in the lungs—the deadly foe of youth in this climate, or of swollen glands in the neck and abdomen. Well, therefore, may Dr. Lankester say, in his lectures "On Food," "The question of food lies at the foundation of all other questions. There is no mind, no work, no health, no life, without food; and just as we are fed defectively or improperly are our frames developed in a way unfitted to secure that greatest of earthly blessings—a sound mind in a sound body."

These things speak for themselves. No one can help feeling that their voice is a very serious one. Moved by these considerations, the Society of Arts, at the close of the year 1866, appointed a Committee—

"To inquire and report respecting the food of the people, especially, but not exclusively, the working classes of the people; and that, having regard to the publications of the Privy Council and other documents, which illustrate the defective amount of nutritious food available for the population at large, the said Committee do report respecting the resources which are, or might be rendered, available for the production, importation, and preservation of substances suitable for food, and for improving the methods of cooking in use among the working classes."

Over this Committee the Right Hon. H. A. Bruce, M.P., was chosen to preside; and several members of Parliament, and other gentlemen of influence, consented to join it, and to take part in its labours. It entered upon its work early in 1867, and its proceedings were from time to time published in the Journal of the Society during last spring. When the session of the Society of Arts was about to close at the end of the season, the Committee presented a Report, stating the amount of progress which they had made, and asking leave to sit again. They were accordingly re-appointed by the Council of the Society, and have resumed their inquiries with much vigour.

For the purpose of this paper, we shall draw our materials partly from the first Report of the Committee, partly from the published evidence which they have taken and partly from other sources.

It is of course obvious, from the terms of the resolution under which the Committee were appointed, that many lines were open to them, and that many subjects required to be considered. In point of fact, they have entered more or less on several of the points which that resolution mentions.* To follow their steps in all these directions would extend this paper to too great a length, and would, moreover, tend to make it too multifarious. We propose, therefore, at the present moment to confine ourselves to one subject—that of increasing the supply of nutritious food in this country. No sooner did this subject come before the Committee than they instinctively looked to the vast herds of South America and Australia. Was it possible in this nineteenth century, with all its scientific discoveries, and all its ingenuity in turning them to practical use, that on the shores of the river La Plata, and in the prairies of our own Australian colonies, there should be untold herds of wild cattle slaughtered simply for hides and tallow, while here in England a labouring population was in want of animal food?

The paradox seems startling enough; yet it must be confessed that the problem of bringing the flesh of these roving herds to fill English mouths has not hitherto been clearly or indisputably solved. Indications there are, and not a few, that some way is making towards the solution of it. Public attention is being more and more directed to it; commercial enterprise begins to see that there is a prospect of success and profit in that field; scientific men are addressing themselves to overcome the physical impediments; and, on the whole, it may fairly be hoped that we are on the eve of a great success. Our present endeavour will be to bring our readers up to the actual position of affairs at this moment, in order that they may follow with greater intelligence any subsequent discoveries or improvements.

We shall not need to say much of “charqué,” or jerked beef. It is a very rough preparation of salted meat, not likely to be extensively used by any class of consumers among ourselves, though it is the staple food of the negroes in South America. It can be imported thence easily enough, but it is worth little when we have got it. A better article is offered by Mr. Morgan’s process. This consists in forcibly injecting the arterial system of the animal through the heart, immediately after death, with brine; and the effect appears to be to produce a fair quality of meat, well preserved by the saline fluid. A good deal of this beef has arrived in this country. After all, however, it is salted meat, not fresh; and on this ground it cannot be admitted as a complete solution of our difficulties.

We pass on, therefore, to Liebig’s *Extractum Carnis*. By this the

* As, for instance, the supply of milk and its adulterations—the adulteration of other kinds of food—the existing distribution of food—the market question, &c.

meat is not preserved whole, but reduced to a kind of essence. The method employed is to tear the carcass to pulp by means of iron rollers, and then to throw this pulp into a vat with water, where it is allowed to steam for an hour. It is then passed into a reservoir, from which the liquid of the meat is permitted to ooze into another vessel; the fat is carefully taken off, and the pure gravy subsequently put into open vats supplied with steam-pipes, and with bellows on the surface, which help evaporation; finally, it is filtered and drawn off. We all know that this, and the almost identical preparation made in Australia by Messrs. Tooth, are now largely imported into and sold in this country in small pots, containing a reddish, partially-hardened substance. But it appears clear, upon the whole, that they cannot, either of them, be relied on as an article of constant diet.

The chemical components of the flesh of animals used for food are very various; but the most important nutritious principle—that which goes to build up the muscles of the man who lives on it, the albumen or fibrin—is insoluble in hot water, and is, in consequence, left behind by all such processes as those of Liebig. Many constituents that have their use are, no doubt, contained in the *Extractum Carnis*, which closely resembles beef-tea; but then, beef-tea, though suitable for a sick person, whose nervous power is low, and for whom it is requisite to supply a stimulant, without tasking the digestion or loading the system, gives very little nourishment. In other words, it does not contain the great materials for repairing the waste that is hourly going on in the human frame, and for making new tissue. To a certain extent this deficiency might be supplied by the use of peas, beans, and other vegetables containing a large amount of albumen; but this presupposes that such vegetables are easily attainable, and can be well and thoroughly cooked. And at best the substitute thus obtained will be but a make-shift, for a larger quantity must be eaten, and what is eaten will not be so easily digested and assimilated.* While, therefore, something may here and there be accomplished in this way in soup-kitchens, &c., the great superiority of the form in which albumen is present in the flesh of animals to that in which it is found in vegetable structures, renders it impossible so to deal with the *Extractum Carnis* as to make it a general food for the people at large. Its uses will be more for hospitals and the sick generally, and for soups for those who are not obliged to make soup their whole diet, but take solid meat besides.

But it may be asked, Is there no plan by which the albumen can be preserved in the making of concentrated meats? We answer that this can certainly be done, and is done in *Dr. Hassall's Flour of Meat*, and in other like preparations. But we escape one difficulty

* See evidence of Dr. Thudichum, *Soc. Arts Jour.*, March 8, 1867.

only to fall into another. We have now got the nutritious principle, but we have lost the incorruptibility of the substance prepared; for it is the albumen which tends so rapidly to decay in animal bodies after death. Do without the albumen, and you get an *extractum* which will keep admirably, but is of small value for nutrition; retain the albumen, and you have a preparation highly nutritious, but which cannot be preserved for any great length of time except under favourable circumstances, and by a considerable amount of care. Thus far, then, we have not solved the problem before us of bringing the meat of South America and Australia to England.

A plan of an entirely different kind has been suggested by Professor Redwood. His patent contemplates the preservation of the meat as it is (the bone only being removed) by immersing it in melted paraffin. This concentrates the juices of the meat and expels the air, and an external coating of paraffin being added, the process is complete. This plan, however, has not hitherto proved very successful. The great heat used appears to dry up the meat, and make it less palatable and less nutritious.

Another method has been proposed by Messrs. Paris and Sloper, who seek to preserve meat in air-tight cases, by filling the cases with a gas which retards decomposition, and which would appear to be binoxide of nitrogen. A certain amount of success has apparently attended this scheme; but it has not been carried out on any large scale, and the extreme nicety of the operation would render it difficult to practise without occasional failure.

A simpler, or at all events a better understood, procedure, and one which has already found some degree of favour in the English market, is that of the Australian Meat Company, whose London agent is Mr. McCall, of Houndsditch. The process followed by this company does not materially differ from that which has been long in use for making preserved meats. The meat, which is free from bone, is placed in a tin, and the tin set in a bath of chloride of calcium, which boils at a very high temperature. The steam thus generated from the meat expels the air, and the tin being suddenly and hermetically closed, the meat is kept in a vacuum. The sign that this has been satisfactorily accomplished usually is, that a slight depression is observable in the ends of the tin, the effect of the pressure of the external atmosphere. Upon being opened, the meat is found to be fresh and good, and none the worse for its voyage from Australia. The heat which has been applied to it has had the effect of cooking it, and it nearly resembles stewed beef—unsalted of course. It may be eaten, therefore, at once cold, or it may be made warm and served up with vegetables, &c. The defect is that it looks and tastes as if somewhat overdone. Professor Taylor, in his evidence on the subject, when he favoured

the Committee of the Society of Arts with his attendance, suggested that though a very high degree of heat was necessary in order thoroughly to expel the air, yet that it was not needful to continue this high temperature for any lengthened time. He thought that by shortening the period of extreme heat, the meat would be less overdone, more palatable, and more nutritious. He also objected to the quantity of fat sent over in the tins, which tended to make the use of the meat less economical than it would otherwise be.* These observations were communicated to Mr. M'Call, and a fresh consignment has recently arrived from Australia, in which Professor Taylor's advice appears to some extent to have been followed, to the improvement of the meat. In their Report, the Committee speak of this as "the only plan by which they have as yet found that unsalted meat in a solid eatable condition has been largely imported."

It must be observed, however, that even if larger experience should conclusively prove the method in question to be practicable and useful, there is another element of the subject which must not be disregarded. Good preserving will keep meat good, but it will not make it good. The animal when killed must be in good condition, or the flesh will not be eatable either when put into the tin, or when taken out of it. This is a material consideration. On the shores of the river La Plata the vast herds roam at large over the prairies, and, when the time for slaughtering comes, are driven in by horsemen, after an exciting chase, many miles to the spot where they are to be killed. The result is not only that the beast has never been fattened or in any way prepared for being used as food, but that it is killed in a fevered state, which renders its flesh unwholesome. If there is to be any attempt to send meat from South America, both these evils will have to be corrected. Stock-farming must be taken up with zeal and diligence, and the animals so fed as to be fit for the table; and when killed, it must be under proper circumstances, and not in hot blood.† In Australia they manage these matters somewhat better, but even there it is probable that more attention will have to be paid to breeding and fattening cattle, if we are to have preserved beef sent home in really prime condition.

We have not yet exhausted the list of schemes proposed. Professor Gamgee has a method which is thus described:—The animals are killed by inhaling carbonic oxide, bled as usual, and then placed in air-tight cases with charcoal charged with sulphurous acid. After a time the cases are exhausted, and then filled with carbonic oxide. Finally, the carcasses are removed and hung up to dry, and will, it is said, keep for many weeks. On this the Committee declined to

* It is offered for sale in 6-lb. tins at 7d. per lb. without any bone.

† No English butcher would ever kill cattle "off the drift," as it is termed. They must rest for twenty-four hours or so after being driven in before they are slaughtered.

express a positive opinion, though they witnessed some experiments and went into the subject with care. They thought "further and more lengthened trials would be desirable."

Since last summer, when the Committee presented their report, several new schemes have been brought forward: of these, though no judgment has yet been passed upon them, it is on many accounts desirable to say something.

One of these is brought forward by Dr. Medlock, who treats the meat to be preserved with bisulphite of lime. If a single joint is in question, it suffices to steep it in the solution; if a whole carcass is under treatment, it should be injected with the bisulphite in the same manner as brine is injected in Morgan's process, described in the early part of this paper. The efficient agent is sulphurous acid gas, and the bisulphite of lime is merely used as being a convenient way of applying it. It is positively stated that no unpleasant taste is perceptible in the food so treated, while the extent to which decomposition is arrested is very remarkable. Dr. Medlock told the Committee that some turkeys and joints of lamb prepared with this process were sent to him from Canada during very hot weather, and though they were six weeks in coming, they arrived sweet and good. And many cases are said to have occurred in which London butchers have been able to keep beef and mutton in sultry weather by means of the bisulphite, when it must otherwise have become uneatable. Whether this method would effectually preserve meat during its transit from South America or Australia cannot, of course,* be positively determined until the experiment has been actually made. But on the small scale in which it has been tried, the results have certainly been favourable.

The Society of Arts is at this moment conducting some very careful experiments in order to test the value of Dr. Medlock's plan, but sufficient time has not yet elapsed to justify their pronouncing any definite opinion.*

Another scheme, which, though the latest in the field, demands, and will assuredly receive, careful investigation, is that of "the New South Wales Ice Company." It consists in the application of

* In case our readers like to make a trial for themselves, we subjoin Dr. Medlock's recipe:—

"Take a tea-cupful of 'Medlock and Bailey's Patent Bisulphite of Lime Solution,' a dessert-spoonful of common salt, and about a quart of cold water, mixing the same in a basin. Dip the meat in this mixture for a few minutes, taking care with the end of a cloth to wet it all over; then hang the joint up as usual. A dip night and morning will ensure its keeping sweet for any length of time. If the weather is unusually hot, a cloth soaked in the same solution may be wrapped round it with advantage. When required for cooking, lay it in cold water for a few minutes, and then dry it thoroughly with a cloth."

intense cold, so that the meat is preserved by being frozen. The principle on which this scheme relies is, that when certain gases have been forced to pass into a liquid state by the application of great pressure, and are then allowed to reassume their gaseous form, they absorb in so doing a vast amount of heat. A cylindrical vessel containing the meat is placed within another larger cylinder, so that there is a space between them. Into this space the liquefied gas (which, in this case, is ammonia) is introduced, and is then permitted suddenly to return to the gaseous condition, thus carrying off the heat, and producing intense cold around and in the vessel in which the meat lies. The machinery used is not very complicated, and it is intended that the ships which bring us the Australian meat shall be supplied with it. By this means the meat will be continually kept as cold as may be desirable, even in passing through the tropics. So far as experiments have been already made in Australia, success is reported to have attended them. The *Sydney Herald* of September last says that—

“Meat preserved in a perfectly fresh and uncooked state for months has been partaken of at the table of the Governor, at the clubs, and in many private houses, and in all instances thus preserved has met with unqualified approval. It is, moreover, a remarkable fact that meat thus kept frozen neither loses flavour nor becomes putrescent immediately upon its thawing, as does meat preserved in ice, or frozen in the open air. On the contrary, it has been found that meat thus preserved, when suddenly released from the refrigerating influence to which it has been subjected, will keep as long as when obtained fresh from the butcher.”

Our readers now know most of what has been doing with a view to render it feasible to supply our own dearth of animal food by importation from distant countries. That something *must* be done, if possible, is clear, if we are to maintain our national health and strength at a high pitch: that something *will* be done is highly probable, when we consider the talent which is devoted to the subject both here and abroad, and the direct pecuniary advantage which will wait upon success. We may be allowed to add the hope that the blessing of Providence will crown attempts which will have for their result the benefit of so large a number of our poorer countrymen.

We might now go a step further, and give some account of the inquiries made by the Committee into the subject of fish as a partial substitute for meat. This, however, would deserve a paper to itself. It would embrace the singular undertaking which is going forward in the mud of Hayling Island for breeding and multiplying oysters, in order to replenish our ancient oyster-beds, which have become impoverished. It would enter also into the question of employing improved means of deep-sea fishing—such as stronger gear and

larger vessels, propelled perhaps by steam, and able to keep the sea in all weathers, and thus to render the take of fish less irregular than at present, and the price consequently cheaper and more uniform. And in connection herewith we should have to say something of a suggestion made by the Royal Fishery Commissioners, and warmly endorsed by the Society of Arts, in favour of a *Fishery Exhibition*, such as has taken place at the Hague, at Vienna, at Arcachon, and Boulogne, and elsewhere abroad. Such an exhibition would comprise more than one aquarium for sea and river fish, models of boats, nets, lines, and all appliances for fishing, together with some representations of the dresses, habits, &c., of fishermen in different countries. It might probably be made very attractive to the public at large, and would have the effect of directing attention to the subject, and increasing the inclination of capitalists to invest their funds in fishing enterprises. It is possible that it might do something towards removing the mist of uncertainty and perplexity which seems so provokingly to hang over a tempting field—the resuscitation and improvement of the Irish fisheries. Into all this, however, we have no space now left to enter. We must turn to one more point, which is of general interest, and then conclude.

Bread is the staff of life. Can we increase this all-important support of mankind?

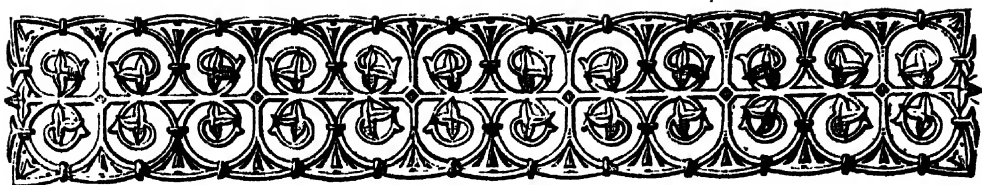
It is said that there is room to do so, and that, too, without the addition of a single grain of wheat to our present supply. The answer to this apparent riddle is, that we may get more bread out of our wheat than we have hitherto done. M. Meigo Mouriés, of Paris, has discovered a plan which is actually in work at the Boulangerie Scipion in that city, whereby a part of the grain usually employed as food for animals seems convertible to the use of mankind. Adhering to the principle on which we have proceeded throughout in this paper, of giving a simple and popular view of the subject, and not entering into technical or scientific details, we shall shortly state that a grain of wheat, when opened and examined by the microscope, consists of an internal white mass, which is surrounded first by two layers, one outside of the other, and then by the three external skins which together constitute the husk. These three outermost skins are of the same character as the straw, and have no nutritious value. Hitherto white bread seems to have been made from the central granules alone, or mixed with the material of the layer immediately surrounding them. The second layer has always gone with the three outer skins, under the name of bran, and has either been given to animals, or used for making brown bread, for which latter purpose the whole grain, including the husk, is employed. It was always known that the layer so put aside with the husk contained a

large portion of nitrogenous substance, and therefore of the elements of nutrition ; in this respect, indeed, it decidedly excels the central part of the grain. But it was not found possible to use it without the result being to produce what in colour, taste, and properties was essentially brown bread. It is now stated that this was chiefly owing to the fact that the layer in question is in contact with a membrane containing a substance called "cerealine," which gives rise to a special fermentation during the process of baking, and produces the characteristics of brown bread. By an ingenious mode of sifting, combined with ventilation, the particles of this membrane in the ground corn are winnowed out, and the whole of what we have called the second or outer of the two internal layers becomes available for the bread. The loaves into which it enters have, it is admitted, a slightly yellowish tinge as compared with the best white flour, but for all essential purposes they are white, not brown bread. The layer in question is estimated by M. Meige Mouriés as 22 per cent. of the whole, the inner portion of the grain being called 70 per cent., and the useless husk 8 per cent. So large a saving, therefore, as 22 per cent. in the grain is surely well worth looking after ; and when we remember that the layer in question is singularly rich in nitrogen, we ought perhaps to estimate the result for the purpose of nutrition somewhat more highly still. What is now required is that this process should be made generally known in this country, and that if possible our own millers should be induced to give it a practical trial.*

Our object in the foregoing pages has been to make known to general readers the broad outlines of a topic in which all right-minded men must feel some interest. To do something towards enabling public opinion to take up the question is of itself to make a step towards its happy solution. We have studiously avoided details ; those who desire them can readily consult the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, where they stand recorded at length. They would only have deterred those readers whose attention we have been seeking to obtain. The matter in hand, indeed, has no direct political or theological interest. It cannot yield an election cry, nor turn into a party watchword. Fenianism, trades' unions, Abyssinia, the Irish Church, ritualism, the results of the Reform Bill, these may in turn elbow from men's minds so tame a subject as the food of the people. But we would respectfully suggest, even to the most ardent of politicians, that men must live before they can debate ; that to be able to argue, they must eat.

BENJAMIN SHAW.

* For a more exact account of it, see *Journal of the Society of Arts*, January 3rd, 1868, p. 104.



THOMAS HOBBS OF MALMESBURY.

FOR the last two hundred years the name of Thomas Hobbes has been a name of terror to the religious world. Sceptic, deist, atheist, infidel, monster, are the epithets that have been generally bestowed upon him. When a man familiar with Hobbes' evil reputation comes for the first time to his works, there is a feeling of perplexity and wonder how one who has so clearly and fully enunciated his faith in God and the Christian revelation should ever have been accused of unbelief in any form. Not only is Hobbes a professed believer in Christianity, but in the most orthodox form of it,—an upholder of the royal supremacy, an Episcopalian of the most unblemished type, a Christian who received the *mysteries of the faith* as matters of faith, in no way within the province of reason; one who, if in any sense he can be called a rationalist or a free-thinker, certainly arrived at conclusions entirely opposed both to rationalism and free-thinking.

The first solution which offers itself is the supposition that Hobbes did not write sincerely—that under pretence of defending revelation he took every opportunity of raising doubts concerning it. This supposition is untenable. We do not know what any man believed if we do not know what Thomas Hobbes believed. If we doubt *his* sincerity, we may as well doubt the sincerity of any man who ever professed to be a Christian. Hobbes may be extravagant or

eccentric; he may even be irreconcilable with himself, or what is more probable, not always understood; but there is no reason for supposing him insincere. It is strange, indeed, that Hobbes should ever have been misunderstood. No writer is so careful of definition, and no author of that century has been so much praised for the elegance, vigour, and clearness of his language. There is, besides, in Hobbes a completeness of system. All his ideas depend on each other. His mathematics fit into his physics, his physics into his politics, his politics into his religion. Isolated, his sentences are startling, and sometimes contradictory, but taken in their proper relations they can all generally be reduced to one connected whole.

Were we to begin at the beginning, we should start with an account of Hobbes' doctrine of motion, to which he traced the origin of all life and existence. It will, however, suit our purpose better to go at once to his politics, for his religious doctrines are inseparably connected with his theory of civil government. Though he starts as a physical inquirer, and ends as an expounder of Christianity, his political creed is the centre around which all gathers—the pillar on which all rests. Hobbes lived in the age of experimentalists. He was contemporary with Bacon. Galileo had just discovered that the earth moves; Harvey that the blood circulates. The attention of all philosophers was turned to the external world. Hobbes also lived in an age of strifes. The people had executed the sovereign. A great part of these strifes were about religion. The bishops were driven from their sees, the clergy from their parishes. Those in power were divided into a multitude of sects—some of them wild and fanatical. To Hobbes, everything in Church and State was in confusion. He would teach a doctrine that was to cure all these evils, to restore order to the kingdom, and bring all sects to uniformity of religion. Among the new sciences, he claimed to be the founder of Civil Philosophy. He first embodied his doctrines in "*De Cive*; or, *The Philosophical Elements of a True Citizen*;" afterwards in a more matured form in the great work with which his name is always associated, "*Leviathan, or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil*."

The "*Leviathan*" was published in 1651. It consisted of four parts:—*Of Man, Of a Commonwealth, Of a Christian Commonwealth, Of the Kingdom of Darkness*. Man by nature is regarded as a savage. His desires are to preserve himself and injure his neighbour. He lives in a state of war. Every man being equal to every other man, and all having an equal right to everything, the possession depends on the power of getting it. This view of human nature was very dark. In its relations and consequences it shocked even the most determined believers in the *total depravity* of the human race. But

Hobbes derived his doctrine from actual observation. The men by whom he was surrounded were distrustful of each other. Anarchy, as he judged, had gained the ascendancy. In the civil wars men had returned to the state of nature. Hobbes saw them as *children of wrath*, hateful and hating each other. There was wanted a power to hinder them from injuring each other; a power both to teach what is right, and to compel the performance of it. This power is the Commonwealth, represented by the "Leviathan," to which no power on earth can be compared. It restrains the natural passions of men, and of warlike savages it makes peaceable and benevolent citizens. It is "the mortal god to whom, under the immortal God, we owe our protection and safety."

This description already anticipates the reverence and submission that are due to the Commonwealth. The sovereign has absolute authority. He is God's vicar on earth. The doctrine of the Divine right of kings was in high favour with the followers of the Stuarts. Hobbes was sincerely attached to the royal cause. The Puritans, who expelled the reigning family, may have been lovers of order and government as well as the Royalists; and perhaps, with their apparent anarchy, better friends to a genuine commonwealth; but they had to fight for justice with bold words and sharp swords. Hobbes, who was by nature a coward, would have had them yield implicit obedience to the lawful sovereign, the representative of order, and, as he said, the divinely-appointed ruler. The sovereign being to the people in the place of God, must be absolute. He cannot injure his subjects, for his acts are their acts. He cannot act unjustly towards them, for they hold their property conjointly with him. It belongs to the king as well as to them. His laws constitute just and unjust. The people cannot change the form of government. As the sovereign cannot break faith with them, his royal power cannot be forfeited; nor can he be punished by his subjects. He is to make peace and war, to choose his own councillors, to decree what opinions and doctrines are to be taught, and to be the judge of all controversies. From the historical fact that Hobbes took the side of the Royalists, it has been generally concluded that he said all these things about the sovereign power to show the enormities of those who had executed the king and usurped the government. This is more than probably true; yet Hobbes' earliest adversaries were the Royalists, and his last and best friends are the liberal politicians of the present day.* In extravagant expression of his political creed he outdid the first, and yet they instinctively hated him. So far as words go, he has con-

* The complete works of Hobbes were reprinted by Sir William Molesworth at the suggestion of Mr. Grote. There is a very able article on Hobbes in the *Westminster Review* for April, 1867.

demned without an atom of reservation all that is dear to the last ; and yet they revere his memory as that of one who helped forward the cause of human progress, and did something for the science of right government. No one has yet tried to explain this singular fact. But do we not find the explanation in what has been already said, that Hobbes, taken in isolated parts or passages, is not the same as Hobbes in his entire system ? His Commonwealth was the assertion of principles wider and deeper than the vindication of the Stuarts. It was the assertion of the divinity of order, of the majesty of law, of the necessity that kings should rule in equity, and that subjects should obey righteous governors. It would be easy to quote many passages from the "*Leviathan*" which seem to oppose this interpretation, but there are many things that confirm it. The Commonwealth of which Hobbes discussed was avowedly *ideal*. It had nowhere been realized. The perfection was to be reached after many efforts and failures. To use his own illustration, it was not at once that men learned to build houses that would last as long as the materials ; but after long experience they did succeed, and so would it be with the perfect Commonwealth. That Hobbes is not a mere Royalist, but a teacher of order, seems to be clear from what he says of the *generation* of the "*Leviathan*." The sovereign power may come by *acquisition*, but it may also come by institution ; indeed, this is its more legitimate form. Men constitute themselves into a commonwealth for their mutual benefit ; so that those who before were wolves to each other become *gods* to each other. They unite for protection and defence. For the sake of this common good they surrender their individual wills, and deny themselves liberties which they had in the state of nature. They commit the government of themselves to the Commonwealth, and in virtue of the united strength given up by individuals, the "*Leviathan*" becomes the terror of their adversaries. This power is personated, but not necessarily, by a monarch either hereditary or chosen. There are several kinds of commonwealths. The sovereign power may be lodged in one person, in which case we have a monarchy. It may be committed to some chosen leaders, then we have an aristocracy ; or it may be retained by a popular assembly, and this is called government by democracy.

But the sovereign ruler is not only absolute in things temporal ; the same jurisdiction extends to things spiritual. It is his duty to prescribe the religion of his subjects, to determine what books of Scripture are to be held canonical, and what is the meaning of these books. The Commonwealth and the Church of the nation are co-extensive. They are so connected as sometimes to seem identical. The authority of the Church is derived from the State. The bishops indeed say, in the beginning of their mandates, by "*Divine Providence*,"

which is the same as by "the grace of God;" and "thus deny to have received their authority from the civil State, and slyly slip off the collar of their civil subjection, contrary to the unity and defence of the commonwealth." Hobbes, however, finds it difficult to adjust between the authority of the civil ruler and that of the Church, and especially as he traces the origin of ecclesiastical power to the Apostles. It had descended from them by imposition of hands to all who had been properly ordained. He says, in one place, that the prince must leave the mysteries of the faith to be interpreted by the clergy; and he admits that in the primitive Church the people had liberty to interpret the Scriptures for themselves. There were pastors from the beginning, but their interpretations had no authority till either "kings were pastors, or pastors kings." In another place he puts the civil ruler midway between the clergy and the laity: "without the ministerial priesthood, and yet not so merely laic as not to have sacerdotal jurisdiction." But Hobbes is most consistent with his own doctrine, though not with himself, when he teaches that "the king may baptize, preach, and consecrate, and do all other offices without the laying on of hands." The king, he says, is king by *the grace of God*; but the bishop is bishop only by the grace of the king.

For the Presbyterians, Quakers, and other sectaries of the seventeenth century, who spoke about worshipping God according to their conscience, and not according to the forms of the State religion, Hobbes had ready the never-failing case of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. They rebelled against Moses, their civil ruler, and if the sectaries followed their example, what could they expect but to "perish in the gainsaying of Core?" Unfortunately, St. Peter had said something about *obeying God rather than man*. This, for Hobbes, was an awkward passage. He had no great reverence for martyrs, and was not likely to have become one himself for anything that he believed. He thinks that no one in this country would condemn Mahometans compelled to deny Mahomet and worship in a Christian church. A denial of Christ might be prejudicial to the Church. Yet a man may hold the faith of Christ in his heart, though he does not profess it before men whom he knows will put him to death for the profession. If we are compelled to worship God by an image, though we may reckon image worship dishonourable to the Divine Being, yet we are to obey. An image, indeed, limits the *Infinite*, but the responsibility rests with the ruler, and not with us. This doctrine, however, has another side. It is possible that the sovereign may command his subjects to blaspheme God, or to abstain from Divine worship. In either case Hobbes declares at once that it is *not* their duty to obey. And even as to idol-worship obedience is only due to the sovereign so long as we have no other authority than

the dictates of reason, for the will of the sovereign power stands to us for reason. But since, both in the old and new covenants, worship by images is expressly forbidden, we are free to disobey the Commonwealth when it commands what is contrary to the expressed Word of God. An unlearned man in the power of an idolatrous king may worship an idol, and "he doeth well, though in his heart he detests the idol; yet, if he has the fortitude to suffer death rather than worship it, he doeth better." Yet Hobbes adds, "If he be a pastor, who, as Christ's messenger, has undertaken to teach Christ's doctrine to all nations, should he do the same, it were not only a sinful scandal in respect of other men's consciences, but a perfidious forsaking of his charge." In another place he makes it part of our civil duty to know what are the laws and commandments of God, that we may know when to give obedience to the civil authority, and when to the Divine Majesty. It was a vice in Hobbes' theory not to have made the sovereign infallible. It is admitted that though he cannot sin against his subjects, yet he can sin against God. He may ordain what is contrary to eternal equity, or to the revealed will of God. We must, however, obey the sovereign so long as it is possible. We must sacrifice many things for the sake of national uniformity. The Catholic, the Lutheran, the Calvinist, in fact all parties, should merge their peculiarities for the sake of order; yet there are limits. We are not to give up the great essentials necessary to salvation. These, however, are reduced to the *minimum*; in fact, to this single article—the belief that *Jesus is the Christ*.

The fourth part of "Leviathan" concerns the Kingdom of Darkness. This is the kingdom of Satan, from which the Church is not yet entirely free. The enemy still sows tares. We err by not understanding the Scriptures, and by following the heathen doctrines concerning demons, which are only idols or phantasies of the brain. But the greatest perversion of Scripture is that which makes the kingdom of God to be the Christian Church which now is. And consequent on this is the claim of the Pope, or some ecclesiastical assemblies, to be God's representatives in this kingdom—an office which is given only to civil sovereigns. And so the Pope claims that Christian kings must receive their crowns from him, and that if they do not purge the kingdom of heresy they may be deprived at his pleasure. From this, too, arises the error of supposing that the pastors are *clergy*, maintained, like the tribe of Levi, out of the revenues by Divine appointment; and this error of supposing that they have a supernatural office makes them confound *consecration* with *conjuración*, so that they pretend to convert bread and wine into the body and blood of a man—yea, of a God; while by charms and incantations over children they profess to exorcise evil spirits, as if infants were

demoniacs. Of the ceremonies and dogmas of the Church of Rome Hobbes finds the original and counterpart in the demonology and vain philosophy of the Pagan world. But the foundation of all is the confounding of the visible Church with the kingdom of God. Here the Bishop of Rome, under pretence of successor to St. Peter, rules over his kingdom of darkness, which Hobbes compares to the kingdom of the *fairies*—that is, the old wives' *fables* in England concerning ghosts and spirits, and the feats they perform in the night. The Papacy is the ghost of the deceased Roman empire sitting crowned upon its grave. Its language is the *ghost* of the old Roman language. The *ghostly* fathers walk like the *fairies* in obscurity of doctrine, in monasteries, churches, and churchyards. They have cathedrals, where they practise their spells and exorcisms like the fairies in their enchanted castles. They take from young men the use of reason by certain charms, compounded of metaphysics, and miracles, and traditions, and abused Scripture, just as the *fairies* take young children out of their cradles and change them into natural fools or *elves*, fit only for mischief. When the fairies are displeased with anybody they send the *elves* to pinch them; so do the ecclesiastics pinch princes by preaching sedition. Several parallels of this kind Hobbes draws between the Papacy and the kingdom of the *fairies*. The last is that, like the kingdom of the fairies, the spiritual power of the Pope has no existence but in the fancies of ignorant people.

“It was not therefore,” he says, “a very difficult matter for Henry VIII. by his exorcisms, nor for Queen Elizabeth by hers, to cast them out. But who knows that this spirit of Rome—now gone out, and walking by missions through the dry places of China, Japan, and the Indies, that yield him little fruit—may not return, or rather an assembly of spirits worse than he, enter and inhabit this clean-swept house, and make the end thereof worse than the beginning? For it is not the Roman clergy only that pretend the kingdom of God to be of this world, and thereby to have a power therein, distinct from that of the civil State.”

We have already alluded to Hobbes' general agreement with what is considered orthodox theology. In stating the grounds of the Christian faith he gives full validity to the evidence from miracles and prophecy. He maintains the necessity of supernatural evidence for some things which he says are beyond the reach of reason; as, that Jesus is the Christ, that the soul is immortal, that there are rewards and punishments after this life. Not content with this, he declares the incapacity of reason to judge concerning the attributes of God. He believed, with the strictest of the Puritans, that God had only elected to eternal life a small number of the human race, and that the rest were reprobate. To an objector he answered that it was rash to speak of what consisted or did not consist with the Divine

justice. God's right to reign over men is not derived from His having created them, but from His omnipotent power. He afflicts men, not merely because they sin, but because He wills to do it. Job's friends connected his sufferings with his secret sins, but God refutes them by showing that He is the Almighty Ruler of the universe, asking, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?" He made sometimes a sharp distinction between reason and faith, entirely excluding the first. The mysteries of religion were to be received with a blind faith. To use his own too expressive illustration, they should be taken without examination, *as a man takes bitter but wholesome pills*. This passage is certainly the most offensive of all that Hobbes has written. Professor Maurice says there is no doubt "latent irony" in it. If there is, it must be very *latent*. There is nothing in the connection to lead to the supposition that Hobbes did not mean what he said. Mr. Maurice also objects to Hobbes' orthodox doctrine concerning faith, which is, that we believe a prophet speaks in the name of God simply because he says so, and thus our faith is really faith in men. "If," says Mr. Maurice, "our readers dissent from these last conclusions as much as we do, we are bound to say that they are not more the conclusions of Hobbes than those of his contemporary, Bishop Pearson, whom English divines are taught not only to revere for his piety and learning, but to accept as their theological guide."

Notwithstanding Hobbes' denunciation of philosophy, and the sharp distinction which he made between reason and faith, he pronounces reason to be the undoubted word of God—a talent which the Master has put into our hands till his coming again, and which we are not to fold up in the napkin of implicit faith. That our reason is to be exercised in matters belonging to religion he thinks evident from the command of Jesus to search the Scriptures. The appeal is made to our reason, which in itself implies that we have the capacity to understand and interpret the sacred books. There are, indeed, many things in the Scriptures above our reason, but none contrary to it. In one place, Hobbes excludes the worship of God from those things which are to be known by reason; but in another place he says that God declares his laws three ways: by the dictates of *natural reason*, by *revelation*, by the voice of some man to whom He has given the power to work miracles. Hence, a threefold word of God, *rational*, *sensible*, and *prophetic*, corresponding to right reason, *supernatural sense*, and *faith*. Revelation, he evidently takes in Lord Herbert's sense—what is revealed immediately to oneself. But as this supernatural revelation is exceptional, the kingdom of God therefore consists mainly of the *natural* and the *prophetic*—what we know by reason and what we know from the Scriptures. The Bible is the word of God as well as right reason, for God speaks to us in the sacred

books. We do not *know* that they are the word, but all true Christians believe they are, and the ground of this belief is the authority of the *Commonwealth* or *Church*. The sovereign power has determined which are the canonical books. Hobbes devotes a chapter of the "*Leviathan*" to the Holy Scriptures, which is interesting as one of the first English essays on the criticism of the Bible. He brings forward the usual arguments from "the five books of Moses" to show that they were not *written* by Moses. He reckons that the Book of Joshua was not written till long after the time of Joshua; the Books of Judges, Ruth, Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles, not till long after the Captivity. The writers of the New Testament lived all in less than an age after Christ's ascension, and had all seen Christ, and been His disciples, excepting only St. Paul and St. Luke. Some time had passed before the books were collected into one volume, and recommended to us by the governors of the Church as the writings of the persons whose names they bear. The great doctors of the Church did not scruple at such frauds as tended to make the people more pious, yet there is great reason to believe that they did not corrupt the Bible. Hobbes' view of inspiration might pass for orthodox, if it implied infallibility, which, however, it does not. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," he calls an evident metaphor to signify that "God inclined the spirit or mind of the writers to write that which should be useful in teaching, reproving, correcting, and instructing men in the way of righteous living." The holy men of old who were moved by the Holy Spirit had supernatural revelations. A prophet was a prolocutor—one who speaks from God to man. Prophecy was a temporary employment from God, most frequently of good men, but sometimes also of the wicked. It was necessary to use natural reason to discern the true from the false prophets. In the Old Testament his doctrine was required to be conformable to what was taught by Moses, the sovereign prophet; in the New, it was to be accompanied with the confession that *Jesus is the Christ*. The truth of any prophet's utterance was always to be determined by the ruler of the people; that is, God's vicegerent on earth. Corresponding to these views of inspiration and prophecy, Hobbes said that when a man has wisdom and understanding or affections for what is good, he has God's Spirit within him. If the affections are evil, there is the presence of a bad spirit; those who are thus possessed are called *demoniacs*.

The doctrine of miracles taught in the "*Leviathan*," without being unorthodox, in some respects anticipates modern criticism. A miracle is a *sign*, a *wonder*, a *strange work*. When we know the cause, or when a wonderful work becomes familiar to us, it ceases to be a miracle. The ignorant take many things for supernatural,

such as eclipses of the sun and moon. Yet there are genuine *miracles*, immediate works of God, besides or beyond the ordinary operations in the world of nature as known to us. These miracles God works for an end; that is, for the "benefit of His *elect*." They are not intended to convince the unbelieving, such as Pharaoh, or the men of Galilee, in whose presence Jesus *would not* work miracles. Their object was to add to the Church such as should be saved—such as God had elected to eternal life. Miracles made manifest to them the mercy of an extraordinary ministry *for their salvation*. Hobbes' doctrine of the Trinity is the most startling of his theological heresies. Person he explains by its original meaning as one who acts a part. God, who is always one and the same, was first represented by Moses, then by His incarnate Son, and last of all by the Apostles. As represented by the Apostles, the Holy Spirit by which they spoke is God; as represented by His Son, who is God and man, the Son is that God; as represented by Moses and the High Priests, the Father—that is to say, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ—is that God. Hobbes afterwards recalled this illustration of the Trinity, explaining that he only meant to show to such scoffers as Lucian how God, who was one, could also be three persons. The explanation of the Atonement is more than usually rational. Man had sinned, and was liable to a penalty. God was pleased to accept a ransom, not however as a satisfaction for sin equivalent to the offence. In the Old Testament He gave pardon on the condition of offering sacrifices of bulls and goats. Under the new dispensation, the sacrifice of Christ has redeemed us; "not that the death of one man, though without sin, could satisfy for the offence of all men in the matter of justice, but in the mercy of God, who has ordained such sacrifices for sin as He is pleased to accept."

But in Hobbes' rationalism the most strange of all is his disbelief of an endless punishment of the wicked. After he has denied that we are judges of what is just with God, after he has maintained that God's right over us is His omnipotence alone, and that He has determined, irrespective of our wills and characters, who are to be saved and who are not to be saved, yet on the ground of its inconsistency with the mercy of God, he denies that the sufferings of the wicked can be never-ending. Eternal they may be in the sense of sufferings in the eternal world; but though the fire be unquenchable and the torments everlasting, yet it cannot be inferred from Scripture that the persons cast into the torments shall suffer eternally. On the contrary, death and the grave shall be cast into the lake of fire, which is the second death. There will be a final restitution, and no more going to *hades* or the grave.

He had explained *angels* as images in the imagination, which sig-

nified the presence of God in the execution of a supernatural work. On the same principle he explains that Satan, the Devil, and Abaddon do not set forth any individual person. They are not proper names, but appellations, and ought not to have been left untranslated, as they are in the Latin and modern Bibles. What is said in the Scriptures concerning Hell is metaphor. It is called Hades, or the place where men cannot see—*infernus*, or *under ground*. The simple idea of the dark grave became, indefinitely, a bottomless pit. As the giants of the old world were destroyed by the deluge, hell is called the *congregation of the giants*. Job says, "The giants groan under water;" and Isaiah, concerning the King of Babylon, "Hell is troubled to meet thee, and will displace *the giants for thee*." In allusion to the destruction of the cities of the plain, it is called the lake of fire. The Egyptians were in darkness when the children of Israel had light in their dwellings: hence the *outer darkness* without the habitation of God's elect. Near Jerusalem was the valley of the children of *Hinnom*, a part of which was called Tophet, where the old Pagans sacrificed their children to Moloch, and where the Jews carried the "filth and garbage" of Jerusalem to be burnt with fire. From thence they called the place of the damned *Gehenna*, or the Valley of Hinnom, the word now usually translated *hell*. Hobbes thinks that after the Resurrection, the *real* place for the punishment of God's enemies will be on this earth.

Salvation is deliverance from sin, which is all one with deliverance from misery. It is to be secured absolutely against all evils, including want, sickness, and death. The kingdom of God does not exist now. This is but the *regeneration*, or preparation for the coming of the Son of Man. When He comes He shall be King over all the earth, the true Lawgiver, the eternal Sovereign who shall give light and peace and joy to His people for ever and ever. We need no ascent to another region of the universe to realize the felicity of the redeemed. The tabernacle of God shall be with men. The New Jerusalem, with its glorious temple, shall come down from God out of heaven. Christ shall reign with his saints. There shall be a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. The dreams, as we often say, of the millenarian were sound reasoning to the sober intellect of Thomas Hobbes.

Hobbes hung dead weights to the wings of reason, but he laid no restraint on his own. He was willing to submit to the State, or to retract what he had written, but not till he had completed the cycle of human thought. Had he kept within the limits he prescribed for others, he would never have been classed with deists and unbelievers. After admitting that in many things Hobbes is undoubtedly orthodox, the "*Leviathan*" is still a great world of

rational theology, by which we mean theology founded on reason. It is said at one time Hobbes lived in close relations with Lord Herbert. The men were certainly very different. There could have been but little in common between them. Herbert was a Parliament man; Hobbes a Royalist. Herbert was an *à priori* philosopher; Hobbes was essentially *à posteriori*. He hated metaphysics as he hated ghosts, devils, and darkness.* But in some things he agreed with Herbert. He repeats that the main difference between man and the beasts is the capacity of the former for religion. Like Herbert, he draws up articles of natural theology, and like him he gives a secondary place to that knowledge of religion which we have on the authority of another person. That there is a God he holds to be an inevitable result of the exercise of reason.

"Curiosity," he says, "or love of the knowledge of causes, draws on man from the consideration of the effect to seek the cause, and again the cause of that cause, till of necessity he must come to this thought, at last, that there is some cause whereof there is no former cause, but is eternal; which is it men call God. So that it is impossible to make any profound inquiry into natural causes without being inclined thereby to believe there is one God eternal, though they cannot have any idea of Him in their mind answerable to His nature. For as a man that is born blind, hearing men talk of warming themselves by the fire, and being brought to warm himself by the same, may easily conceive and assure himself that there is somewhat which men call fire, and is the cause of the heat he feels, but cannot imagine what it is like, nor have an idea of it in his mind, such as they have that see it; so also by the visible things in the world, and their admirable order, a man may conceive there is a cause of them, which men call God, yet not have any idea or image of Him in his mind."

One of the chapters in the "Leviathan" is on the Kingdom of the God of Nature. In this Hobbes describes the worship of God taught us by the light of nature. We must attribute to God *existence*. We must speak of Him as the cause of the world, not as identical with it. The world being caused, cannot be eternal. We must regard Him as caring for us and loving us. We must not say that He is finite; that He has form; or that we have an *image* of Him in our minds. We must not ascribe parts to Him, nor limit Him by place. We must not say He moves, or that He rests, nor ascribe to Him passions—as repentance, anger, mercy. We should speak of Him as the Infinite, the Eternal, the Incomprehensible. There is but one

* Hobbes had a great terror of being in the dark. He ascribes his natural timidity to the circumstance of his mother being frightened by the rumour of the Spanish Armada. "She gave birth," he says, "to twins, myself and fear." Bishop Atterbury, in a passage in his sermon on "The Terrors of Conscience," a passage by no means creditable to the bishop, represents Hobbes' natural timidity as his conscience troubling him for his religious principles.

name to signify our conception of his nature, and that is, I AM. We should pray to Him, and offer thanksgiving. We should always speak worthily of Him, and above all things keep *His laws, for this is the greatest worship of all.*

In denying God passions and affections, Hobbes annihilates that personality which, from the limitations of our minds, we are necessitated, in a greater or less degree, to ascribe to the Divine Being. He maintained that we could have no *idea* of God. By this he meant image. All our mental images are of things finite. God is being infinite, which is the contrary, or the negative, of the finite. God, as we conceive Him, does not exist. It is better to acknowledge Him to be incomprehensible than to attempt to define His nature. Following this principle, Hobbes objected to all the terms by which we try to express our thoughts concerning God, and the world which lies beyond the sensuous or finite. "*Incorporeal spirit,*" "*immaterial substance,*" "*eternal now,*" and all such phrases, he pronounced meaningless. For the same reason he ought to have rejected *infinite, immortal, eternal,* and many other terms with which he could not so easily dispense. However, he was entitled to use words according to his own definitions so long as he made himself intelligible. But if God is not spirit *incorporeal*, nor substance immaterial, He is the opposite of these, which is corporeal body or material substance. In other words, God is body, or matter, or substance, taking these three terms as synonymous; nor does Hobbes shrink from this conclusion. He reasons that God must be corporeal, for "whatsoever is not body is nothing. The universe consists of body and accidents, but in accidents there is no reality." The corporeal is the only real existence. Spirit is body under another form—"thin, fluid, transparent, invisible." God is a most pure, most simple, "*corporeal spirit.*" It was objected that in this Hobbes identified God and the universe. The inference was denied, on the ground that God was the *cause* of the universe.

Hobbes only intended to be a physical investigator, but he could not use his reason in the material world without danger of its trespassing on the domain of the spiritual. Every effort to confine the human mind to the phenomenal has been a failure, and every such effort must be a failure to the end of time. Hobbes set aside the Greek philosophers with a sneer. For the Schoolmen he had not even that. Their phraseology he pronounced as unintelligible as the subjects of which they discoursed were incomprehensible; and yet he is compelled to treat of the same subjects, and sometimes to adopt the terms which he pronounces meaningless. Honestly, if unconsciously, he followed where reason led him. He was confessedly a man of limited reading. He flung it in the face of one of

his opponents, that if he had read as many books as some people, he would have been as stupid as they were. He fell back on the resources of his own mind, and reached conclusions which seemed original. It does not appear to have occurred to him, nor to any of those who replied to him, that in teaching this doctrine of the consubstantiality of mind and matter, body and spirit, he was simply reviving the theology of the ancient Stoics. The identity of body and spirit, the division of the all of being into God and the universe, was but an enunciation of the one substance of Spinoza, the *nature producing and nature produced*. Hobbes reached his conclusion by the same vigorous and independent reasoning as Spinoza did. Indeed, it is the only conclusion to which reason can legitimately come—the only conclusion to which any philosophy worthy of the name has come. We may distinguish between the Stoics, the Platonists, the Eleatics, the Ionics, and the Italics; but on the great question of *being*, which was primarily the subject of all their speculations, the difference is one of words—a question of the meaning of *matter, substance, idea, essence, corporeal spirit, and spiritual body*.

It is scarcely surprising that the “Leviathan” should have created a sensation on its first appearance. Among the wonderful books written in the seventeenth century it was certainly one of the deepest and oddest. Hobbes may not have had many followers—that is, not many who agreed with all he said—but he had many readers, and many who admired even when they did not follow. Among these was Cowley, the poet, who wrote :—

“Vast bodies of philosophy
 I oft have seen and read,
 But all are bodies dead,
 Or bodies by art fashioned.
 I never yet the living soul could see
 But in thy books and thee.
 ’Tis only God can know
 Whether the fair ideal thou dost show
 Agree entirely with his own or no.
 This I dare boldly tell,
 ’Tis so like truth ’twill serve our turn as well;
 Just as in nature thy proportions be
 As full of concord their variety.
 As firm their parts upon their centre rest,
 And all so solid as that they at least,
 As much as nature, emptiness detest.” ;

But Hobbes had opponents as well as admirers. The “Leviathan,” says Bishop Warburton, made the philosopher of Malmesbury “the terror of that age.” It would require a long list to mention even the names of those who undertook to destroy the monster. Among them we find one earl, two archbishops, five bishops, several masters

and fellows of colleges, a Boyle lecturer, many doctors of divinity, and country parsons without number. "I will put a hook into his nose, and cast an angle into his jaws," cried one of the last, with the bravery characteristic of his class when about to slay a monster of heresy. The earl was Edward Hyde, the loyal and faithful, but unfortunate Clarendon. He wrote from his exile "A Survey of the 'Leviathan,'" which he dedicated to the worthless Charles. In his dedication he assures the king of his unshaken fidelity, and his "abhorrence of the false and evil doctrine of Mr. Hobbes, *that a banished subject during his banishment is not a subject.*" The "Survey" had for a frontispiece Andromeda chained to the rock, with the sea monster about to devour her. Perseus, appearing on his winged Pegasus, with a Gorgon's head in one hand and a javelin in the other, destroys the monster, and liberates the virgin. So Clarendon, the destroyer of monsters, harpoons the "Leviathan," that religion, like a stately goddess, might walk in beauty freed from fetters and from fears. Clarendon was ready to admit that there were many good things well said in Hobbes' book. He recommended disregarding the definitions, which are really essential to understanding what the author means; but he said truly that Hobbes "did not so much consider the nature of a definition, as that he may insert somewhat into it, to which he may resort to prove somewhat, which men do not think of when they read the definitions." He protested against Hobbes' dark view of human nature, and the more rationalistic of his religious doctrines. He maintained his own orthodoxy by approving the mode of receiving the mysteries of faith illustrated by the *pills*. He charges Hobbes with ignorance of the English monarchy and its history; with a misapprehension of the nature of laws, as well as of the actual laws of this realm. It is only on this subject that Clarendon's opinion is worth knowing, for law was his profession. The chief interest attaching to the "Survey" is the repeated charge that Hobbes was furthering the interests of Cromwell.* The passages which Clarendon

* Clarendon seems to have been the inventor of this. Bishop Burnet calls the "Leviathan" "a very wicked book with a strange title," and says that Hobbes "wrote it at first in favour of absolute monarchy, but turned it afterwards to gratify the republican party. These were his true principles, though he had disguised them for deceiving unwary readers." Dr. Whewell says that the face of the figure in the frontispiece of the "Leviathan" has a manifest reference to Cromwell, but in a copy belonging to Trinity College library the face appears to be intended for Charles I. A gentleman connected with Trinity College wrote last month as follows:—"I have before me the two editions of the 'Leviathan,' with date 1651. The frontispiece of the one is surmounted by a handsome face resembling, though not strikingly, the portraits of Charles I. The other face has the same crown, but is broader and coarser featured, *like* Cromwell, but not strikingly so—about as like his portrait by Cooper, as the former is like Charles by Vandyke. But the faces are in different types, the former high featured and what may be called Norman, the latter flattened, with broad nostrils, and more of the bourgeois

quotes in proof of this are very obscure, if this was their object. Cromwell must have had keen eyes to see, in what Hobbes said of the right of the sovereign to name his successor, an intimation that he should arrange for the succession of his son Richard. He might have found himself described in a later work "as the single tyrant who occupied England, Scotland, and Ireland, and turned to mockery the democratic wisdom as well of their laymen as of their ecclesiastics." He might have read that in the civil war, "not bishops only, but king, law, religion, honesty, having been cast down,—perfidy, murder, all the foulest wickedness (covered, however, with hypocrisy), held sway in the land." Indeed, Hobbes never misses an opportunity of denouncing all that was done in England in the days of Cromwell. In the "*Behemoth*" the Parliament men are pictured as traitors, rebels, fanatics, and hypocrites; and yet Clarendon could see in Hobbes a concealed enemy of the Church and the king.

One of the earliest works of Thomas Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was called "*The Creed of Mr. Hobbes examined in a feigned Conference between him and a Student in Divinity.*" Tenison had just been presented by the Duke of Manchester to the rectory of Holywell, St. Ives, Hunts. This little book, dedicated to his patron, was the first-fruits of his leisure. It is perhaps the most sensible reply that was made to Hobbes. It gave ample evidence that Tenison was worthy of the duke's patronage, and fair promise that one day he might be a bishop. Tenison had the same advantage over Hobbes in philosophy that Clarendon had over him in law. He was well read in Plato and the Greek philosophers. Whether or not they meant by "*incorporeal spirit*" what Hobbes meant by "*corporeal spirit*" may be an open question, but that they did speak of *incorporeal* existences, and attach a definite meaning to the term, is not to be disputed. Tenison showed that if Hobbes had been at all acquainted with the Platonic use of the word *idea*, he would never have confounded it with *image*. It is "an argument of a thickness of mind" to say that we have no conception without an image. "Plato has contended for a knowledge soaring above the ken of fancy, and has taught us that the greatest and most glorious objects have no image attending on their conception. And Clemens Alexandrinus told the Gentiles that the Christians had not any sensible image of sensible matter in their Divine worship, but that they had an intelligent *idea* of the only sovereign God." Tenison, not seeing that the doctrine of the Stoics concerning substance could be reconciled with that of the Platonists, urged against Hobbes that if God was

or Saxon type. The Cromwell plate is much brighter and more distinct than the supposed Charles plate; it has many more lines in the principal and in the accessory figures, and might, I think, be a re-touch of the former."

corporeal, then He would be identical with the world, and so the world might be worshipped as God. And he repeated the worn-out jests from St. Augustine and Peter Bayle, that such men as Cain and Pharaoh, Herod and Judas, "not to say Mr. Hobbes himself," might be parts of God. Hobbes quoted Tertullian and the Greek fathers to show that by body they meant *essence*; and as neither Mr. Hobbes nor Mr. Tenison could explain it further, Mr. Hobbes said he knew *that God is*, but he did not know *what He is*. To this Mr. Tenison sagely replied, "Ye worship ye know not what." Hobbes, not content with saying we could not know the essence of Deity, leaving spirit and body as names for quantity or quantities unknown, carried this doctrine of human incapacity into the domain of the moral attributes, denying that human reason can judge of God's doings, and maintaining that that may be just in God which is not just in us, for *a thing is made just by God's doing it*. To which Tenison triumphantly replied that the reason of mankind must be the eternal and universal standard, since God Himself had appealed to it as the judge of His justice and righteous dealing. "Are not my ways equal, and yours unequal?" "Judge between me and my vineyard, O house of Israel." Tenison also combated Hobbes' favourite doctrine of the absolute supremacy of the sovereign in religion. The doctrine was purely Pagan. The laws of their country determined what gods should be worshipped. In the "twelve tables" it was forbidden that any man should have a personal religion. The Gospel, on the other hand, required men no longer to worship the national gods, but only the true God as revealed by Jesus Christ. Tenison said that Hobbes got the doctrine of the "Leviathan" from the oration of Euphemus in Thucydides, where the orator says, "Now, to a tyrant or city that reigneth, nothing can be thought absurd if profitable." It is *possible* Hobbes may have found it here, but this is going a long way for it.

John Bramhall, Bishop of Derry, and afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, was one of Hobbes' most determined adversaries. He was an able man, though somewhat rude and vehement, a fervent advocate of Episcopacy and the Stuarts, especially King Charles II. of blessed memory. Bramhall was the very incarnation of that violent spirit which, by the revengeful Act of Uniformity, ejected the Puritans from the Church of England. He had long discussions with Hobbes on necessity, which need not trouble any one. Neither of them on either side said anything which had not been said before, and which has not often been said since. Hobbes repeated the usual fallacy about the will being always necessitated by the motive, and the bishop answered that every man feels and knows that he has power to will. When the "Leviathan" appeared, the

Bishop of Derry could not resist the temptation to throw his line into the sea that he might entangle the great fish. He wrote a treatise called "The Catching of the Leviathan," and with a great deal of pleasantry which is very amusing in a man of episcopal dignity, he threatened to put an end to its existence by three harping-irons: one for its heart, a second for its chin, and a third for its head,—the religious, the political, and the rational parts. Yet the bishop confessed that he was only fighting with a shadow. "The 'Leviathan' was a mere phantasm of Mr. Hobbes' own devising. It was neither flesh nor fish, but a confusion of a man and a whale engendered in his own brains, not unlike Dagon, the idol of the Philistines, a mixture of a god, and a man, and a fish." In fact, the great marine brute, "the mortal god," was Thomas Hobbes himself.

The theology of the "Leviathan," according to the bishop, was "atheistical." By making God corporeal, it denied His existence. By saying that He is not wholly in every place, it deprived Him of ubiquity; and by making eternity equivalent to endless duration, it reduced Him to the condition of a finite existence, "older to-day than He was yesterday." Hobbes' answers were not much wiser than Bramhall's objections. He said that if God was *all* in one place, that would imply that He was excluded from other places; and he railed against the Schoolmen, who made eternity an *everlasting now*, and who, instead of saying God was just, true, and eternal, called Him justice, truth, and eternity. The use of these terms is not *atheistical*, as Hobbes said, neither is there any necessary heresy in the rejection of them. Bramhall, who had considerable learning, and was a tolerable theologian, protested manfully against the depraved view of human nature set forth in the "Leviathan." He ended his treatise with a recommendation that Mr. Hobbes should try his form of government in America, and if it succeeded among the savages, he might transplant it to England. In America Mr. Hobbes might have a chance of being chosen the sovereign, but Bramhall expressed fears that if his "ruling was as magisterial as his writing, his subjects might tear their *mortal god* in pieces with their teeth, and entomb his sovereignty in their bowels." Hobbes, who could be cool as well as severe, wrote an answer to the "Catching" ten years after it was published, saying that he had only heard of it about three months since, *so little talk was there of his lordship's writings.*

The Boyle lecturer was Samuel Clarke, rector of St. James', Westminster. He classed Hobbes with Spinoza. For this classification there were some grounds. Hobbes agreed with Spinoza as to the consubstantiality of body and spirit. Spinoza, indeed, denied that God was a body, but then he explained that by *body* he meant that

which has figure and dimensions, as length and breadth—that is, he denied that God was anything finite. Hobbes agreed, too, with Spinoza on necessity, and that the right of every man by nature depends on his might. On such questions as the nature of eternity Spinoza agreed rather with the Schoolmen, or we may say the old philosophers. Clarke chiefly combated the doctrine of necessity. One lecture, however, is almost entirely devoted to the consideration of law, in which Clarke shows that Hobbes frequently contradicts himself; sometimes maintaining that there is right and wrong in the nature of things, and at other times declaring right and wrong to depend on the will of the sovereign.

To the question of law, Richard Cumberland, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, dedicated a long Latin dissertation called “*De Legibus Naturæ*.” It was written professedly to refute Hobbes’ doctrine both of moral and civil law. This book is remarkable as one of the earliest efforts in England to establish morality on a basis independent of authority. Cumberland’s basis is, that we ought to promote the common good of all rational beings. God has shown to our reason that in the very nature of things well-doing is rewarded, and vice is punished. The law of nature is right reason, or, as the ancients called it, eternal reason. About this time many writers came forward eager to establish the principles of natural religion, and the ineffaceable distinctions between virtue and vice. Chief among these were the Cambridge Platonists, as they were called—Cudworth, More, Whichcote, Workington, Harrington, and Wilkins, afterwards Bishop of Chester. Most of them make some reference to Hobbes, especially Cudworth, who indeed wrote his great work on the “*Intellectual System of the Universe*” as an antidote to the supposed atheism of the “*Leviathan*;” and a treatise published after his death by Bishop Chandler, “*Concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality*,” in which Cudworth maintained that the mind has an innate knowledge of right and wrong. This doctrine was as old as Plato, and the doctrine of Hobbes as old as Plato’s opponents. In the “*Minos*” Plato refers to those who identified a *law* (*νόμος*) with a decree of the city (*δύγμα πολέως*).

We need not do more than briefly notice some of the others who wrote against the “*Leviathan*.” Mr. Tyrell, a friend of Bishop Cumberland’s, translated and abridged the disquisition “*De Legibus Naturæ*,” adding “*A New Method of dealing with Mr. Hobbes*.” Samuel Parker, Bishop of Oxford, wrote, as a sequel to a Latin work, an English one, called “*A Demonstration of the Divine Authority of the Law of Nature, and of the Christian Religion*.” The bishop gives a woeful picture of the viciousness and profanity, infidelity and atheism, of his age. Even the common people set up for sceptics, and defended

their sins as harmless actions. The bishop said that he was in pursuit of truth, and would not be jostled out of the way "not by Thomas Hobbes nor an angel from heaven." The demonstration of the laws of nature was mostly taken from Bishop Cumberland. The second part, on the authority of the Christian religion, was original. By careful study, says the bishop, we may find out that there is a future life, and rewards and punishments. But revelation has now made these things evident. The grounds of the Christian faith he reckoned to be so convincing that they must enforce belief. He called the "*Leviathan*" "a foolish book, by the reading of which those who were by nature sufficient dunces, fancy themselves philosophers." The "poor village curate is sure to be a trophy to the arguments of the forward youth who has read the '*Leviathan*.'"

The bishop threatens "to load their infidelity with such a heap of absurdities as shall for ever dash their confidence and disarm their impiety." The Apostles, he goes on to say, laid down their lives in attestation of what they had seen. It was impossible that they should agree to deceive the world. The books of the New Testament were written by the persons whose names they bear. The writers were sincere and impartial. Profane history, too, agrees with sacred. Josephus has given an account of Jesus. Phlegon speaks of an eclipse about the time of the crucifixion. Tiberius, according to Tertullian, believed in the divinity of Jesus Christ, and wished the Senate of Rome publicly to acknowledge it. Pontius Pilate wrote "*The Acts of Pilate*" for Tiberius. Justin Martyr appeals to them, and surely he knew better about their authenticity than Casaubon, and some other modern scholars, who have had the boldness to doubt that they were written by Pilate. Agbarus, the King of Edessa, wrote a letter to Jesus, inviting Him to come and cure him of some disease. To this letter Jesus wrote *a brief and pithy answer*. The *Therapeutæ* mentioned by Philo were Christians, whatever Scaliger may say to the contrary. Justin Martyr testifies that in the city of Rome devils were cast out daily by the name of Jesus, when the Roman exorcists could not cast them out. Irenæus proves against the heretics that the Catholic Church had the true apostolical succession, for the clergy could work the same miracles as the Apostles. They could cast out devils, foretell things to come, cure the sick by imposition of hands, and even raise the dead. The Roman Emperors confessed the supernatural power of the Christians. Marcus Aurelius was witness to the rain and thunder and lightning that came down on their enemies in answer to the prayers of the "thundering legion;" and this is saying nothing of the multitude of miracles mentioned by Origen, St. Cyprian, St. Ignatius, and St. Augustine. If the "poor village curate" fell a victim to those who read the

"Leviathan" it was his own blame. He ought to have known the valuable evidence from Christian antiquity provided for him by Samuel, Lord Bishop of Oxford.*

Some of the small writers who made sport with the "Leviathan" have not even left their names to posterity, and of what they wrote the British Museum has only been able to treasure up a few fragments. "The True Effigies of the Monster of Malmesbury in his Proper Colours," has only the six pages "to the reader." Cowley's verses to Hobbes were vilely parodied after his death. "The Last Sayings of Thomas Hobbes," consisting of startling passages from the "Leviathan," were cried through the streets after the fashion of the dying words of Baxter and Bunyan. Wits wrote elegies and epitaphs,† while religious visionaries saw Hobbes writhing in hell like Dante's monsters, half suffocated in sulphur.‡ "The 'Leviathan'

* Bishop Burnet speaks of Parker as "a man of little virtue, and as to religion, rather impious. He was originally an Independent, but after his conversion to Episcopacy he for some years entertained the nation with several virulent books, till he was attacked by the liveliest droll of the age (Andrew Marvell), who wrote in a burlesque strain, but with so peculiar and so entertaining a conduct, that from the king down to the tradesman his books were read with great pleasure. This not only humbled Parker, but his whole party." He was at one time so far on Hobbes' side that he said the king was not under God and Christ, but under God and above Christ. According to Burnet the second James made him a bishop to help on the ruin of the Church. Macaulay says "the bishopric of Oxford was given to Samuel Parker, whose religion, if he had any, was that of Rome, and who called himself a Protestant only because he was encumbered with a wife."

† One elegy gives what we may suppose to have been the general estimate of Hobbes:—

"He with such art deceived, that none can say,
If his be errors, where his errors lay;
If he mistakes, 'tis still with so much wit,
He errs more pleasingly than others hit."

To this elegy is appended an epitaph which is too coarse to be quoted here. This is the last verse:—

"In fine, after a thousand shams and fobbs,
Ninety years eating and immortal jobbs,
Here matter lies, and there is an end of Hobbes."

Aliud.

"Here lies Tom Hobbes, the bugbear of the nation,
Whose death has frightened atheism out of fashion."

‡ The following is from "Visions of Hell," ascribed to John Bunyan:—

"*Epenetus*.—I had no sooner spoke, but one of the tormented wretches cries out, with a sad, mourning accent,—

"Sure I should know that voice. It must be *Epenetus*."

"I was amazed to hear my name mentioned by one of the infernal crew; and therefore, being desirous to know who it was, I answered: Yes, I am *Epenetus*; but who are you, in that sad, lost condition, that knows me?

"*Dam. Soul*.—To this the lost unknown replied: I was once well acquainted with you upon earth, and had almost persuaded you to be of my opinion. I am the author of that celebrated book, so well known by the title of 'Leviathan'?"

"*Epenetus*.—What, the great Hobbes! said I. Are you come hither? Your voice is so much changed, I did not know it."

"*Hobbes*.—Alas! replied he, I am that unhappy man indeed. But am so far from

found out; or, An Answer to Mr. Hobbes' 'Leviathan,' in that which my Lord Clarendon hath passed over," was written by John Whitehead, of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law. But the barrister had nothing to say which had not been better said by others. One of the best pieces against Hobbes is a little tract wanting the title-page. The writer undertook to show from "*Mr. Hobbes' own principles*," that the notions of laws of right and wrong, just and unjust, good and evil, are independent upon, and naturally and rationally antecedent to, the constitution of any commonwealth."

William Pike, a clergyman, wrote, "Examinations, Censures, and Confutations" of "the Strange Man" and "his Strange Book." Alexander Ross* wrote "Leviathan drawn out with a Hook." He likened himself to young David encountering Goliath when the armies of Israel had been frightened by the vast bulk of his body, and the dimensions of his spear and armour, and his bragging and defying words. "The learned had been afraid to bridle Mr. Hobbes his 'Leviathan;' but the spiritual shepherd, the least of the tribe of Levi, *little* in his own eyes," would show that the *brute* was not so terrible that people should be cast down even at the sight of him. John Eachard, D.D., wrote "Dialogues between Philautus and Timothy;" that is, himself and Mr. Hobbes. They were dedicated to Gilbert, Archbishop of Canterbury (Sheldon), and were intended to be clever. One of them begins by Philautus asking Timothy if he had not hanged himself yet. The archbishop and the doctor of divinity saw only food for pastime in the great "Leviathan;" but they could not play with him as with a bird, nor, as companions, make a banquet of him.†

being great, that I am one of the most wretched persons in all these sooty territories. Nor is it any wonder that my voice is changed, for I am now changed in my principles, though changed too late to do me any good. For now I know there is a God; but O! I wish there were not!—for I am sure He will have no mercy on me, nor is there any reason that He should. I do confess that I was His foe on earth, and now He is mine in hell. . . .

"Hobbes.—O that I could but say, I feel no fire! How easy would my torments be to that which I now find them! But oh, alas! the fire that we endure ten thousand times exceeds all culinary fire in fierceness."

* Immortalized in "Hudibras:"—

"There was an ancient sage philosopher
That had read *Alexander Ross* over,
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made from fighting and from love.

In another place—

"And he who made it had read *Goodwin*,
Or *Ross*, or *Callius Rodigine*."

† Benjamin Laney, Bishop of Ely, also wrote against Hobbes on the question of necessity, and Seth Ward, Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford, afterwards Bishop of Exeter, wrote—"In Thomæ Hobbes Philosophicam Exercitatio Epistolica," in

Did Hobbes really mean that the distinctions of right and wrong, truth and falsehood, had their origin from the civil ruler? Did he mean—

“Ut turpiter atrum,
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne?”

or did he only wish to make the Pisos laugh? He knew that there were natural laws, unchangeable and eternal. He said expressly that what *they forbid can never be lawful*, nor what *they command* be unlawful. Before the establishment of the Commonwealth there existed no law, according to his definition of law; but he admits that what we generally understand by the laws of right and wrong existed before all, and independent of all, civil society. Most of those who wrote against Hobbes have noticed that on this subject it is difficult to reconcile him with himself. Whatever he may have meant by ascribing unlimited power to his grotesque monster, we may, after all, fairly claim Hobbes as a teacher of immutable morality—an assertor of eternal law.

JOHN HUNT.

which he controverted all the doctrines of the “Leviathan,” metaphysical and physical, political and theological. But the great controversy of Hobbes’ life was with Dr. John Wallis, another professor of geometry. This was merely on questions of geometry, and need not detain us. Dr. Whewell says of Hobbes’ writings on this subject, that they were full of the “most extravagant arrogance, ignorance, and dogmatism which can be imagined.” To the list of Hobbes’ adversaries we may add Sir Robert Filmer, Daniel Scargil, Dr. Sharrock, Dr. John Templar, Mr. Shafto, and Robert Boyle.



THE MARRIAGE LAWS OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

A ROYAL Commission to consider the laws of marriage in the United Kingdom has been sitting for upwards of two years. It has closed its evidence, and may be expected soon to make its report. What the character of that report may be, is still of course unknown; but the composition of the Commission affords a clue to at least the prepossessions with which the majority would approach the subject. The members comprise eight Englishmen to three Scotchmen, and three Irishmen. As the soundness of a system of law is not established by the number of individuals who are subjected to it, there is no very evident reason for this disparity in the proportion of the persons whose natural prejudices may be assumed to be in favour of that law to which they have been habituated. But even if the national representation had been more equal, the fact that eleven out of the whole fourteen are lawyers must have bid us pause before accepting the conclusions of such a body as decisive of the question submitted to them. Lawyers, as such, have no peculiar right, and no special competence, to prescribe the marriage law for the community. It would be as reasonable to make them the sole arbiters of what ought to be the system of our poor-laws, of our emigration laws, of our laws about schools or churches, or masters and servants, as to submit to their exclusive direction the principles of our marriage laws. Mar-

riage is a social, not a legal question ; and in social questions lawyers have no further function than to tell us how to carry into effect the principles which the nation determines. Nay, their very training acts as a certain disqualification of them in any further capacity. It gives them the habit of considering the machinery more than the result. They think more of what people should be made to do, for the sake of legal convenience, than of what people are likely to do for the sake of their own convenience. Their desire is to make law systematic, precise, absolute, applying one rule to every contingency, overriding with one positive command every complication growing out of the infinite variety of human nature and circumstances. This method appears very philosophical, and in dealing with merely commercial or conventional arrangements, in which it is as easy to conform to one set of regulations as to another, it is often admirable and beneficial. But we must be cautious how we apply it in cases where a higher law, based on the principles of our nature, demands a more liberal recognition of the diversity of human needs. No legal enactment can make mankind of one pattern. Nor can any rule keep men from breaking through its fetters when strong temptation assails. The resource of lawyers in such cases is to strengthen their rule by increasing the weight of the penalties on disobedience. But here the public must step in to decide whether, after all, the infliction of the penalties does not create anomalies, abuses, immoralities, greater than would exist under a law less theoretically elegant, but more consonant to the actual requirements of humanity. And if by reviewing the results of the experience we have already had, the public can draw its own conclusions on this matter, the better course will be that it should decide and declare for itself the principles which should form the basis of its marriage code, rather than leave to lawyers to fashion for us a system of perfect legal completeness, which we shall find in practice works badly, or works mischief.

It must be remembered also that marriage is a contract of a character entirely peculiar in many respects. It affects every class of the community ; it is entered into by the humblest, the most illiterate, the most foolish, as well as by the wealthy, the educated, and the prudent ; it is influenced by the eagerest passions, and often concluded in circumstances when even the steadiest heads lose their judgment, and the affections overpower the restraints of reason, and of all customary motives of action ; and at the same time it is to all of an importance exceeding that of any other transaction in their lives, concerning not merely property, station, and honour, but morality, religion, and the eternity of souls. This universality and immensity of interest concur in requiring that all our regulations on the subject should be of the utmost simplicity, so that the most uninstructed may

understand them, and of the utmost precision, so that the most careless may observe them. But it is at the same time evident that there are two distinct elements involved in this contract. There is that of human law, affecting mere civil rights. But there is also that of divine law, bringing in considerations of a far higher range. Now lawyers are apt to look exclusively to the former element. They argue that in a transaction of such great worldly importance, the rules which guide other civil arrangements ought to be still more rigidly enforced; and they often ask if it is not monstrous that marriage should be allowed to be solemnized with less formality than attends the transfer of a piece of land, or the sale of goods. But when we regard the consequences of the application of these doctrines in the two classes of cases we see how the peculiarities of the contract of marriage must affect our conclusions. It is a small matter to make a commercial arrangement subject to fixed regulations, and void if they are neglected. A moderate delay does no harm, a lawyer can be consulted if there is difficulty in understanding the law, and nullity is in some cases only an inconvenience, and at the very worst it is only a temporal loss. But with marriage all is different. There are times when impatience or opportunity admits of no delay, there are occasions in which no advice can be resorted to, and nullity involves consequences that are always tremendous, and sometimes may even reach beyond the grave. Here then it is possible that in the effort to make a solemn and formal legal ceremony indispensable, and to establish fixed and unalterable technical rules for its validity, the result may be to set up a human law which shall be at variance with the Divine, which may separate those whom God has joined, may forbid to marry where religion commands to marry, or may place some other earthly stumbling-block in the way of weak consciences, or vehement yet not unholly desires.

In considering a question so wide and complex, the best way of simplifying it is to inquire first what are the existing laws, and what is the effect of their operation. And here we may begin with those of Scotland, as still maintaining rules which originally were the foundation of the marriage code of all Christendom. After considering the nature and operation of these, we may proceed to review the working of the changes which English lawyers have in their country engrafted upon that primary system. The laws of Ireland need not detain us; for their sole peculiarity is the preservation of some relics of intolerance in the case of mixed marriages between Roman Catholics and Protestants.

In Scotland, following the example of Scripture (which nowhere enacts, or even suggests, any marriage ceremonial) and of the Canon or ancient Church Law, the consent of the parties is the sole essen-

tial to a marriage. This consent may be proved by any sufficient evidence. In far the greater number of instances it is proved by a religious ceremony, in which a minister of religion officiates, after due publication of banns, and the marriage is then called by lawyers "regular." But this religious ceremony is not subject to any restrictions either of time or place, and, in point of fact, it is generally performed in a private house. If proclamation of banns is neglected, the clergyman and the parties are liable to penalties, though the marriage stands good. Such a marriage is, however, styled "clandestine." In cases where no religious ceremony intervenes, there is no occasion for any public notice; and nothing is essential except that in some way—by writing or by witnesses—the fact of deliberate purpose and consent should be proved. In this case the marriage is called "irregular," and if the consent was express it is called "*consent de presenti*." When it is proved solely by witnesses, two are necessary, in conformity with the general law of evidence in Scotland. Sometimes, by way of securing a more solemn record, the parties go before a magistrate, and confess that they were married clandestinely, undergoing some small fine as the consequent penalty. But in some special cases the law declares that certain acts shall be held conclusive evidence of consent. When, under promise of marriage—proved either by writing or confessed on oath—a man seduces a woman, the seduction itself is held as evidence that the promise has been converted into actual consent, and the marriage dates from the period of that conversion. This is technically distinguished as marriage "by promise, *subsequente copulâ*." When, again, a man and woman give themselves out as married, so that they are generally understood to be such in the neighbourhood in which they reside, the law holds that permitted reputation to be evidence that consent has at some time been given, without demanding proof of more formal and precise contract. In this case the marriage is said to be established by "habit and repute."

Any inconvenience which might follow from the difficulty of fixing the exact date in these two last cases of irregular marriage is obviated by the ancient rule, derived also from the Canon Law, that marriage legitimatizes the previous offspring. And it may be observed, in passing, that this rule leads indirectly to some injustice being done to the character of Scotland in point of morality, as tested by statistics. Many children born out of wedlock are legitimatized by the subsequent marriage of their parents, which has always been intended, but which there is in Scotland no legal reason for celebrating before the birth. But in England, as such subsequent legitimation has no place, to evade bastardy the father and mother must

marry before the birth. Hence, as the registrars in both countries only note the position of the parents at the date of birth, it happens that many more illegitimate *births* are registered in Scotland than in England; but it does not follow either that there has been more immorality before marriage, or that there are more bastards existing at a later age. All that is shown by the registers is, only that more parents, who have been guilty of immorality, marry before a child is born in England than in Scotland.

But another, and more important, misapprehension, not founded on statistics, prevails in England, even among many well-educated persons, respecting the marriage customs of Scotland. They have an idea that the exceptional forms of irregular marriage are really those in ordinary use. Grave judges have even stated in evidence before select committees of Parliament, that they suppose it is seldom that a marriage in Scotland is solemnized by a clergyman! For the information, then, of southern readers of this Review, it may be right to repeat that the overwhelming majority of marriages in Scotland, probably at least 999 in 1,000, are regular, entered into after due proclamation of banns, and solemnized with the rites of the Church, differing only from the like ceremonial in England in that they are celebrated in a private house, instead of an ecclesiastical building. So distinctly is this the fact, that if each Scotsman and Scotswoman will consult their own recollections, they will find that scarcely any among them can recall an instance in which individuals *personally* known to them have been married irregularly. The cases of irregular marriage are always those in which secrecy, or some less reputable purpose, has been the motive; and this is of at least as rare occurrence under the marriage law of Scotland as of England.

It is, indeed, true that on this fact two opposing arguments have been founded: first, that if the irregular marriages are so rare, it is needless to continue the law which sanctions them; and next, that there may really be more than we know of, because there may be many who are in doubt whether they are married or not. The first question turns on the point whether secrecy can be, or ought to be, invariably forbidden, and it may be left till we see what the English law has been *obliged* to concede in this respect. The second requires us to distinguish the class of persons among whom such doubtful unions can possibly be found. Now, in the first place, let us observe that it is, in fact, one of the leading advantages of the law of Scotland that there can be no uncertainty when the parties wish to avoid it. In all regular marriages, for instance (having the advantage, it will be seen, over the like class of English marriages), there can be

no doubt of the fact of legal marriage, for as there is nothing essential but consent, and consent has been placed beyond doubt, there is no room for error in form. As little doubt can there be where the consent has been expressed by parties who really mean it, although not in presence of a priest, nor even publicly, but privately, before witnesses, or in writing. A declaration, oral or written, that is meant to be plain and honest, is subject to no doubt. The sole cases, then, in which there is room for doubt are those in which marriage is established by dubious language of consent; or by a dubious promise preceding seduction; or by a dubious reputation in the neighbourhood. It may be reasonably questioned if these instances are numerous; nay, if they could be numerous in any decently moral state of society; for they are all cases in which the parties have not only refused the public means of marriage (for which they may have had very good and proper reasons), but in which they have purposely resorted to equivocal means even in private, to excuse or cover an illicit connection. They have been trying either to deceive one another, or to deceive the public; and not the marriage law, but their own designs, have led to the existence of doubt as to their position.

But whether rare or common, let us consider more closely the real nature of the difficulty thus raised. It applies, as we have seen, solely to those who have been designedly ambiguous. But can it be conceived that any number of these would have been driven into real marriage by the certainty that their private arrangements would not be marriage? Let us take first the case of the marriage by "habit and repute." A man and a woman live together, and for their convenience give out that they are married, all the while knowing they are not, and meaning not to be married. Is it reasonable to suppose that they would not have lived together at all if there had been no chance of the connection being ultimately declared to be marriage? Is it not evident that, since they do not want to be married, the mere possibility of such a result must rather deter than encourage a connection under such a name? Is it not also plain that in any case the sinful connection would have been carried on just the same had there not been the cloak of reputed marriage, only it might have been private instead of open? All that is effected by the difference in the laws of the two countries is, in fact, only this—that in England there are a great many more illicit connections which are temporarily concealed under the pretence of marriage than there are in Scotland. And the whole legal effect of the law of Scotland on the subject is, that it actually does convert, in occasional cases, that pretended marriage into a real one; a result which may be very inconvenient.

to respectable libertines, but surely is not adverse to morality, nor injurious to public decency.*

Any one who knows the social habits of the two countries can be at no loss to recall examples of the truth of these doctrines. It is unfortunately, but conspicuously, true that a looser state of principle exists among the upper ranks in England than is to be openly found in Scotland. I use advisedly the word "openly," for no one can presume to trace private conduct. But of the shameless women who, in public places in London, vie in display with matrons and maidens of rank, a very considerable proportion are kept under the temporary name of wives of their "protectors." In lower ranks also it is common for a mistress to receive the appellation of wife until convenience no longer calls for maintenance of the deception. There are stories current at the Bar of eminent members of the profession who every year carry a different "wife" with them on circuit, or on their vacation tour. It is obvious that the law of Scotland makes such arrangements far too dangerous to be indulged in in that country. And it is possible to imagine that this unaccommodating severity is the real cause which leads to so much of the declamation in English newspapers about the barbarous state of the law, under which "people find themselves married without ever having meant it!" But it does not follow that the law of Scotland should be altered in order to give facilities to English journalists to import a succession of "wives" into Scotland during their holidays.

Take, again, the only other case in which uncertainty can exist—that in which a woman chooses to be satisfied with an ambiguous declaration or promise. It is no less certain that in such cases as these the absolute impossibility of constituting marriage in that way would not prevent yielding to sin. These are occasions in which privacy is observed from some necessity of circumstances, but in which the passions are vehement, and the restraints of reason and conscience are weak. In such circumstances it is seen by the innumerable actions in England for damages for breach of promise of marriage or for seduction, in which such a promise has been the principal inducement, that a mere promise of that nature is often sufficient to lead to a woman's fall. But in Scotland, actions in which a promise of marriage is proved are exceedingly rare, although in that country the woman herself may always sue for damages for seduction, while

* I have on former occasions expressed an opinion that, for the sake of attaining an assimilation of the law, the Scottish method of proving marriage by "habit and repute" might be renounced. Further observation on the social consequences that exist where this rule is not in force, have led me however to doubt the wisdom of making such a sacrifice. At the same time it may be also observed that mere "reputation" is constantly admitted as sufficient evidence of marriage even in English Law Courts, unless the fact is formally disputed, and of recent date.

in England action is only allowed where her seduction has led to loss of her services to a parent or master. To what are we to attribute the comparative infrequency of use of this means of seduction in Scotland? It seems plainly due to the fact that the law makes its use an evidence of marriage, and that men fear to resort to it. This is a clear gain to morality. And how is that law to be blamed of which the effect is only to diminish the temptations to seduction, and sometimes to convert into marriage a connection which a harsher letter would denounce as invariably concubinage?

It seems clear, then, that the known operation of the law itself tends to check the existence of occasions in which it can come into practical operation, and that the idea of there being many cases in which any uncertainty about the fact of marriage exists is wholly baseless and incredible, as well as contrary to general belief. But a different objection is sometimes urged against such an operation of the law, which needs only to be plainly stated to be reprobated. It is said that it favours the attempts of designing women to inveigle young men of rank into a marriage, that it allows of marriages without due notice to parents, and that it favours secret marriages, to the hurt of innocent persons afterwards. How does it do any of these? By simply declaring that, without any reference to rank or age, it is better to recognise marriage than to recognise fornication. We have but the choice between the two. No law can prevent both. No law can create prudence, honesty, openness, honour, chastity. It must take men and women as it finds them, and leave each to bear the penalty of their own misdeeds, or incaution, or of the misdeeds of others. But are we to attempt to set up a protection for high rank, or for parental authority, or for future dupes, by declaring that young men may commit any sin but matrimony? Is it too much for the morals of civilization to insist that marriage is in nearly all these cases by far the least of the evils into which hot young blood can fall? At least, here we have experience on the side of Scotland. It is the fact that there are not more misalliances, nor more contracts entered into secretly, nor more cases of bigamy through the first marriage being concealed, in Scotland than in England—the sufficient reason for which will be seen when we come to consider what the marriage law of that country is.

When, then, we take a broad view of the operation of the marriage law in Scotland, we see that it is in its essence the most simple that can be conceived; devoid of any entangling legal forms, though lending itself readily to the combination of such religious rite as the parties desire to add to make it more solemn. We see that it is so clear that honest people cannot make a blunder about it. We see that it interposes the most powerful restraints on the commission of sin,

whether openly or surreptitiously. We see that where doubt exists at all, it exists only in the case of the intentionally immoral, and that the practical consequence of the doubt is only to convert into marriage in some few cases a connection which the law of England would always make concubinage. We may, therefore, safely draw the inference that the objections to it come only from three classes: the first being lawyers, who like to have strict law at all costs; the second being libertines, who like no difficulties interposed in the way of indulgence in their shameful purposes, and who especially hate to be caught in the snares they set for others; the third being the guardians of aristocratic privilege, who would rather see a peer seduce than marry a girl of humble birth.

It is less easy to state the requirements of a valid marriage in England than in Scotland. The old law of England was very similar to that of Scotland. Many great lawyers laid down that consent alone, without any intervention of religious rite, was enough to constitute a valid marriage. A great many years indeed after this system had been abolished, the House of Lords had occasion to consider the point on an appeal; and their opinion was so equally divided, that it was only the form in which the appeal came before them that led to a decision that the interposition of a clergyman had always been necessary. But this question is of less consequence, because it was at least admitted on all sides that consent to marriage, or living together under the name of marriage, created a bond so strong that either of the parties might at any time, even if another marriage had meantime supervened, compel the other to go through the complete ceremony. But the law of England was not equally scrupulous with that of Scotland in regard to the character and position of those who might, in the name of religion, perform the full rite. By an old statute in Scotland, any clergyman celebrating marriage without due observance of the preliminaries of banns was liable to punishment. The Church, also, would undoubtedly have deposed from his clerical function any minister who degraded it by irreverence or fraud. But neither the civil nor the ecclesiastical law in England made any such provision for decency and order. The consequence was that disgraced but not disrobed clergymen ("Fleet parsons," as they were called, because either in confinement in the Fleet prison for debt, or haunting its purlieus) were found in abundance, who at any hour of day or night, with no notice, and with no questions asked, were ready, for whatever fees in coin or liquor they could extort, to perform the marriage ceremony according to the forms of the Church. A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* has recently given some extracts from the registers kept by those infamous clerical brokers, from which their

degradation, and the inexpressible immorality of the proceedings to which they lent the cover of their priestly functions, are only too loathsomely apparent. A remedy, it was clear, was needed. But instead of seeking that which had been found effectual in Scotland to prevent the profanation, the English lawyers took a wholly different line. The Marriage Act (26 Geo. II. c. 33) enacted that publication of banns should be an essential; that the publication should be upon three successive Sundays; that it should take place in the churches of the parishes to which both parties belonged; and that the marriage should be celebrated in a church in which banns were published. An error or defect in any of these requirements not merely, as in Scotland, involved the parties in penalties, but was declared to annul the marriage. But curiously enough, the important matter of publication of banns was still allowed to be evaded by procuring a license to dispense with them from one of the surrogates of the bishop, of whom there are many in each diocese. This license is available only for marriage in the church it specifies, and one of the parties was required to reside for four (now two) weeks within the parish. But such licenses are granted on application, and on payment of the fees (about £3), the only preliminary being that the party applying should swear that both are of age, or, if not, that they have the consent of parents or guardians. The Act declared that want of such consent should, in the case of license, annul the marriage. When banns were used, consent of parents was not made necessary, but express dissent would annul the marriage of a minor.

This Act continued in operation for the best part of a century; but at last public opinion could no longer bear its harshness. It was found that an error might very easily and very innocently be made in publishing the names of the parties, and that the penalty of annulling the marriage was an invitation to the fraudulent to make such an error. It was also found that the like penalty in case of a marriage had by license, when one of the parties falsely swore that consent of parents had been obtained, offered most convenient facilities for satisfying the scruples of a young woman by a strictly regular marriage, which could afterwards be repudiated in consequence of a perjury of which she had not been cognizant. In a new Act, the 4 Geo. IV. c. 76, which forms the basis of the present code, these defects were remedied by the enactment that errors in the ceremony, or in the banns, or falsehood in the oath on which a license is obtained, should not annul the marriage unless the error had been committed wilfully and in the knowledge of both parties. But even this was found not sufficient relaxation. Dissenters objected to be married by the Church of England, and some persons objected to any religious ceremony at all. Permission has,

therefore, been given that the marriage may be celebrated in any chapel duly registered for the purpose, or even in the office of the Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages of the district. In the latter case, instead of banns, the notice of marriage must be read at three weekly meetings of the guardians of the poor. These are the leading provisions of the present law, but they are contained in a vast number of enacting, declaring, amending, and repealing acts, and it would be wholly impossible in reasonable bounds, and with regard to clearness for popular comprehension, to set forth all the statutory provisions by which marriage in England is affected.

But out of the history itself of these changes we may draw some very positive conclusions. England has tried the experiment of making the validity of marriages depend on clerical celebrations, on publicity, and on consent of parents. In every one of these points she has been compelled to alter her law. The consequence was found to be too terrible, and the amount of sin to which enforcement of the legal rule led was too serious to allow the system to stand. We must therefore take it as established by experience that none of these elements can henceforth be enforced by the penalty of nullity of the marriage.

But when this penalty has been relaxed we really arrive at a liberty of marriage not very different in substance from that of Scotland. It is quite possible, for instance, in England that a valid marriage should be constituted by a sham religious ceremony, performed in a barn, by a sham clergyman, under false names, between a boy of fourteen and a girl of twelve, without a word of notice to anybody; for if only one of the parties is in the belief that the place is a church or chapel, the minister a clergyman, and the names correct, the marriage stands good, despite the fraud of the other party in any of these respects. Furthermore, under any circumstances, a marriage will be good, however young the parties, however unknown the fact to their parents or others, and if by license, however inaccurate the names, the only consequence of false names in the case of a license being loss of pecuniary advantage from the marriage. Lastly, it may be observed that every one of these provisions as to time, place, or notice may be dispensed with by a special license, granted by the Archbishop of Canterbury only to peers or persons of high influence.

The consequence, practically, is that there is no further difficulty in contracting a secret marriage in England than in Scotland, whenever the parties seriously wish it to be kept secret. It is but a matter of £3 to get a license, which, though false in names and in every other particular, warrants a marriage that cannot be overturned. If that expense or risk be too much, it is easy for the

parties so to arrange their residence as to have the banns duly published in their proper names, but in parishes where no one is the wiser for the announcement. So clearly is this fact now recognised that Lord Chelmsford, who is a great opponent of the Scottish system, declared in the House of Lords, during the last session, that he was convinced the English system of banns was of no use as a means of publicity. Consequently, there is quite as much risk in England as in Scotland of a subsequent marriage being defeated by the discovery of a prior one that had been kept concealed.* Bigamy appears, by the criminal statistics, to be fully as common in the South as in the North. And the records of the Divorce and other law courts, as well as the facts that are every day coming to light in society, prove that there are as many marriages contracted by young men and women without the knowledge of their friends, as many in which the alliance is on one side or other disreputable, and as many in which the existence of a prior secret marriage proves the ruin and misery of others, under the legislation of England as under the so-called loose rules of Scotland.

Such then being the facilities which the English law, under the teaching of experience, has been driven to accord to clandestine marriage, let us now examine the practical operation of the restrictions which remain. A marriage is null if the parties "knowingly and wilfully intermarry in any other place than a church or chapel in which banns may lawfully be published;" or if they marry without due publication of banns or license; or if the ceremony is celebrated by any person not "in holy orders;" unless the marriage is in a Dissenter's chapel or in the registrar's office.

As to the first of these requisites, we have to ask, What is a church? Most people may think that an easily-answered question; but cases in the English law-books show it to be often a difficult one. The ruins of a church have been held, in virtue of an adhering odour of consecration, to be a suitable place for celebrating marriages in.* The vestry adjoining a church has been held to be the church for the same purpose; but the chapel of an embassy has been held not to be. Again, if a church is not left in ruins, but is rebuilt, it needs a fresh consecration and a fresh authority as a place for publishing banns and celebrating marriages; and omission of some of these ceremonies throws grave doubt on the validity of all the marriages solemnized within the walls. Every session Acts of Parliament are passed to remedy some of these unfortunate lapses. The preambles of two of these Acts passed within the last couple of

* In a popular publication it would be useless to cite the reports in which the cases I refer to are to be found. I have given the authorities for each statement made here, in a paper submitted, at their request, to the Royal Commission on the Marriage Laws.

years, will sufficiently show their character. The first declares that "the church of Sydmonton, in the county of Southampton, was taken down for the purpose of being rebuilt, and a new church was thereupon erected upon the old foundations, and opened for divine service on 28th May, 1853, and divers marriages had been since solemnized therein under the impression that as the said church was built on ground heretofore duly consecrated, other consecration was unnecessary, and no consecration took place until 17th August, 1865." In the case of the second, the preamble bears that the chapel-of-ease, called St. James the Greater, in the parish of Lambourne and county of Berks, "was, on 12th April, 1853, duly consecrated, but no authority had ever been given by the bishop for the publication of the banns and solemnization of marriages therein, and divers marriages have nevertheless been solemnized in the said chapel under an erroneous impression, on the part of the minister thereof, that by virtue of the said consecration or otherwise, marriages might be lawfully solemnized therein." Consequently, till the fact is luckily discovered, there has been an indefinite number of marriages celebrated for a dozen years together, which all the while are legally worthless, and which only by Act of Parliament can be converted subsequently into legal unions! It is thus plain that not only bride and bridegroom, but the clergyman himself, may often have extreme difficulty, and fall into fatal errors, in trying to fulfil what seems the very simple injunction that the ceremony must be performed in a regular church.

Now let us look at the matter of proclamation of banns. Although it is now confessed even by English lawyers that this ceremony is useless, and probably it may therefore be abrogated, the questions that have arisen upon it will still be important, because they will apply to any enactment which requires the parties to give their real names for registration. But what is to be considered the real name is often a very difficult question. It has been held in one case that when the Christian name of the husband was given as John only, there being really two Christian names, Henry John, the marriage was void. In that and some similar cases the ground of the decision was, not that the one party had in any way deceived the other, but that there was a disparity of age and station, and an intention to escape publicity! Within the last two years there was a case in which a man gave his name as Henry Wells, instead of George Henry Wells, to which omission, at his earnest solicitation, the woman assented; and on this ground the marriage was subsequently set aside in a suit at the instance of the husband's father, against the wish of both parties! But not merely the omission, but the addition of a Christian name will sometimes annul the marriage. There

is, however, no certain rule on the subject: the judges have declared that the result will depend on the circumstances of each case. Assuredly a doctrine leading to far greater uncertainty than any that can be discovered in the practice of the law of Scotland.

These were indeed cases in which there had been an attempt to evade the law. But there is another class in which there has been no such desire, yet in which error in form has proved no less fatal. In one much-considered case, the woman's name had been erroneously entered in the register of baptisms, and on the occasion of her marriage it was thought that the safe course was to use the name so registered; but it was afterwards held that this was wrong, and that consequently her marriage was null. In another case the woman used a wrong name "in a mere idle frolic," and this was also held fatal. But what to do in cases in which there has been a change of name, or in which a name of reputation has been used by which the party is better known than by his or her real name, is an extremely difficult question, which the English judges have often adverted to, but on which they have laid down no clear rule for the guidance of parties so situated. A cruel situation enough!

But though the law is thus hard on people who are either careless or have the misfortune to stand in any situation in the least degree out of the common, it can be lax enough at times when even gross fraud has been practised. For example, a woman whose husband was still alive, gave her name for the banns, with a view to marriage to another man, as Emma Elwood, her real name being Amelia, and described herself as a spinster. Her existing husband chanced to die before the celebration of the ceremony following on these banns, and the marriage with the new husband was held irrevocable, because the fact of her being actually a married woman when the banns were published was only a matter of status, and the deceived bridegroom had not been cognizant of the error in the name! For it will be remembered that it is only when both parties are cognizant of the misdescription in names that the English law annuls the marriage.

The rules to be deduced from all the cases are thus stated by Lord Tenterden: 1st. If there has been a total variation in a name or names, the marriage is void, whether the variation has been from accident or design; 2nd. If there has been a partial variation only, as the alteration of a letter or letters, or the addition or suppression of a Christian name, or if the name used has been in use at one time and not at another, it is necessary to inquire into the motives of the parties; for if their purpose has been honest the marriage may be good, if their object has been secrecy it will be bad. In these cases, then (quite as frequent in occurrence as any cases of doubt in Scotland), the establishment of positive rules does not lead to absolute

certainty; it only leads to the inquiry being made into the motives of the parties; and that, not as regards their real purpose of marriage, as in Scotland, but as regards their purpose of concealment or not! A question at least as difficult of determination, but far less material to be ascertained.

A curious question has been raised by some of the bishops within the last year which affects the validity of half the marriages in England, and illustrates the uncertainty introduced by enactments of formalities. The statute declares that marriages shall be invalid if the banns (if that method is adopted) have not been duly published, and it directs them to be published "during the time of morning service or of evening service (if there shall be no morning service) immediately after the second lesson." Now statutes are not punctuated; and it is obvious that this sentence may, by an alteration in the position of the points, be made to read either as signifying that the time for due publication is after the second lesson in the forenoon; or, that it is at any time in the forenoon, but if in the afternoon, then after the second lesson in that service. Most clergymen have read the statute in the former sense; but the Bishop of Oxford and others have recently declared that it ought to be read in the latter, and that clergymen must, under peril of contumacy, publish banns, not after the second lesson in the forenoon, but after the Nicene Creed. Whichever party is right, all whose banns have been published in the other way are in danger of being pronounced not legally married! Accordingly, a remedy was sought in the usual English fashion, by a Bill, brought into Parliament last session, which declared that marriages should be good at whatever period in the service the banns had been published. But after sharp debate between the partisans of rival readings, the Bill was withdrawn, and the point remains undecided! Yet what would be said of Scotland if its law of marriage admitted of such wholesale doubts, and needed such sweeping legislative remedies?

On the whole, then, it appears that English lawyers, aiming above all things at certainty of rule, have given rise to a far greater degree of uncertainty than the Scottish law admits of. After being driven by force of experience to abandon the attempt to make anything imperative except celebration in a public place and the use of the true names, they have only succeeded in importing fresh sources of doubt into the correctness of the proceedings. And unhappily these doubts apply quite as much in cases where there is a desire to do everything regularly as where there is irregularity. In Scotland, persons who really intend to marry cannot make a blunder, for they have only to say so in any place, in any form, and before any witnesses. But in England no couple can be sure of having been legally married

unless they have inquired whether the church in which the rite was performed had been duly consecrated after its erection, and had been duly licensed for marriages, and is a place where banns are usually published. Then they must have no doubt of the clergyman having been duly ordained; and they must be confident that there has been no error in omitting or adding a Christian name, or in spelling any name, or in leaving out or employing any name of reputation, or in the period of publishing the banns. And yet all this intolerable strictness of form, oppressing the honest, is found not at all a hindrance to the dishonest, nor the least security against secret or ill-assorted marriages.

Besides these cardinal points, in regard to which any blunder annuls an English marriage, there are a number of other injunctions, neglect of which is visited with minor penalties, but which may raise questions of equal difficulty. It is, for example, directed that marriages must be celebrated between the hours of eight and twelve noon, and in presence of two witnesses. It is not at present worth any one's pains to inquire critically into the hour, since inaccuracy does not affect the validity of the ceremony; but if it did, it is plain that an infinity of difficulties might be occasioned by disparity of watches, and that the question what is the crucial moment of the ceremony would have to be settled in case it was commenced before but concluded after the hour. This last point has in fact arisen when an interruption was made on the part of an objector prior to the ring being placed on the bride's finger. As to witnesses, it has been lately settled that one is enough; and a doubt has been expressed whether even one is needful. In Ireland, where the old law required witnesses, but did not direct the ceremony to be in a church, a strange question came recently before the courts. A couple had been married in a room in a house, no witness being present in the room, but it was insisted that a maid saw what was going on from the stable-yard, and, therefore, the requisite witnesses were present. In the same case there arose the point whether a clergyman could perform the ceremony for himself, and this was, after much dispute on the bench, decided in the negative.

It is tolerably clear from these instances that whatever matter might be selected as essential to a marriage would be sure to give rise to an endless diversity of nice questions. There are persons who would, as they think, simplify the affair by abandoning all legal necessity for any ceremony, and limiting the requisites to that of registration. But it seems evident that so soon as registration is converted into the critical test there will arise the same difficulty in deciding what is registration. It is obvious, for example, that it must be effected in the registrar's office, if not in a church, for if the

place were not fixed, the registrar might go about with his book under his arm, and become a modern Fleet parson. But what shall be held to be the office? Would it include a closet or passage if the office were under repair? Would it include an adjoining room in the house if the registrar were ill and asked the parties to walk into his dining room? Who is to certify it as being an office, and what is to happen if the certificate is not made, or is informal? Then as to the names of the parties, all the difficulties we have seen illustrated in the matter of banns would re-appear. Would the marriage be bad if a Christian name were omitted, or wrongly spelt, or wrongly contracted? Peter, for instance, is the same as Patrick in Scotland, but different in England. Poll stands for Mary in England, though there is not a letter alike in the two words. Would the consequence be that a Patrick, commonly known as Peter, or a Mary, universally called Poll, would be married or not if they were united under either designation? or would they be married in one country but not in another? or would the only safe way be to marry with an alias? Smyth is maintained by its owners to be a fundamentally distinct name from Smith; would then an inaccurate use of *y* for *i* make future children bastards? An endless controversy would grow out of the dots over the *i*'s and the strokes of the *t*'s, which might transmute names by the thousand into something quite different from what they looked at the first glance. Are the parties to write their own names? and, if so, is their identification to depend on the perfectly illegible scratches which some people delight to call their signature? Or is the registrar to write them? and, if so, is the happiness of families, and the security of wedded honour, to depend upon the care with which, in the flurry of incipient connubialism, the parties, or their assistants, superintend the registrar's spelling? Then, again, if witnesses are required, there will be a reduplication of all these opportunities for unwitting error. Then as to the hour (for it cannot be suffered that the registrar should celebrate marriage at midnight) there will be the puzzle of clocks, and the questions if the clock strikes when the bride has half written her name, or the bridegroom or witnesses are completing their final flourishes. Let no one say that all these are theoretical and fanciful difficulties. They are just such as occur in every case in which a legal formality is made essential. Many of those I have adverted to have in fact been suggested by actual cases which have occurred in regard to the signing of wills, deeds, or bills of exchange. But no one can foresee what curious variety of inaccuracies the human intellect can fall into in executing the simplest formality. This is in other cases not always of vital importance, but surely it is immeasurably serious when the questions at stake on such minutiae are those of matrimony and legitimacy.

After all, what would be gained? When a marriage was disputed, it could be proved, if everything had been done regularly. But in such a case it can, at present, be proved even in Scotland with as much ease. If anything, however, had been omitted or done irregularly, there would be the doubt whether it was a fatal error, and the courts must, as now, solve the doubt. In doing this, however, they would have to consider minute matters of form, instead of broad questions of substance. Sometimes they would still have to inquire into intention, but it would be the intention of correct formality, not of vital purpose. What is gained by the substitution of such cunning puzzles in room of the question whether two persons really meant to marry?

Let it also be kept in mind that the English rules do not at all exclude questions of capacity to contract. Many of the cases in which the Scottish law is accused of barbarism arose out of the doubt whether the contract had been entered into between persons capable of contracting, and it is assumed that to require a marriage to be celebrated by a clergyman insures safety from such doubts. But it certainly does not. The instances in which a clergyman can safely refuse to perform the rite because one of the parties is manifestly drunk or mad, can scarcely ever occur, and in such cases there would be no doubt in Scotland any more than in England. But the really difficult cases of semi-stupefaction, or of semi-insanity, occur as much in the one country as in the other. For example, the *second* marriage of the Earl of Portsmouth was dissolved (within the last half century) on the ground that though he might be sane enough to contract a good marriage in circumstances free from suspicion—and therefore no opinion was expressed whether his first marriage was good or not—he was of too weak mind to contract marriage with the daughter of his solicitor, who exercised an improper influence over him. A curiously vague ground of decision! Again, last year a marriage was dissolved, after several years' endurance, and at the suit of the wife's relatives, though neither she nor the husband desired it, on the ground that at the date of the marriage she had been subject to fits of mania—would dress her hair with straws and papers, and sit naked in a bath, &c., &c., indications of insanity which were known to all the parties, but unknown to the clergyman, as she was subject to lucid intervals. In this case, after the jury had found insanity at the date of the ceremony, Sir James Wilde deferred pronouncing dissolution of the marriage, in order to allow the husband, if he could, to adduce evidence to satisfy him that the wife had since become sane. This, again, is a very singular method of dealing with a contract supposed to be completed and made indisputable by a legal and religious ceremony. But it shows

clearly that no formalities can prevent the occurrence of such difficulties.

Failing, then, to give certainty, defence against fraud, or protection to weakness, what is there remaining that the English rules do effect? There is only one thing which they succeed in—they prevent very sudden marriages, and marriages celebrated in a private house. The method of banns, or of registration, requires a fortnight's notice. The method by license requires an hour or two's notice. And in all cases the parties must leave their own houses and resort to some public place. Is this, then, a valuable precaution, to be secured at so serious a cost as that of making many marriages invalid, and many doubtful? Experience seems to prove the contrary. Let it be noted that no objection on the score of want of deliberateness can lie against two of the forms of irregular marriage in Scotland, for "habit and repute" implies a lengthened association as married persons, and promise in writing, followed by cohabitation, is evidence of equal deliberation. There is, then, solely the method by present consent, which can be adopted for sudden use. But the fact is, it is not. There is no greater number of ill-advised marriages in Scotland than in England. There is no greater number of cases in which men of fortune have been duped into matrimony by female adventurers. There are not more, but probably fewer cases, in which rank has been degraded by alliance with infamy. It is invidious, and useless, to cite names in this matter, but the fact is that the only cases in which peers have married prostitutes are cases of English peers, married in England by English clergymen. If people would only recollect that consent in Scotland must be a real, deliberate, and sane consent, duly proved by witnesses or by writing, they would be ashamed to put forward the silly assertion that men and women may be married in Scotland by a few hasty words uttered or written unthinkingly and unadvisedly.

So long indeed as marriage by license is suffered in England nothing can reasonably be urged by English lawyers in favour of the superior deliberateness of their system. An oath that may be false, and a brief notice to a clergyman to attend, are poor securities for careful reflection. But, on the other hand, it is worthy of consideration whether it is warrantable to say that none shall be married who cannot attend in a public place. Is it justifiable to lay down an unbending rule that sick or crippled persons shall never be allowed to perform what may be a just act of expiation of previous sin, or a necessary form to give legitimacy to unborn children? Is the fancy (erroneous as it is), that we thus protect the dissolute from suffering the consequences of their follies, enough to give us comfort in the reflection that we impede repentance, forbid justice, compel men and

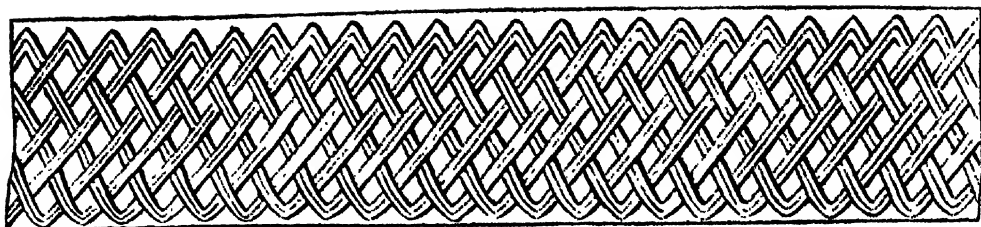
sometimes to abide in what they deem a state of sin, and visit

the consequences of their errors upon future generations? Would it not be wiser, as well as more Christian, to withdraw all artificial impediments, and to allow those who desire to be joined together to effect their purpose legally, without demanding attendance either at church or office?

If the English, or any conceivable system, had the result of making secret marriages impossible, an argument of religion would lie as strongly against it. It is out of the question that men and women can be withheld from love by the fact that they dare not publicly marry, but it is not probable, till the world very much alters, that sinful love will not take the place of virtuous love if secret marriage be forbidden. But I leave this without argument: for the fact is, as has been seen, that secret marriages are as easy and frequent in England as in Scotland, and that English legislators have been forced by the demands of morality to abolish such of their rules as formed any impediment to secrecy.

Such are the reasons which present themselves, on a review of the facts, against the system of restricting, by human formalities, this contract of nature and religion. If the conclusions to which they lead are contrary to the opinions of most of my profession in England, and of many in Scotland, I can only answer that they are also opposed to what were my own first prepossessions, but have been forced upon me from a consideration of the law, not merely in theory but in practical operation. And I cannot but think that it is want of attention to practical facts that chiefly leads to the prevalent belief that marriage needs the enactment of formalities for its security. The idea is so plausible, that it commands assent without inquiry, and then prejudice comes in to make inquiry rejected as superfluous. Nor, indeed, is it easy for either Englishmen or Scotsmen to enter into the inquiry. It needs a knowledge not only of English and Scottish law, but of English and Scottish cases, in which law books give little help; and of the habits and practices of society, in all classes in the two countries, such as is not to be found in books at all. For myself, having laboured as earnestly as any to promote assimilation of law where it is possible,—on the one hand, by the adoption in Scotland of preferable English rules; on the other, by the acceptance in England of principles which Scottish practice has proved to be sounder,—I am yet obliged to say that I would far rather see the divergence in the marriage law maintained, with all its concomitant evils, than removed by the substitution in Scotland of any ensnaring legal technicalities in room of the broad and simple doctrine that marriage shall be as free as God has made it, and shall be proved, when doubted, by any evidence which can show what the parties really meant.

JOHN BOYD KINNEAR.



THE INFLUENCE OF PLATO'S SOCIAL THEORIES IN MODERN TIMES.

THE knowledge of what constitutes a man's ideal reveals to us the best part of his character. This is equally true of epochs and of nations as of individuals ; and herein consists the special interest of those works which describe imaginary constitutions—of that chiliastic literature which occupies so prominent and so important a place in the history of religion, of civilization, and of politics. Such writings commonly set forth plans and express hopes which go far beyond all that is possible under given circumstances, often too, far beyond what is at all possible to humanity ; but if they truly express the thoughts of their time and of its leading men, we may, nevertheless, learn much from them. On one hand, they reveal to us the objects which their authors regarded as the highest and most to be desired, and also the impulses which actuated the society generally in the midst of which they originated. Again, they show us what, at a given period, were regarded as evils to be remedied in the existing circumstances, and what means were adopted to bring about this improvement ; and thus they both throw light on the past by testing, and often inexorably condemning it by the standard of later times, and also give prophetic pictures of succeeding historical developments. For every genuine and historically justified ideal must

be a prophecy, and the essential difference between an Idealist and a Phantast is, that the latter pursues objects arbitrarily chosen with impossible means, while the first starts under the pressure of existing evils, and strives after objects historically justified, which only become fanciful in their further development because the conditions do not yet exist for a clear understanding of them,*and for their realization in a natural manner.

Of all the productions to which the above remarks can apply, there is none to be compared with the Republic of Plato, either for the place it holds in history, or for its intrinsic value. At first sight, indeed, this work cannot fail to make a most singular impression on us. A state in which philosophers rule, and are meant to rule, with absolute power, without any constitution or any other legal restriction; where the separation of classes is so strictly carried out that soldiers and officials are forbidden to take any part in agriculture or manufactures, while agriculturists and manufacturers are, without exception, excluded from all political action, and reduced to mere tax-paying subjects; where the citizens are considered to belong entirely to the State, never, even in the most private relations, to themselves; where marriage and family relations and private property are practically done away with for the higher classes; where all marriages are specially arranged by the authorities; where children, without knowing their own parents, are brought up from their birth in public institutions; where all able-bodied citizens are fed together at the public expense, and girls, like boys, instructed in music, gymnastics, mathematics, and philosophy, and women employed like men as soldiers and officials; a State which professes to be founded on scientific principles, yet lays the heaviest chains on the free movements of intellectual life; which sternly represses any deviation from received principles, any moral, religious, or artistic innovation—such a one is in idea so opposed to all our moral and political conceptions, it not only appears, but is so impossible to carry out, and was felt to be so even in its own time, that it is not surprising that the Republic of Plato should have become proverbial as a fantastic ideal, and the invention of a dreamer.

Such was the light in which it was universally regarded until quite recently. Now, however, people have gradually become convinced that there is far more reality in this imaginative picture than a superficial view of it would lead us to believe. It is not merely that Plato himself adopts his theories in all earnestness, and believes there is no salvation for humanity but in them; we also see in them so much that is adapted to their existing customs and institutions, and even their most singular provisions can so well be accounted for by the

circumstances of the time and the speciality of Platonic philosophy, that we cannot regard them as arbitrary inventions, but as conclusions which the philosopher could not escape, being, as he was, a Greek of the fourth century before Christ, and a man of logical mind. The very first axiom in his State government by philosophers finds its explanation in the combination of the actual circumstances and the principles of the Platonic system. For the existing Greek constitutions had clearly outlived themselves, and in the confusion of the Peloponnesian war had vied with each other in bringing about the downfall of the States, and in Plato's eyes the restored democracy in Athens also had irrevocably condemned itself by the execution of Socrates. And a system which professed to found all morality upon knowledge could not logically follow any other rule than government by philosophers, since a State can only be transformed into the image of an idea, as according to Plato it should be, by those who have elevated themselves to the contemplation of ideas. In the same way we trace both a practical and a theoretical reason for Plato's separation of classes: the first, in the contempt felt by the Greeks for manual labour, which caused most of them to look on industry as degrading to a free citizen, a feeling which among the Spartans even extended to agriculture; and the second, in the fear felt by the philosopher of involving his citizens in the occupations of the outward world, and the conviction that a thorough cultivation of the mind and character is the only fit preparation for the higher duties of the warrior and the statesman, while such cultivation is incompatible with the pursuit of worldly gain, or any active life which has for its object the satisfaction of sensual wants and desires. And if we are naturally repelled by the complete subordination of individual rights to those of the State, and the disregard of personal interests, which comes out most strongly in the abolition of marriage and of private property, we must remember that this is but the extreme expression of a manner of thought, which was as natural to the Greeks as it is foreign to us. That the citizens existed for the State, and not the State for the citizens; that no individual had any claim upon the State, was generally admitted in Greece, and in Sparta especially the existing custom was in many respects similar to the institutions of Plato. It was lawful, for instance, in case of need, to make use of other persons' tools, utensils, beasts of burden, and slaves, as of one's own; the citizens were forbidden the use of silver and gold, and instead of the precious metals iron was employed as current coin; the male population was even in time of peace almost constantly absent from home, on account of the community which was enjoined in meals, in gymnastics, in amusements, even in their sleeping places; they lived like Plato's warriors, as in a fortress;

their education from childhood was public ; even girls had to take part in physical training ; marriage was under the control of the State ; the strictest measures were enforced against all innovations ; foreign journeys were forbidden ; poets and teachers, whose influence they regarded as dangerous, were banished from the country ; a musician who ventured to increase the received number of strings on his lyre had the additional ones cut off. We see clearly that the institutions and principles which appear to us so astonishing in Plato were not then first heard of in Greece ; they have a connection with what already existed, and grew out of the received idea of the Greek State.

No doubt Plato goes further in this direction than any of his predecessors. For instance, he seriously proposed arrangements for the community of property and of wives, which, hitherto, had never been heard of, except as a joke produced on the stage by Aristophanes, to exemplify the extreme of political folly ; yet even this may, in some degree, be explained by the circumstances of the time and the spirit of Plato's philosophy. For one thing, long and bitter experience had shown the Greeks, since the beginning of the Peloponnesian war, what dangers threatened the welfare of the State from the selfishness of individuals. Plato hoped to avert these dangers by striking at the root of all selfishness. He desired, by the entire abolition of private property, to remove the opposition between public and private interests. Union, he says, is the first necessity of the State, but complete union can only exist when no one possesses anything of his own. He thus committed the same political error into which Hobbes fell later, when he strove to resist the evils of revolution by unlimited despotism—one into which reactionary politicians continually do fall, by endeavouring to meet the struggle for liberty, not by satisfying all well-founded demands and rejecting the others, but by the suppression of all freedom ; with the important difference, certainly, that in Plato's State unlimited power was only to be bestowed on complete virtue and insight, and that the socialistic arrangements were combined with an education which was calculated to prevent any misuse of them, and to bring the most entire subjection of personal freedom into harmony with free-will. Here Plato's speciality worked with his political principles, and this decided the form of his ideal State. The severe character of his arrangements arises originally from the idealistic dualism of his whole conception of the world. One who regards nothing as higher than general ideas, nothing as truly real except the species existing in itself, independent of individuals ; who looks on the world of the senses as only a corrupt form of the spiritual world ; who sees in individual character only limitation and disturbance, not the inevitable condition for the

realization of the universal ; cannot logically allow, in practical any more than in other questions, any free development to individuals ; but must, instead, require of the individual to renounce all personal wishes, and, with unselfish devotion, to purify himself that he may become the simple instrument of universal laws—the means of expressing a general idea. A thinker of this kind will not attempt, in his ideal state, to reconcile the rights of individuals with those of the community, for in his eyes they possess no rights as such, and can only be allowed the choice between renouncing all personal interests and devoting themselves to the service of the community, or, if they do not desire this, of renouncing political rights and political action. Thus, the political and social arrangements follow naturally from the first principles of the system. To have failed to appreciate the importance of individual character—the endless variety and movement of real life—is the great error in both the metaphysical and the social theories of Plato, which has been sharply commented on by Aristotle.

But this part of the question has been discussed elsewhere and by various persons, and on this point those who have examined Plato's social theories appear to have arrived at a general agreement. But less attention has as yet been paid to the influence which it has had on the theories and the circumstances of later times. My object now is to develop, in greater detail, the short notices of this subject which I have given elsewhere.

The point which chiefly deserves attention in this relation is the remarkable similarity between the Platonic ideal State and the conceptions of Church and State which gradually took possession of the early Christian world. The essential vocation of the State, according to Plato, is to be an image of virtue and a support to it ; its highest object is to educate its citizens to virtue, and thus to happiness ; to direct their minds and their eyes towards a higher spiritual world ; to assure to them, after death, that happiness which, in the conclusion of the Republic, is represented in a grand general view as the object of all human endeavour. There is an obvious likeness between this and the "kingdom of God," of which the Christian Church is to be the earthly expression. The theoretical principles and the form of the two differ from each other, but their original idea is the same ; in both the one aim is to form a moral community, a scheme of education the object of which is only completely realized in a future world. Plato even uses the expression that there can be no salvation for any State in which God does not direct the government. And as in Plato's State the government is to be vested in the philosophers, because they alone possess the highest truth, so, in the middle ages, the priests assume the same position ; and just as the soldiers are

associated with the philosophers as the instruments of their power, so, according to the ideas of the middle ages, it becomes the highest duty of the Christian warrior class, the knights and princes, to extend and to protect the Church, and to carry out the precepts which she delivers to them through the mouth of the priests. The three estates of the middle ages—the teachers, fighters, and workers—are pre-figured in Plato's State; and the predominance of the first, which could indeed be only partially realized in fact, is equally decidedly claimed, by itself at least, and on the very same grounds as those which Plato adduces for the rule of the philosophers, namely, because they alone know the eternal laws by which States, like individuals, must be guided in order to carry out their highest vocation. The conditions, also, with which this high position of the teaching class is combined, are, in the Church of the middle ages, mostly the same as in our philosopher's State, only translated from the Greek into the Christian, for the very principle of community of property which Plato aims at, as the highest good for the State, is likewise the Christian ideal; and though it may be said truly that the chief idea in the Christian Church was that of renunciation and voluntary poverty, and in Plato's State that of the community of goods, yet the two theories very nearly approach each other, for Plato requires of his philosophers and warriors to confine themselves to the simplest manner of life, while the Christian Church could only enforce the poverty of the ecclesiastical class, as in the begging orders, by means of community of goods. Even the Platonic community of wives is really in its spirit much nearer to celibacy than one would at first believe. For, first, the political objects of both are the same; as Plato forbids his "watchmen" to found a family, in order that they may belong altogether and exclusively to the State, so did Gregory impose celibacy on his recalcitrant clergy, in order that for the future they might belong wholly to the Church; and so also in Plato's community of women there arises no question of giving freer play to personal inclination, nor of breaking the chains of marriage; on the contrary, personal wishes are to be laid aside, and the citizens are to act as instruments of the State in their marriage relations, as well as in all others. Marriage is not to be an affair of inclination or of interest, but only of duty; children are the property of the State, and it is well that they should be the offspring of those from whom the State may expect powerful descendants. Thus Plato requires from his citizens a self-denial and subordination of themselves to the common interest, which is but a step removed from entire abstinence from marriage; nor would he have hesitated to require this also if his State could have existed without marriage, and if the asceticism of later times had entered into his system.

These are not mere empty resemblances, such as may easily occur between phenomena really entirely distinct, in consequence of chance coincidences, but there does exist a real connection, an action of the earlier philosophy upon the later. For, untrue as it would be to attribute to the Platonic theories a direct prescriptive influence on the forms of the Christian Church and State, it is yet impossible not to perceive a relation between the two, and we can to a great degree trace out the connecting links which have produced it. The doctrine of Plato was one of the most important elements of civilization in classical times; it was a spiritual power whose effect extended far beyond the limits of the Platonic school. Among later systems, not only the Aristotelian, but the Stoic, imbibed its spirit, and the latter especially owes much of its morality to the ethics of Plato. In the centuries immediately before Christ, wherever the Greek language and literature extended both in the East and the West, philosophy had taken the place of religion among all cultivated persons, or else had so penetrated their conception of religion, that there remained hardly a shadow of the ancient myths: its essential conclusions, and, above all, its moral principles, had been adopted into the general civilization and the religion of the world. It needed not to be a philosopher by profession to share in this movement. All who wished for higher education visited the schools of the philosophers and read their writings. Grammarians also, rhetoricians, historians, even lawyers and physicians, were accustomed to adopt the doctrines of the philosophers, and to assume in their hearers a general acquaintance with them. Thus these ideas were diffused in a hundred different ways, and though they might lose in scientific accuracy and purity, their practical effect was immeasurably increased. Christianity, then beginning to gain ground, could not escape this influence, which reached it not only through the Platonizing theology of the Oriental Greeks or the Gnostic sects; early Greek philosophy also had long since contributed its share of influence; and for centuries continued to affect the new religion in the most various ways, just as, indeed, did the Greek spirit generally, of which it was the noblest exponent. Jewish thought, even before Christ, was thoroughly coloured by Greek civilization and science. In all Greek countries millions of Jews—the greater part, indeed, of the Jewish nation—lived in countries which, as a general rule, were politically governed by Greeks or half-Greeks; and the intercourse of daily life, and the use of the Greek language, adopted by most nations in place of that of their ancestors, which they continued to employ only for their sacred writings, could not but insensibly spread among them many Greek ideas, more especially in the chief Greek cities inhabited by Jews, such as

Alexandria or Tarsus, the seat of a famous school of philosophy and rhetoric, such as was Rome in later times, not to mention others. Soon also the Jews began regularly to study the Greek philosophy; and there arose a Jewish-Greek philosophy, the object of which was to infuse the ideas of Greek philosophy into Jewish theology, and bring the two into harmony. How far this movement had advanced even at the beginning of the Christian era; how many of the Platonic, Pythagorean, Stoic, and peripatetic doctrines had been adopted by this neologizing Judaism, we can see in the writings of Philo of Alexandria, who, in this respect, was only the most distinguished exponent of a form of thought which was very widely received. The centre of this school was Alexandria, the great meeting-place where Greek thought crossed and melted into that of the East; but it was not confined to this town, or even to Egypt, but had many followers among all the Greek-speaking Jews, and its influence must have reached even to Palestine and the countries of the East. In close connection with this school of theology we find the Jewish sect of the Essenes, which arose in the second century before Christ, the product, as it would seem, originally of the Pythagorean mysteries, and the asceticism connected with them, but which, through the gradual rise of a Neo-Pythagorean school of philosophy, had imbibed a form of thought more Platonic than Pythagorean. This sect, much diffused in Palestine and the neighbouring countries, was in many ways one of the most important channels by which Greek cultivation, and with it also the ethical and religious views of the Greek philosophers, passed into Judaism. We find in this sect, among other things, the principle of the community of goods derived from Plato's ideal State, and under this rule the Essenes, forerunners of the Christian monks, lived together in cloistral communities. Essenism appears from its origin to have exercised great influence on the direction of the growth of the Christian doctrine; the party of the Ebionites, which comes out later as the only real advocate of the original Judaic Christianity, possesses all the characteristics of Essenism, and only differs from it in its acceptance of Jesus as the Messiah. Further, the man who first gained for Christianity its position as a religion of the world, the Apostle Paul, had doubtless, even before his own migration into the Greek world, been at least indirectly affected by the influence of Greek thought, for it is hardly possible to conceive that he could entirely escape this in Tarsus, his birthplace, and, indeed, a keen eye will observe the traces of it in his Epistles. And when, chiefly through his influence, the Christian community was opened to the heathens, and more immediately to the Greeks, when they entered it in masses, and soon outnumbered the Jews by birth which it con-

tained, it became inevitable that Greek views should gain more and more acceptance. The new converts, who had not been instructed as children in Christianity, but had been won over in riper years, could not fail to conceive it from their own point of view, and to connect it with the ideas which they had always held; and though many of them probably passed through the school of Jewish proselytism, there would at first be found among them but few highly-cultivated persons. The influence of Greek knowledge might indeed be diminished, but was far from being destroyed; nay, the more persons of scientific cultivation joined the new faith, the more would the effect of this cultivation be continued and extended. Thus we find, in fact, even in the earliest Christian writings, even among the Church speakers in the second century, not a few who are nearly connected with the semi-Greek Alexandrian school; and also among our own New Testament Scriptures there are several which show traces of this influence, and indirectly of that of Greek philosophy. How strongly this affected the growth of Christian doctrine and moral teaching is well known. The whole philosophy of the Fathers, and a great part of their theology and the whole of scholastic divinity, is but an attempt on a grand scale, carried on for centuries, to apply Greek philosophy to the development and the understanding of Christian doctrine.

These facts must be clearly recognised, if we desire to estimate truly the influence of Platonism on Christianity, and also the connection of the Platonic system with what we find analogous to it in Christianity. Platonism, partly directly, partly through its connection with the philosophy of the Stoics and Neo-Pythagoreans, took a leading part in that great process of the world's education which culminated in the Christian Church, and for centuries it was followed by the greatest teachers of the Christian Church, and by its natural affinity to Christianity was especially adapted to mediate between it and Hellenism. Plato was the first originator, or at least the most important representative, of the spiritualism which, though originally foreign not only to the Greeks, but the Jews, during the centuries immediately before Christ, gradually took possession of people's minds, and afterwards in Christianity itself became the leading influence far and wide. Plato first declared that the visible world was only the image, and truly the imperfect image, of an invisible one; that man has to pass from this world to another; and that he ought to employ his present life as a preparation for a future one. He originated the ethical dualism which was to serve later on as a scientific justification for the ascetic principle existing already in the Oriental religions, in the Orphic system of mysteries. It is in this ethical system that is contained the essential principle of the special points

in which Plato's political system resembles the institutions of the Church and the State of the middle ages. In the one case it results in the government of the philosophers; in the other, of the priests; since both individuals and States, when they look to a future world for the supreme laws of their actions, must follow the lead of those to whom that higher world is opened, whether by science or by revelation. Hence arises in the early Christian morality the requirement of a renunciation of the world, which finds its highest expression in monkish virtue; in the Platonic morality it becomes the principle that man must renounce all personal objects to live only for the general good, the ignoring of the rights of individuals, and the suppression of their freedom. These ethical principles caused Plato to propose the same objects for his State which afterwards the Christian Church proposed to itself—to educate men morally and religiously, and to form them still more for the next world than for this. Therefore it is most natural that the two should coincide in many important characters. The moral view of the world, the essential principle of the Platonic State, developed itself later in the Christian Church, mingled with other elements: what wonder, then, that the same soil should produce similar fruits? In many other points, also, our philosopher appears as a forerunner of Christianity, who not only smoothed the way for its reception externally among the Greeks, but also partially exemplified the course it must follow in its internal development. For instance, the pure and exalted conception of God, which is the crowning point of his system, was one of the most important principles of the early Christian doctrine, as it had been formerly of the Jewish-Alexandrian; the reform of the popular religion on which he insists in the Republic, the abandoning all unworthy notions of the divinity which it requires, was realized by Christianity. Christianity adopted into itself the moral spirit in which he desires that religion should be conceived; the law of love towards your enemies, the very pearl of evangelical morality, we find already, in the germ, in Plato, and for the first time as a general principle, when he declares (in the Republic) that the just man will never do evil even to his enemy, for it does not become the good man to do aught but good. Any one who usually regards the Greeks as only heathens will be puzzled by such instances, which may easily be cited in numbers; but to any one who takes a wide historical view, they do but give additional proof of the law of constant development in the progress of history.

The political system of Plato stands in a far more distant relation to the present circumstances of the State and of society. On this point we can hardly speak of Plato's influence, except in as far as it was caused by his efforts in earlier times. The institutions of

present ages have for the most part developed themselves independently out of the middle ages, as the result of given and existing needs, and political speculation has had, on the whole, but a small share in producing them. Yet it is but the more remarkable to find that Plato, in many of his plans, aims essentially at the same results which later times have called into existence in different ways, and mostly from different motives. Thus, as Socrates, in opposition to the Athenian democracy, had insisted that none but competent persons should be appointed to public offices, and possess a voice in public questions ; and Plato, as a logical application of this principle, desired to confide the government of States only to men of knowledge ; so among us, too, in most countries, there is prescribed a scientific training for the service of the State, and the direction of the State has passed out of the hands of the feudal nobility into those of the new aristocracy of a scientifically-cultivated official class. And just as Plato desired to form a separate military order, so is it now deemed impossible to subsist without standing armies, and especially without an officer class specially educated for the purpose ; and the strongest reason for this is the one brought forward by Plato, that the art of war is an art like another, which no one thoroughly understands who has not learnt it as a business, and practised it as a profession. Further, when Plato, in connection with this, extends public education, in addition to music and gymnastics, the received subjects of education among the Greeks, to mathematics and philosophy, in a word, to all the knowledge of his age, so likewise this necessity has long since been recognised by modern States, by the foundation of scientific institutions of all kinds. Our philosopher, indeed, would scarcely be satisfied with our realization of his ideals ; he would find it difficult to recognise his philosophical rulers in the population of our Government offices, or to discover in our barracks the places where the warriors, preserved, as he desires, from every breath of what is low and common, are educated to moral beauty and harmony ; he would certainly inquire with astonishment, if he witnessed much that happens at our universities, if these are the fruits of philosophy ; and he would further have cause to wonder where the greater number, among the hundred special branches which occupy their time, find philosophy itself, the unity and combination of all science ; not to mention that of our four Faculties he would certainly strike out the first three ; for a theology which attempts to be anything more than philosophy he would call mythology ; and as regards jurisprudence and medicine, he believes that in his State no contests of law would arise, and that for sicknesses a few household drugs may suffice ; and if these do not cure the patient, he must die quietly, satisfied

that it is not worth while to drag on his life in the care of a sickly body. But these differences do not make it the less true that he had placed before himself many of the objects which modern times have aimed at, though certainly in a quite different manner, and with other means. Thus, for instance, Plato's arrangements for the education and employment of the female sex are very much opposed to our ideas and customs. To us it appears singular to propose that women should fill public offices, or go out to battle with men, even though only (as he once prudently adds) in the reserve; and though gymnastics will always form a useful subject of instruction in female schools, yet we should justly object to the proposal of Plato that it should be practised as in Greece, in the same manner as among men. But in so far as he is one of the first to enter into the question of a careful education of the female sex, of its spiritual and moral culture, and its essential equality with the male sex, Plato goes far beyond the habits and views of his people, and approaches our own. There is a modern sound, too, in his suggestion of introducing a censorship of all poems, plays, pieces of music, and works of art, and of the proposal in his "Laws" to form on behalf of the State a collection of good writings and ballads, along with airs and dances, for the use of the citizens, and especially for the use of schools. Many similar cases might be quoted—as, for instance, his proposal for the introduction of a more humane military code—but this may suffice.

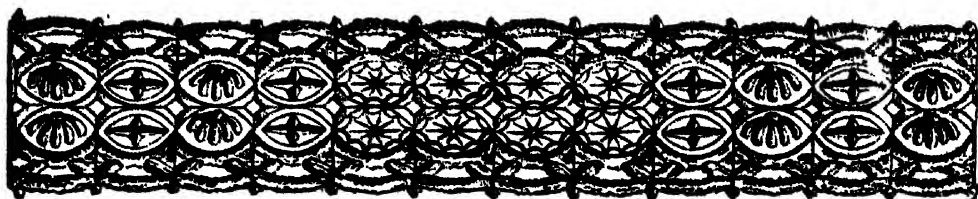
Further, we must not overlook the connection between the Platonic conception and the political and social romances of which modern times have produced so great a number. All these political romances, from Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" to Cabet's "Icaria," are in their essence and form imitations of the Platonic Republic, and of his work called "Critias," which was intended to describe the state of the Republic in an historical form, but was never completed by Plato. In all these we find political ideals described with greater or less freedom, and recognise in all the well-known features of the Platonic type in greater or less completeness. Thus, in one we find the government carried on by philosophers and learned men; in another, the abolition of family life and private property, the institution of community of dwellings, meals, work, education, here and there also of wives.

But there is one essential difference which distinguishes them all in their innermost spirit from Plato's State. Plato's leading idea is, as we have said above, the realization of morality by means of the State: the State is to form its citizens to virtue. It is a grand educational institution, including the whole life and existence of its members. All else is subordinated to this one object; all private interests are recklessly sacrificed to it; the happiness and perfection of the whole alone concern him, says Plato; and the individual

must not assert himself further than comports with the beauty of the whole. He feels, therefore, not the slightest hesitation in making a caste-like inequality of classes, and an unconditional self-devotion of all its citizens the foundation of his State. In modern social romances, on the other hand, almost without exception, it is precisely the desire for general and equal partaking in the enjoyments of life which creates discontent with existing circumstances, and calls forth these ideal creations. Plato aims at suppressing all personal interests; his modern followers at satisfying them; the former seeks the perfection of the whole, the latter the happiness of individuals; the former regards the State as the object, the individual as a means; the latter looks on individuals as the objects, and the State and society as means. Most of our socialists and communists declare this openly enough; the greatest possible enjoyment for individuals, and therefore equal enjoyment for all, is their motto. But even if some differ in their phraseology, their practical suggestions clearly show what is their real object; as thus, if we speak of brotherhood (and this is to be supplied by communism), it is evident that the question is not so much the fulfilment of a duty as the satisfaction of a wish; or even when they contend against the individualism of the time, as does St. Simon, the way to stem it is not to be found in the rehabilitation of the flesh. Everything is considered with a view to the happiness of individuals. Even Sir Thomas More, the father of all this species of literature in modern times, already held this doctrine, for he distinctly states pleasure to be the highest end of our actions; and however much he may follow Plato as to the rest, his ethical principle is rather Epicurean than Platonic. Even a stern moral philosopher like Fichte lays down as the principle of his "geschlossenes Handelsstaat" (which is, with all its impracticability, perhaps the best, and certainly one of the most thoughtfully-considered of the socialist Utopias), that every one wishes to live as pleasantly as he can. I am very far from making this in itself a complaint against modern theories; the point of view from which they start is in principle true and just, even if it does not contain the whole truth, and though by exaggeration it has often led to much that is wrong. However that may be, we do not attempt here to estimate the value of these theories, but to indicate their general tendency in order to throw light on their relation to the Republic of Plato. This is, in fine, the same which exists in general between our whole views of life as connected with the State and that of the Greeks. For the most essential difference lies far less in any varieties in the constitution than in the position which is attributed in the State to individuals to their rights and power of action. From our point of view we look on the State as built up from below; the individuals come first, and the State arises from

their combining for the protection of their rights and the common advancement of their welfare. Thus individuals remain ultimately the objects of the life of the State; we require of the State that it should give to the community of its individual subjects as much as possible of freedom, welfare, and education, and we never can be convinced that it can conduce to the perfection of the State as a whole, or that it is well in itself to sacrifice the real rights and interests of individuals to its own objects. To the Greek, on the contrary, the State is the first and most important thing, and the individual only a part of the community; the sentiment of political life is so strong in him, and the idea of personality is thrown so much into the background, that he can conceive of no existence worthy of a man except in the State; he knows no higher employment than politics, nor any more absolute right than that of the whole over its parts. As Aristotle says, the State in the nature of things existed before individuals. The individual, therefore, is only allowed the rights which belong to his position in the State; there are, strictly speaking, no universal human rights, but only the rights of citizens, and however much the interests of individuals are interfered with by the State, as long as the interests of the State require it, they have no right to complain; the State is the sole original possessor of rights, nor is the State bound to give its subjects a larger share than is required for the fulfilment of its own objects. Plato likewise adopts this position, and indeed pushes it to the farthest in his Republic. Still, on the other hand, he acknowledges that true virtue is only made possible by a real conviction, by the personal knowledge of individuals; that political excellence can only be achieved by a thorough intellectual comprehension; that the ordinary and conventional virtue must be purified and confirmed by philosophy; and therefore the corner-stone of his State is the philosophical training of the rulers, and all others are entirely excluded from any share of the government of the State. In this Plato evidently forsakes the ancient Greek point of view, which in other relations he upholds, and transfers the centre of gravity of political life to individuals, to their education, and their intellectual conviction. But it is impossible to him to adopt this course entirely; the Greek spirit is yet too strong in himself and in his system. Thus he stands on the boundary-line of two ages, and while he himself labours with all his strength to bring forth a new form of civilization, he yet at the same time freely sacrifices to the spirit of his people all the personal interests which modern times insist upon. Thus we can but half understand him, if we only inquire into his effect on the age in which he lived; the essence of his being, as it must be with all minds that strike into untrodden ways, belongs to the future.

E. ZELLER.



ON THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

SINCE, by the kindness of the editor of this journal, space was given in it for an account of the general results of the Local Examinations for girls held in December, 1865, the movement has gone on and prospered. In December, 1866, 197 girls presented themselves, of whom 18 obtained honours, and 108 ordinary certificates. If the number of those who gain honours seem small, it must be remembered that girls seldom attempt either the classical or mathematical papers, without which it is not easy to reach the honour lists. That they did well in such subjects as fell within their compass may be judged from the fact that 42 girls obtained marks of distinction. Many of the strongest adversaries to the scheme have come round, and now give it effective support. At Oxford, although the expected renewal of the proposal to admit girls to their examinations appears to have fallen through, we believe that it is looked upon with a more favourable eye, and will eventually be carried. At all events we do not believe that the rejection is due to fear of ridicule.* For in the

* We think the writer of the review of Miss Davies's "Higher Education of Women," which appeared in Vol. iv. p. 286 of this journal, was mistaken in saying that the dread of banter nearly led to the rejection of the scheme at Cambridge. The present writer was on the spot, and took a good deal of pains to ascertain the grounds on which the opposition rested. As far as he could find out, it was in almost all cases due to doubts whether the admission of girls to public examinations would prove for their advantage. Where he has had the opportunity of inquiring the reason of change of opinion, the reply has invariably been that these doubts have been removed by the efficiency of the checks and safeguards provided against possible evils.

course of the last two or three years public opinion has so far gone in the right direction that the claims of women to consideration are everywhere listened to with respect. Even newspaper writers, almost always the last to use a manly tone towards women, have begun to see that men like the polished and gentlemanlike essayist who talks of "fillies entered for the matrimonial stakes of the season" had better hold their tongues. We apprehend, therefore, that there must be weightier reasons than this to hold Oxford back—reasons such as, while we may think them mistaken, command our respect.

Yet notwithstanding some favourable signs in the horizon, no man who has any regard for the welfare of his kind can look on the condition of women in general without some very sad forebodings. To carry our eyes no farther than our own shores, there is much in the condition of Englishwomen which ought to be distressing and humiliating to men. If great efforts have been made of late years to lessen some of the cruellest of their wrongs, others even more formidable seem to spring up in their place. Among these we cannot help classing the growing carelessness with which women appear to treat unchastity in men. If it be true, for we certainly did not see it with our own eyes, that a few months ago a peer of exalted rank brought a woman of bad character to the Opera, and left her side to go and speak to honest women occupying a box within full view of that in which she was sitting, we venture to call it a sign of the times of no ordinary import. It is, at least, undeniable that women, young and maiden, are not only aware but speak openly of base connexions formed by their male acquaintance, or by men of notoriety in the world, with an absence of reticence, if not of ignorance, heretofore in our time unknown. Be it remembered that in saying this we are finding fault not with women, but men. When women are placed in the midst of a profligate male society their choice lies between solitude and the knowledge, even the condonation, of much that is revolting to their minds. With this alternative before them, who can wonder if nature carries the day? Then the inequality of numbers of the sexes is a daily increasing element of misery. Great throughout the country, it is in some districts enormous. We know of one in which the proportion of women to men was, at the last census, as 126·5 to 100. The story is everywhere the same—the men emigrate, the women stay at home. The bare figures show the existence of great distress among women. A close examination would, we are convinced, largely raise our estimate of it. For we believe that the overplus would be found to be far greater in the class of those whom, for want of a better term of distinction, we will call *ladies*, than any other—precisely that where maintenance by their own labour is most difficult to find. Probably

nothing at this moment would work such wide and lasting good to the human race as a scheme sufficiently well organized to overcome the natural reluctance of women to leave home and country, and calculated to induce well-educated ladies to seek new hearths in those distant, yet sunny and fertile, lands, where their presence would of all blessings be most welcome. Other evils there are specially affecting women, too conspicuous and notorious to need recapitulation. Any day's *Times* will place them with terrible clearness before the eyes of the most hasty reader. Let us pass rather to the subject which stands at the head of this paper, not indeed with any vain hope of finding a panacea for the evil of our day, but with an expectation, we trust well founded, of finding a way to render some useful help.

In speaking of the education of women we are met with a difficulty, raised by some of themselves, which we certainly should not have anticipated. No doubt the great end of all education, whether of boys or girls, is best stated in the words of the catechism, "that they may do their duty in that state of life to which it hath pleased God to call them." But a part even of their duty to God is to get their own living in the world in which He has placed them. In speaking of education, this temporal part of it is not only kept in view, but, on ordinary occasions, naturally and necessarily occupies the foremost place. It by no means follows from this that it occupies the foremost place in the care and thought of the speaker. The Scotch saying, "the mair kirks the mair sin," is true in a good many ways. There are times, no doubt, when the highest view of education should be earnestly and fervently pressed. But under ordinary circumstances we should have far more faith in a father who, having many sons, talked of bringing them up to be lawyers, soldiers, merchants, than one whose speeches always ended up with God and their country. We do not love these perpetual protestations. In speaking then of the education of boys, we should be content, except on very fit occasions, to talk of bringing them up to some temporal calling, no matter what. Just so, as the days are happily not yet come in which many girls start in life with the expectation of supporting themselves in perpetual maidenhood, or of having not only to bear, but find bread for, their children, we should talk of bringing up girls to be good wives and mothers, being quite certain that this implies the right way of teaching a girl how to do her duty to God and man, even though she never become either one or the other. But if women who write fairly represent the feelings of their sex, this way of talking displeases them. Thus one lady exclaims—

"I do not believe that women are to be 'educated to be wives and mothers' in any sense in which it is not equally imperative to educate boys

to be husbands and fathers. I believe that each human being, developed to his or her best and utmost, will most perfectly fulfil the duties that God may appoint in each case, and, if teachers and parents have ever before their eyes the aim of making good, true, and sensible women, I do not fear but they will also train the best wives and mothers."

Nobody doubts it. But we repeat that one may be just as conscious of this truth as the writer of those words, and yet talk of bringing up girls to be good wives and mothers, and boys not indeed to be good husbands and fathers, but good lawyers, doctors, officers, tradesmen, and what not. She does not observe that people who use these phrases have in view at the time only the temporal ends of education; that is, in the plain phrase of the liturgy, how boys and girls may learn and labour truly to get their own living. Now boys seldom get their living by becoming husbands and fathers, while women do commonly owe theirs to being wives and mothers. The home cares which these words represent are the return they make—surely a most honourable one—for the bread their husbands go abroad to win. If such cares are the counterpart of the out-o'-door callings of men, we do not see how it can be wrong, in speaking of the temporal side of girls' education, to press its fitness for the future discharge of those cares. We should have passed over the matter in silence, content to use our own discretion in treating of the subject in hand, were it altogether indifferent. But it is not so. For it is quite possible, and very often happens, that the frequent or untimely expression of one's inner thoughts on a matter of this kind may sink into mere buncombe—one of the most mischievous forms of the breach of the third commandment. It is akin to the error Hooker pointed out in the Puritans, who would have had men not pick up a straw but in God's name, and is capable of doing a good deal of mischief.

Indeed, the monstrous rubbish which has been written about the position and education, as well as the social and political dependence of women, forms one of the greatest difficulties which those who would fain improve their condition have to encounter. Right or wrong, the fact is that, as things are, such improvement cannot be achieved without the consent and active help of men. Now very few men, it is certain, are at heart indifferent to the welfare of their sisters. But they mostly have much to do, and cannot go deeply into the question. The one thing they know for certain about it is that, unless managed with great care and judgment, our attempts at improvement may do infinitely more harm than good. It is no wonder then if, when they read the wild discourses of some lady writers, they hold back in alarm. Some of these writers, we are told, have gone so far as to denounce the bond of marriage as a piece of mas-

ouline tyranny. Unfortunately unbridled talk of this kind is blazed everywhere abroad by the idle gossip of society, while the voice of sense and reason is comparatively little heard. Take as an example the question of the franchise.* The sort of talk which men commonly hear about it is pretty fairly represented by such words as these :—

“The assertion that married women are not taxed can only mean that they do not possess property. Then the argument amounts to this—the law made by man arbitrarily withholds from woman the power of possessing property: those should not be represented who do not possess property; therefore married women should not be represented.”

A man reading this, and knowing that married women by help of the law can, and very often do, possess property, and that such property is taxed, and that therefore nobody with a head on his shoulders could ever have made any such assertion, very naturally cries “Stuff,” and flings the book aside.* Wrong, perhaps, but he does. For as there are, unhappily, but six or eight working hours in the day, a man cannot fully inform himself on every subject, and must leave a good many—no unimportant ones either—to take care of themselves. We entertain no doubt, however, that whatever plans or changes can be shown to be for the clear and certain advantage of women, and are temperately and fairly placed before the minds of such men as have it in their power to promote them, will, in the long run, be carried, and in the faith of this, notwithstanding some discouragements, it is safe to go forward.

On the other hand, it must be owned that if women have given way to foolish talk about what they conceive to be women’s rights, there has been talk equally foolish and much more abounding on the part of men concerning what they conceive to be women’s duties. When we read Miss Davies’s citations of what men say about women (“Higher Education of Women,” pp. 24—34), we scarcely wonder at the dash of bitterness which flavours her two opening chapters. Yet, with the words of Shakspeare and Tennyson in her ears, Miss Davies might well have condescended to treat “Jane” and the other fry as Queen Elizabeth did the bearward’s petition—silently drop them into Lethe.† It should be borne in mind, too,

* Would it not be possible to circulate, in a separate form, Mrs. Boucherett’s paper on the “Condition of Women in France” (*Contemporary Review*, May, 1867), which contains some instructive, and, in view of our leap into the dark of ochlocracy, most convincing remarks on the ruinous consequences to women of semi-universal suffrage?

† We must express our regret that in speaking of those who let the “conception of character which rests on the broad basis of a common humanity fall into the background, and substitute for it a dual theory with distinctly different forms of male and female excellence,” Miss Davies should go on to say, “Closely connected with these separatist doctrines is the double moral code, with its masculine and feminine virtues,

that the subject involves some peculiar difficulties, particularly in regard to education. Men can manage their own political, social, and educational affairs without appealing to women; but women cannot stir a step without invoking the counsel and guidance of men. Not a single book or paper that has been written, in the various discussions of the day, on any subject connected with the welfare of women, fails to acknowledge this explicitly or implicitly in almost every page; so that in matters of themselves sufficiently difficult to deal with prudently, we have the added difficulty of difference of sex. However careful we may be to keep a firm footing on the "broad basis of common humanity" in our reasonings, depend upon it this will be always found a seriously disturbing element. In education, above all, it is a hard matter to keep a right course. The wisest and most prudent men find it far from easy to educate boys successfully. How often have the most earnest and honest teachers cause to wring their hands in grief at the evil fruit that springs up from what they had vainly hoped to be good seed scattered on good ground! Yet in dealing with boys men know tolerably well the nature of the material they have in hand. Not so with girls. Only a woman can enter thoroughly into a girl's heart. The position, therefore, in which men are placed in regard to the education of women is this, that they must be something more than merely interested lookers-on, and must not merely lend it the aid of thought and advice, but take some active share in it, yet to a great extent be working in the dark, and have many reasons for wariness which may be neglected in handling boys. Probably, if it were possible, the best thing men could do would be to take no personal share in the business, to provide women with schools and colleges fit for the education of their daughters, officer them with cultivated ladies equal in position and acquirements to professors and tutors in the Universities, and leave

and its separate law of duty and honour for either sex." Where is this double moral code to be found? A man may very well broach "certain doctrines—such as that the man is intended for the world, woman for the home; man's strength is in the head, woman's in the heart," &c.—without being guilty of any error greater than that of expressing some very obvious truths in a somewhat exaggerated form, and certainly without the least propensity to advocating a "double moral code." Indeed, whatever may be the errors of modern practice, there are now-a-days very few men who think at all who would not vigorously reiterate the old paradoxical advice, "let men be chaste and women brave." But this is the only fault we have to find with Miss Davies's book, which seems to us calculated to do very great good, and we wish it may find its way into every household where there are sons and daughters. In particular we wish young men could be induced to read it. Indifference to the society of women is one of the most repulsive faults of the young men of the day. They rarely seem to think it any part of their duty to give up the employment, or even the whim, of the moment, for the help or entertainment of mother and sisters and their companions. Yet surely if it is part of women's business in the world to please men, it is quite as much a part of men's to please women.

them to themselves. But it is useless to shadow forth such a scheme unless for Utopia.

It seems to us, then, that the wisest course men can pursue is to see what has been done in other times, or is now doing in other countries, in educating girls: above all, to examine what are the demands of women themselves. After all, they must know best what is good for them, and as the feverish activity of the press now-a-days gives everybody a chance of being heard, there can be no difficulty in finding out what they wish, nor much, probably, in sifting out the chaff from what is reasonable and likely to be of service.

In our former paper on the subject we tried to show that the education of women must have been an object of careful solicitude to the wisest men in all ages. We did not succeed, however, in tracing the method they used, or caused to be used, nor do we believe it to be now possible to do so. We can only infer the fact from the illustrious history of women. But past ages have certainly not left us in the dark as to the ideal we are to work up to. Miss Davies makes a timely appeal to Scripture and the teaching of the Churches of England and Scotland on this head:—

“People,” she says, “who go to church, and who read their Bibles, are perpetually reminded of one type and exemplar, one moral law. The theory of education of our English Church recognises no distinction of sex. The baptized child is signed with the sign of the cross, in token that hereafter he—or she—shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under his banner against sin, the world, and the devil; and to continue Christ’s faithful soldier and servant to his—or her—life’s end. . . . The Shorter Catechism [Scotch] teaches that God created man, male and female, after his own image, in knowledge, righteousness, and holiness, with dominion over the creatures, and that man’s chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever.”

; The women, too, who live for us in the pages of Scripture completely bear out the theory of the essential equality of both sexes of the human race. Miriam, Hannah, Elizabeth, had as clear and proper a share in carrying out the counsels of God as Moses, Samuel, and the Baptist. The value of the crowning example of Mary is lost through the uncomely figment of her married virginity dissociating her in people’s minds from the rest of her sex. The part they play is not subordinate to, but different from, that of men. It is, by comparison, not indeed secluded—for they lived lives open for all the world to see—but sedentary and silent, for they rarely left their homes, or gave voice in song or prayer to the thoughts of their hearts. What is more than all, the life of our Lord is in every single particular, except his public preaching, a model for women quite as much as for men. Nor does He anywhere give the least hint that their obedience and agency are of less importance to his work

than that of the other sex. Indeed, we find Him frequently taking opportunities of noticing their presence and assuring them, mostly by acts rather than words, of his equal solicitude for their temporal and spiritual welfare, as well as indicating to them what they were to do for Him. It is plain from many passages in the New Testament that his immediate followers and the first preachers of his Gospel regarded the agency of women as a necessary part of the Christian ministry. It must be owned that the Church of Rome has never lost sight of this truth, and in trying to reintroduce women into the ministry of the Church of England, the most Protestant of us are forced to turn our eyes Romeward for guidance. If we turn to the annals of heathendom, women are found side by side with men wherever they sought to keep alive a spark of judgment, mercy, or truth. Women, therefore, bear the stamp of God's image to the full as clearly as men; and if any one ask for an ideal of feminine excellence, we need only refer him to that image seen in perfection, that is to say, to the Man Christ Jesus.

If, then, the past does not give much help towards the methods of educating women, it does us the great service of showing us a standard to work up to. Whatever may be the difference in their physical and intellectual powers and functions, our object must be to place them as moral and spiritual beings on perfect equality with men. With this explicit statement of our views we shall leave this part of the subject, not wishing to meddle with that highest department of education which goes on at home and in church. But if, in speaking of the physical and intellectual training of girls, we confine ourselves to temporal matters, we hope it will be understood that we do not forget the important influence this training has on their moral and spiritual development.

With regard to the physical training of girls, we believe England has little or nothing to learn from other countries. Nowhere are they placed, as far as their bodily strength permits it, on such a perfect footing of equality with men; nowhere, again, are greater pains taken to keep them from overtaxing that bodily strength. Custom allows Englishwomen more freedom in out-door exercises than is granted to those of any other country. They walk, ride, drive, dance, play games, both like and with their brothers. In this respect, at any rate, the restraints of conventional decorum are in England only such as nature would impose. These being observed—and provided she does not attempt exercises which demand too severe a tension of her muscles; that is to say, if she will content herself, for example, with croquet and archery, leaving guns and cricket bats to the stronger sex, and if she will not ride after the hounds without father, brother, or husband to attend her—an English lady may enjoy sun and air

much as she pleases. On the other hand, in no country has the legislature so honestly and diligently sought to defend women and children against the cruelty of men, especially against oppression on the part of the employers of labour. Scarcely a session has passed by for many years without some law being enacted for their protection in this particular. At this very time a commission is on foot with a view to legislation on the subject of agricultural gangs. We must say we think this part of the question is too much lost sight of by ladies who are prominent as champions of their sex. Their writings are little else than bills of complaint from the first to the last page. They speak, for the most part, as if women were deliberately oppressed by men through a selfish fear of being outstript or even driven altogether out of the field. That this is nowhere the case we are not prepared to say; we fear that it is conspicuously so in France at this moment. But as far as England and America are concerned, we do emphatically deny it. Whatever restraints or disabilities are in these countries maintained or newly imposed, we believe to be due, almost without exception, to a desire to do what is best for women. No doubt some of them may be mistaken, or rather imperfectly attain their object. But that is only saying they are human, and nothing appears to our mind more alarming in the excited outcry for reform we hear on all sides, especially in respect of education, than the apparent unwillingness to acknowledge the inevitable errors and shortcomings of all human schemes. On the whole, we repeat that English law and custom are favourable to women. Take, for example, the laws affecting marriage. Keeping within that over-care which, as in France, defeats its own object by imposing an intolerable yoke, they yet shield women as far as possible from the dangers of haste and inexperience until they are old enough to take care of themselves. That, for all this, there should be ample scope for cruelty, oppression, and wrong in the relations of men to women is inevitable. Laws can do very little in that or any other department of human affairs; least of all can they hinder the bitter fruits of unbridled folly and passion, nurtured by bad homes and profligate society. It is as much as can be looked for if they protect those who are willing to be protected. Certainly, as far as the physical well-being of women is concerned, the temper of the English, and, as far as we know, of the American legislature has been at once kind and prudent—desirous, on the one hand, to protect them as the weak against the strong, and, on the other hand, not to carry that protection so far as to turn it into repression.

However, the real battle-field is on the ground of intellectual training. Here, no doubt, women have a good deal of reason to complain. For many years past, except in the highest ranks of

society and a few enlightened households in humbler life, very little care or thought has been vouchsafed to the education of daughters. How far we have strayed in this respect from the path of our ancestors is well indicated where we should perhaps least expect to find it—namely, in farmhouses. Farmers assuredly are not given to innovation. In many, perhaps most, parts of the country, they go on much as their great-grandfathers did. Even railroads do not tempt them to travel much farther than to market.* Now farmers almost always spend more money on the bringing up of their daughters than of their sons. Often the girls are sent “to boarding-school,” as the goodwife will tell one with no little pride, while the boys pay the quarterly crown, instead of the weekly twopence of labourers children, to him of the village. Very often, it is to be feared, the girls do not bring much home from their boarding-school beyond a smattering of showy accomplishments. But that is not the farmer’s fault. Give him a good school to send his girls to, and he is not such a fool as to prefer a bad one. True, he is not often a good judge of results, and will perhaps, at first, be inclined to like the tinsel better than the pure gold, but his eyes will soon be opened to the truth. However, this is not to our present purpose. What we desire to remark is that the farmer, in trying to educate his girls, is probably doing what his forefathers have done for years, perhaps centuries past. Clergy, again—likewise apt to be staunch adherents to old customs and ways—often take great pains in teaching their daughters. Many of them are among the most earnest and efficient supporters of the local examinations. It is fair, however, to add that clergy, in matters where they can see their way to useful results, are, in a multitude of cases, the most eager innovators. Indeed, nothing can be more mistaken than the common habit of massing together the clergy as taking any particular line on any question. In most secular, and more theological discussions than laymen imagine, they are exceedingly independent of each other. Still, when Mr. Trollope makes Mr. Crawley teach his daughters Latin, Greek, and mathematics, he is true to the life of many a secluded English parsonage, whither newspapers and reviews or modern opinions in any shape rarely find their way. So that on the whole we have rather gone back than

* For instance, in the summer of 1864, on a visit at a country parsonage, we chanced to be at a loss about the time a particular train was to start, and went to the house of a neighbour to borrow a *Bradshaw*. One was forthwith hunted up and produced—dated 1848! We saw the good folks were so utterly unconscious of the absurdity that we made no remark, pretended to consult it, and wished them good morning. Now, the man was a farmer of large inherited substance, and holding a farm of many hundred acres in superb condition. Indeed, his name alone would convince most readers that he stood in the foremost rank of agriculturists. But he had bought a *Bradshaw* on his wedding trip, and had never had occasion for one since.

forward. Not that the point is of much consequence, except to convince some that the doctrine that girls should be taught as well as boys is at all events not new-fangled. The fact remains, that at this moment few English girls get anything like the same measure of pains and cost bestowed on their education that is laid out on that of their brothers, and that those who desire to change, and, as they believe, amend this state of things, encounter very considerable opposition. We must own, however, that, as we have already hinted, this opposition is becoming daily more insignificant. Were it possible to search into it thoroughly, we believe that most frequently, and especially where it is loudest, it proceeds either from teachers who have no great reason to be confident in the results of their teaching, or parents who are not disposed to encounter the expense of giving their daughters a sound education. We should be inclined to treat both these classes with some tenderness. Ladies who entered the profession of teaching with old-fashioned views of what was sufficient for girls to learn must find it hard to encounter a changed world. Again, while it is every day easier to make a certain amount of social display, it is growing harder and harder for people in modest circumstances to do well by their children. So we do not care if the change comes slowly, provided it come well. Indeed, we know not whether we ought not to be grateful to the opposition which enforces slow progress; for it is very far from easy to lay down what is the best course to adopt to secure the improvement we desire.

Certainly, we venture to think that the University of Cambridge, in extending the Local Examinations to girls, took what was for them the best possible first step. It matches them with boys, spreads a large field of study before them, while, at the same time, it completely screens them from publicity; and should it be found not to answer, it can be withdrawn without the smallest loss or injury to any one. The public are, perhaps, not generally aware how ample that field is. Every student is required to satisfy the examiners in reading aloud, spelling, writing, the rudiments of arithmetic, grammar, geography, English history, and, except in case of a written objection sent in by parents or guardians, of the Christian faith. How great an improvement has been achieved in these elements of knowledge may be in some degree estimated from the single fact that whereas in 1858 about 10 per cent. of the whole number of candidates (then boys only) were rejected by the examiners in arithmetic alone, in 1865 scarcely more than 1 per cent. failed in that subject. Then follow a number of sections out of which each student must choose two or three, and is forbidden to attempt more than five or six. These include more advanced papers in the preliminary subjects, English composition, Latin, Greek, French, German, pure mathematics, mechanics, che-

mistry, zoology, botany, geology, heat, magnetism, electricity, music, geometrical drawing, drawing from the flat, from models, in perspective, and imitative colouring. Let us add, for the benefit of that ignorant part of the public which loves to be called practical, that the art of land surveying belongs to trigonometry, which is included under pure mathematics, and that engineers are taught by mechanics or applied mathematics how to measure and use forces, and we think Mr. Ewart himself would scarcely find any subject to add to this list.

The distinguishing characteristics of the girls' work, as compared with the boys', are narrowness of range and goodness of quality. Last year few of them took in the full number of sections allowed, while 21·3 per cent. of them, against 13·3 per cent. of the boys, obtained marks of distinction in one or more subjects. Now examiners are instructed for the Syndicate to award such marks "not for comparative merit shown by one candidate with respect to another, but for really sound knowledge of the subject, so far as the examination tests it."

It should be remarked, however, that at present only picked girls are, as a rule, sent in, while many schoolmasters send up boys in whole classes—a practice excellent from many points of view, and from none more than as showing that they take equal pains with all their scholars. In English, French, and German the girls, as might be expected, were signally successful. Few attempted Latin and Greek. We looked with some curiosity to the result; for we never could see any *a priori* reason why girls should not learn these tongues. Women, we apprehend, contributed their share towards forming them, and millions upon millions of women spoke them in their day. The New Testament is addressed to women as much as to men, and it is of no less advantage to them to read it in the language in which it was written. The point seems to us one purely of taste and expediency. In 1865 no girl tried Greek, but twelve took up Latin. In 1866 Greek was attempted by three, Latin by fifteen girls. The judgment of the examiners is in general that they show a very fair appreciation of a work they have read, and can translate it into very good idiomatic English; but that they fail in grammar, and in translating passages they have not seen before. In 1865 mathematics were tried by six girls, in 1866 by fifteen, with no great success, one senior girl excepted, who did singularly well.* Several did well in music, and a few in drawing. Contrary to our expectation, the natural sciences, in particular botany, do not seem attractive to girls any more than to boys, who as a general rule appear to hate them. We quite side with those who think this a pity, but it is a fact. We admit that the

* She nearly cleared the paper on *Applied Mathematics*, getting full marks for every question she attempted.

scheme has been in working too short a time to allow of any certain conclusions being drawn, but present results, so far as they go, incline us to think that there is no reason for shutting against girls any door of knowledge which is open to boys.

A further question arises on which there will probably be a very great difference of opinion. This is whether, in learning, boys and girls must be kept separate, or may work together in classes. Many persons will probably say that they ought not even to occupy separate rooms in the same building, but should be placed in different schools at least some furlongs apart.* Others may think that nature, as expressed in the homely Lancashire proverb, "T'lasses always coom where t'lads are," may, after all, not be a bad guide; and that a boy may grow up none the worse man for having sat side by side with a girl at his lesson. Perhaps it is a question on which it will be safest to appeal to experience for a decision.

In former days there appears to have been no unwillingness to allow boys and girls to work together. Most of the old foundation schools seem to have been established for the benefit of the *children* of the parish without distinction of sex. In a great many of them this has survived nearly, if not quite, to the present hour, only they are no longer frequented by the families of the parson or the squire. But a generation or two back, when in the remoter parts of the country travelling was costly and irksome, the little village school, endowed with its twenty, thirty, fifty acres of land—often, and very properly, an adjunct to the cure of souls—received within its walls all the young fry of the parish alike. If we are not mistaken, the school of a little village in Norfolk reckons Sir Robert Walpole among its past *alumni*. Within our own remembrance an earl of exalted lineage sent his children to the school of the parish in which he lived. In one school of some consideration the practice of teaching boys and girls together still survives. We refer to Rivington School, attached to St. John's College, Cambridge. The "captain" of Rivington School, we were told by a fellow of that college who was lately sent to examine it, proved to be a girl of sixteen. Next came a boy between fourteen and fifteen, then a girl again, and so forth. He discovered nothing which would lead him to desire a change; on the contrary, he appeared to think the plan worked extremely well. In Scotland, if we are not mistaken, it is the ordinary rule. Cambridge has been applied to in two successive

* A boy who sent up an English essay in the Local Examination of 1865 informed the examiner that "Mr. A's (his master's) school was next door to Miss B's," and added that "had they been farther apart, the inmates of both houses might have been spared many scrapes." Let not, however, the separatists regard this as telling entirely in their favour. It might very well be argued that had boys and girls been taught together, they would not have sought forbidden communications.

years to send examiners to a great Scotch college—the Dollar Institution, near Stirling—attended by more than five hundred boys and girls. The examiners speak highly of the school, and find no fault with the system of bringing boys and girls together. But it is to America that we must look for the widest induction of examples and the fullest information; for in the United States not only are there a great number of schools and colleges of long standing for both sexes, but they have been lately visited and fully reported on by two independent observers. Mr. Fraser, sent by the Schools Inquiry Commission, visited many schools in the United States in the summer of 1865. Miss Sophia Jex Blake did the same in the autumn of the same year. Mr. Fraser's Report has been printed by the Commissioners, and Miss Jex Blake has written a narrative of her trip in a small volume published by Messrs. Macmillan. Both give very ample accounts of various schools they visited; both, it is clear, had thoroughly divested themselves of any prejudice against the bringing boys and girls together at school; both, after producing such facts and arguments on the subject as were presented to their minds in the course of their respective journeys, review them at the close of their work. Neither ventures to give a very decided opinion. Miss Blake says:—

“With regard to the joint education of the sexes, I have endeavoured simply to ascertain facts, and am by no means sure of the existence of sufficient *data* whereon to found a just conclusion.”

But she appears to be inclined, on the whole, to look on it with favour. Thus we read:—

“As boys and girls have to live together in the family, and men and women in the world at large, it certainly seems that they ought to be able to pursue their common studies together; and perhaps, if they did so, a much more healthy mutual relation would result than now exists.”

The American teachers, whose opinions she had the opportunity of learning, appear to entertain no doubts on the question. One ground on which they found their judgment is, we apprehend, invincible—namely, that where provision for educating both sexes together is not made, the girls will go to the wall. But they support it on the further ground of its being to the advantage of both sexes. Thus Professor Fairchild, of Oberlin, as quoted by Miss Blake, says:—

“That society is most happy which conforms most strictly to the order of nature as indicated in the family relation, where brother and sister mutually cleave and restrain each other. . . . A school for young men becomes a community in itself, with its own standard of morality and its laws of honour; but in a college for both sexes the student will find a public sentiment not so lenient as that of a community of associates needing the same indulgence.”

Miss Blake further tells us that the professor, speaking of the supposed danger of hasty attachments and marriages which may arise, remarks that—

“There is something in the association of every-day life which appeals to the judgment rather than to the fancy, and that weeks and months of steady labour over the same problems, or at the same sciences, will not be more likely to create romances than casual meetings at fêtes and balls.”

We own there appears to us a good deal of force in these arguments. Let us see what Mr. Fraser says :—

“Very high authorities, founding themselves upon experience, maintain without hesitation or reserve the advantages of the system as it stands. That it has certain very manifest advantages I am not prepared to deny ; but as all results are but a balance of opposites, there are certain as manifest disadvantages which have to be reckoned and considered too. And there are high authorities on the other side. The great Athenian statesman, the great Christian teacher, appear to have formed different conceptions of a woman's proper sphere in life ; and it is probable, therefore, that they would have formed different conceptions of the proper training of a girl. Even the French philosophical thinker (De Tocqueville) admits that ‘such an education is not without danger, and has a tendency to produce moral and cold women rather than tender and amiable wives.’ And it may well be doubted whether He, who ‘at the beginning made them male and female,’ did not also mark out for them, in his purposes different, though parallel, *paths* through all their lives.”

So far nothing can be better. But when Mr. Fraser proceeds to say—

“Their” (the Americans) “conception of woman's duties, and their ideal of womanly perfection, are probably different from ours. To them the Roman matron of the old republic is, perhaps, the type of female excellence ; to them self-reliance, fearlessness, decision, energy, promptitude, are perhaps the highest female qualities. To us the softer graces are more attractive than the sterner virtues ; our object is to train women, before anything and everything besides, for the duties of the home ; we care less in them for vigorous intellects and firm purposes, and more for tastes which domesticate and accomplishments which charm”—

we confess he appears to us to shoot beside the mark. As far as the “Roman matron of the old republic” is concerned, we know too little of that lady to be able to pronounce whether she either possessed the “sterner virtues,” or was deficient in the “softer graces.” We think, however, that there must have always been at Rome many dames worthy to rank with Tullia and Octavia in the tenderest feminine charms. Moreover, Romans, in the freedom and courtesy of their social intercourse with each other, appear to us to bear a much closer resemblance to Englishmen than Americans. Indeed, if we have rightly understood Cicero and Horace, the terms on which a Roman gentleman lived with his friends have always appeared to

us delightful. So we should be inclined to think the Roman mothers who taught them manners must have been far from wanting in womanly attractions. But this by-the-by. To return to the main point, we cannot help thinking that the balance between "sterner virtues" and "softer graces" has very little to do with the matter in hand. To us a woman's life appears to be quite as serious as a man's, and to require quite as frequently and as largely all the help that experience, self-control, and good sense can give her. The only thing, then, we have to keep in view in the education of women is surely how they are best to live the life and fulfil the duties God has given them. To this even the "tastes which domesticate, and accomplishments which charm," must be so subordinate that, except just so far as they conduce to it, they ought to be thrown out of view altogether. Compared with this, the "ideal of womanly perfection" men choose to frame for themselves is absolutely insignificant. And when Mr. Fraser in a note a little further on says:—

"I should have supposed, though I don't think we have quite hit it in England, that there was a mean between the 'cloistral education of France' and the 'democratic education of the United States.' I quite feel that there is an indefinable something that makes a difference between the relationship of man and wife in America, and the relationship of man and wife in England. I do not mean that there is more mutual affection, or more mutual confidence, but there is a different *tone* in the intercourse. I think the secret of the difference lies in this, that the American husband has more respect for his wife's mind ;"—

his words sound to our ear like an acknowledgment that the American has in his judgment fewer faults than the English system. We can ourselves give no opinion on the point, as we have never had the good fortune to know any American families. But we confess the passage above quoted in one respect astonished us not a little. We should have thought that most English husbands who were willing to be taught—that is to say, all worth thinking about—would have found their wives in many of the most important duties of life the best teachers—next to or equally with their mothers—they ever had, and, therefore, have at least as much respect as the men of any other nation for their minds. But let us see what are the educational results of the American plan. For even if a comparison of manners were more to the purpose than it is, we don't see that the difference, whatever there may be, between English and American ladies depends so entirely upon school life as to be much in point. That, we conceive, springs at least as much from the difference of manners throughout society. But do women in America gain enough in knowledge and power to make it worth our while to change all our own customs? Here there appear to arise very grave doubts. All authorities seem to say the girls do as well as the boys. Mr. Fraser writes:—

"Some of the best mathematical teachers are women; some of the best mathematical students are girls. Young ladies read Virgil and Cicero, Xenophon and Homer, as well (in every sense) as young gentlemen. In mixed high schools the number of female students generally preponderates, and they are found in examinations to carry off the largest proportion of prizes. In schools where I heard the two sexes taught or catechized together, I should myself have awarded to the girls the palm for quickness of perception and precision of reply. In no department of study which they pursued together did they not seem to me, as compared with their male competitors, fully competent to hold their own."

So Miss Blake:—

"The professor of Greek told me that he was unable to see much difference between the students of the two sexes: 'But for the difference of voice, I should find it hard, or impossible, with my eyes shut, to tell one from the other. If I am to find a distinction, I may, perhaps, say that, speaking generally, the ladies have more intuitive quickness in construing, and earlier acquire elegance in composition; while the gentlemen [in passing may we beg this republican professor, as well as his mathematical brother, to have nothing to say in future about 'ladies' and 'gentlemen,' but to be content with 'girls' and 'boys?'] seem more able to seize on points touching the philosophy of the language. As regards power of attention and application, I have never remarked any difference, and the work done is usually about equal.'"

Again—

"The professor of mathematics said, 'I have found the work done by ladies to be fully equal to that of the gentlemen—*fully*; and it has more than once occurred that the best scholar in my class was a lady. Ladies are generally the quickest at recitation, and will repeat long problems more accurately than most of the young men. I do not know that they have any counterbalancing defect. As to strength and power of application, I know that the advantage is said to lie with the men, but I have not found it so.'"

But of what kind of work do these gentlemen speak? We confess we don't feel much struck with mathematical instruction which attributes high value to "repeating long problems," or which, as we read in another place,—

"Makes the pupils work most thoroughly, though not professing to carry them to so high a point as was attempted elsewhere; not, if I remember right, beyond a sort of summary of Euclid and quadratic equations."

What a "summary of Euclid" can be we cannot conceive. We fancy, however, that at Cambridge it would please the undergraduate better than the tutorial mind. Nor do we think that the lady "who stood," as a Mrs. Mann informs us, "before her classes solving the most difficult problems as if she had discovered them, and as if books had not yet been invented," would there get many pupils among possible senior wranglers. They prefer teachers who can "discover problems" for themselves. If she did, we fear it would be chiefly due to those "feminine traits of character" in which we read she was "as rare as in her intellectual cultivation." We doubt even

whether the fact that "one of the most talented [we cannot help protesting against this horrible word—one might as well say *sovereigned, shillinged, napoleoned*] actuaries in the United States is a woman," would carry much weight in favour of the professor's views with mathematical men.* In classics again, when Professor Fairchild tells us that "proper discrimination will evade all difficulty;" that "such authors as Plato and Xenophon, Cicero and Tacitus—as noble and chaste as the entire range of literature affords—may be read in mixed classes without causing a blush," and serenely adds, "it might be well even in schools for young men to keep within such limits," we cannot help thinking, with all the respect due to the learned professor, that he must be talking about what he does not very well understand. We think he might find a good deal in his pet authors that would prove rather awkward to read among boys and girls together; and we should uncommonly like to know his views about Aristophanes. And when we hear from Mr. Fraser that the books used in American schools are mostly after the model of Mr. Anthon's, we ask for no more evidence. A good deal of the enthusiasm of the worthy professor must be simply "tall talk."

Next, as to the effects on the bodies of girls. Students of either sex are, it is probable, less robust in America than in England. But Mr. Fraser leads us to think that girls especially suffer terribly from overwork. Thus he writes:—

"There can be no doubt that everywhere, at least in the city schools, a severe strain is put upon the physical strength both of teachers and pupils, particularly in the girls schools. . . . I remember very distinctly in a New York school, at the close of one of those little addresses which, in my capacity of a visitor, I was so often called upon to make in the schools, in which I had endeavoured to explain our English system, and had spoken of the growing prevalence of the opinion that five hours of study properly distributed over the day were as much as it was prudent to attempt to get out of young people between the ages of twelve and eighteen, a general sigh issued from the class of girls who had been listening to me, followed by the audible expression of a wish from several that the same opinion might begin to prevail there."

Miss Blake seems a little reluctant to acknowledge any need for more care for girls in this particular than for boys. She says:—

"It seems to be proved that at least a considerable number of women can

* Miss Blake relates an anecdote which seems to us to throw considerable light on the state of mathematical teaching in American schools:—"The teacher will rapidly enunciate such a question as the following, and as her voice ceases some pupil will generally be ready with the answer:—"Take two; add one; cube; take away two; square; take away one; divide by two; subtract twelve; divide by fifteen; divide by ten; square, square, square. Miss Smith?' 'Two hundred and fifty-six.' 'Right.' And so on, just as quickly as voice can speak." Miss Blake seems to have been much struck with this feat. So are we—with its utter uselessness, if no worse, to Miss Smith. This was at the school where there was a "first-rate staff of most earnest lady teachers, whose actual erudition was almost overwhelming." But their "sheer learning," whatever that may mean, seems to have "co-existed with a very imperfect knowledge of English."

undertake and successfully complete the same course of study that is usual for men, and that without more apparent detriment to their health than students of the other sex."

Again, with a fine sarcasm,—

"Experience seems, moreover, to furnish many warnings that in England at least it is not well for most girls between the ages of fifteen and twenty to work as hard as is supposed to be usual with their brothers; though, by-the-by, how hard the boys really do study I do not know, occasional glimpses of results having made me a little sceptical on this point."

Miss Blake does not appear to understand how the pressure of work increases as you go on. It is much like climbing up a mountain: for the first two or three hours it is all very well; after that the weaker members of the party begin to be what athletes call "pumped," and drop off. Only one here and there may boast—

"Right up Ben Lomond can he press,
And not a sob his toil confess."

Miss Blake very little knows, and we are quite certain very few women could bear, the strain of mind and body necessary to attain a good place in any Tripos. It is no argument to say that many men seem to do it with ease and pleasure. Look at their strength of build—of mind we mean rather than body, though the latter often goes with it—and see whether it is such as is likely to fall to a woman. Where, indeed, is there any experience which should induce us to think it desirable to carry the literary education of women in general to the same height as that of men? In what branch of the service of the Muses have they shown original power? In poetry and music at least they have had fully as good a chance as their brothers; but who among women can be called, except according to the most moderate standard, either poets or composers? On the whole, we cannot help thinking that the results of the Local Examinations, crude as they still are, lead us to a tolerably safe conclusion—viz., that up to a certain point, say about such as these examinations indicate, there is no reason why girls should not receive pretty much the same literary education as boys. Without going so far as to say that they ought to go to school together, we think it is fairly made out by experience that there is no reason to fear evil from such association, and much reason to hope for benefit to both sexes. Of one thing we entertain no doubt, namely, that not only boys and girls, but men and women, live too little together in England just now. How this is to be amended is another question. If a change in the habits of school can help to bring it about, so much the better; but we are bound to concede at once that it is a subject on which it is absurd to attempt to dogmatize. Taste and even prejudices must be consulted, and an improvement can only come to pass *si volet usus*. But after the limit of rudimentary education is passed, we see nothing

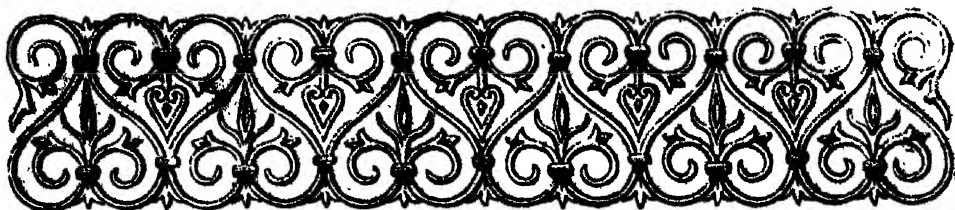
to induce us to alter the opinion we have always entertained; that is, that studies conducted together will, generally speaking, be injurious to both. No doubt there are girls—though we believe comparatively few*—who are willing and able to carry their studies further. For these we conceive no better plan could be devised than one which we hear is already on foot. We advert to the project of building a college within a convenient distance of London for girls of sixteen and upwards. If it be true, as it is alleged to be, that endowments intended for the *youth* of many parishes have been seized for boys only, this fact would constitute a fair claim on the country for the building and support of such a college. On the side of this allegation of the ladies let us turn to an American decision cited by Mr. Fraser:—

“In *Nelson v. Cushing*, 2 Cush. (Mass.) 519, decided in 1848, the testator bequeathed his property ‘for the establishment and support of a free English school in Newbury-port, for the instruction of youth wherever they may belong.’ The court was of opinion that the testator meant a school for girls as well as boys.”

Much, of course, would depend on the wording of testaments. But however that may be, we heartily hope that such a college may be somehow or other built and endowed. Only we trust that it may be as far as possible officered by women. Just as only men can make men, so only women can make women. We suppose that in one or two departments of knowledge the employment of men cannot be helped, though if Sir William Hamilton is right in exclaiming, “Whatever is good in a lecture is better in a book,” we don’t see why they might not be done without. But that argument might perhaps go to the abolition of colleges and universities altogether. Besides, we think he is as much the reverse of right as it is possible for a man to be. There is a power in the living voice the printer cannot attain unto, and we believe that without speaking teachers learning would soon die. So let the ladies have their professors. We advise them to be careful, in making their choice of teachers of either sex, not to be led away by the *ignis fatuus* of “European reputations,” but to look out for persons who love their work enough to be honest and sound instructors, and to this warning we will only add a hearty wish that they may succeed in founding an institution which may be abundantly fruitful of “good wives and mothers.”

THOMAS MARKBY.

* We say *few*, because it is remarkable that the work of the senior girls in the Cambridge Local Examinations is, as a whole, as inferior to that of the juniors as is found to be the case with the boys. We did not so much wonder at it in the latter. The Universities and the Oxford A A would naturally attract the most promising boys. But there is no such cause at work with the girls, and the fact rather points to the conclusion that a majority of both sexes are not capable of much literary advancement after sixteen—that, in short, their hands are better than their heads.



THE LONDON PRESS:

I. THE "SPECTATOR," THE "GUARDIAN," THE "NONCONFORMIST"
(concluded).

ONE or two of the topics raised in the previous paper under this heading are in themselves, even apart from necessarily hasty treatment, so easily capable of being wrenched aside for purposes of misrepresentation and ridicule, that it may be as well to guard them by a few sentences at once.

With respect, for example, to Culture, it is an obviously easy thing to say that to depreciate culture is only another way of praising ignorance and stupidity. But nobody that we happen to know of can honestly be supposed to mean anything of the kind. That the greatest possible amount of knowledge, with the greatest possible amount of skill and refinement in applying it, must always be desirable, in journalism as elsewhere, is something very like a truism. But it is surely not desirable at all costs. If a good, able man without culture, and a good, able man with culture, presented themselves for certain functions as public writers, we should scarcely hesitate in choosing the second; but the first would most unquestionably be preferable to an able, cultivated man with no particular depth of character. Nor is this all, or half, of the truth upon the subject before us. Nor does it meet the case to treat Culture as a mere question of the intellectual kid-glove against the strong, free hand. We must try and get it understood that what is offered to us under the name of that Culture whose pretensions affect us dis-

agreeably is not merely refined and thoughtful knowledge; it is a certain result of special training, with a decided moral bias super-added. Now, what is that bias? In a man like Mr. Matthew Arnold (whose name can scarcely be omitted in such a connection), it may be seen with peculiar distinctness, though its impact upon particular topics is lightened by the elegance of his mind and the fluency of his sympathies as a poet, and its very existence disguised from many of his readers by (what appears to us as) the confusing inconsequence of his method. It may be described in varying terms, but it is, to put it in one way out of many less simple, *a bias towards unity, the terms of the unity to be dictated by the cultivated to the uncultivated*. Only this is putting the case in the most favourable of all possible lights; exhibiting the bias as it exists in a choice and beautiful intelligence like Mr. Matthew Arnold's. Even under the most favourable circumstances, this bias is propelled towards its end, unity, by the establishment of castes (a fact not new to historical students); and in that way its final tendency is disclosed to us. But we arrive at it in practice by even a shorter cut, without waiting for historical developments at all. What is the obvious tendency of this bias which constitutes the essential *motif* of the gospel of culture in minds less fine and sympathetic than some of the best? Plainly, to isolation. If a Frenchman were to say ("pas si bête!" whispers a voice on the other side of the question) the logic of culture is segregation, he would utter quite as true an epigram as that retribution is the logic of crime. We all admit, most ungrudgingly and thankfully, the service rendered by the *Saturday Review* to literature. It has greatly raised the standards of appreciation in book matters, and if it had done nothing else to deserve our gratitude, that would of itself be much. But the spirit of the moral criticism to which too much of the journalism of culture has accustomed us is assuredly one which tends to segregation except for purposes of pleasure. Let any one honestly examine himself, and say whether the hours when he has been disposed to make any sort of capital whatever out of the weak and foolish points of well-intentioned people have not been among the very worst hours of his existence; whether he does not feel that if the line of tendency were continued, it must end in moral isolation and the total loss of faith and love. To laugh at what is laughable is fair enough, but to make capital out of it is quite another matter; and to make capital out of *peculiarities* of all kinds is the necessary policy of a gospel which has the bias we have hinted at.

Considered as a mere protest against blatancy, the gospel of culture is welcome; it is merely one force working freely amid other forces; but what it inevitably points to is a despotism of taste,—and this and faith can never subsist together. Accordingly, we find a great deal of the political, social, and other criticism of culture not only distrustful of high motive, and constant in depreciating its

value, but distinctly proclaiming its insensibility to it. The everlasting mark of division between men and men is for ever being thrust under our notice by such criticism. There are those who believe in no criterion but that of consequences supposed to be calculable,—and those who believe in spiritual laws invisibly working through all actions and things to consequences utterly incalculable; from which it follows that the moral value of conduct is determinable by its motive, so far as human eyes can judge it, God alone knowing beforehand the moral consequence. Hence we find such criticism more confident than a jury of archangels would have any right to be in matters of the most awful uncertainty. It knows exactly when the note of self-sacrifice is pitched too high. It knows exactly when a life like Henry Martyn's has been "wasted," and boldly tells the universe in good leaved bourgeois when some of the greatest efforts of the human soul in its anguish of glorious labour have been "followed by no commensurate results." A smug article-maker sits down in a well-appointed editor's room (having just had a sandwich and a glass of sherry) to lecture an old lion like Garibaldi about "shedding blood." "*Risum teneatis amice?*"—we really must lug in the old quotation! Again, it knows the precise value of such poor old rags of thought and feeling as that the sea and the stars are awful, and that what will happen to-morrow is quite uncertain. "What is the good of telling us all that? We have heard it before. Why don't you look at facts? There's a cabman giving another man a black eye at this moment; the streets are up to your ankles in slush; mutton is tenpence a pound; and we can't be bothered with the uncertainty of life—there's nothing in it." It never appears to occur to the highly-cultivated being who feels bothered by a certain class of ideas, presented over and over again, that there are two ways of looking at this matter. It is, perhaps, not that there is nothing in the ideas, but that there is nothing in him. There is a platitudinarian way of saying that the uncertainty of life is an awful thing; but when once the platitudinarian line is passed in the upward direction, the presentation of certain great pathetic thoughts can never weary a serious mind. We must and will have it recognised, first, that that class of men and women with whom lies the whole motive power (we do not say the best directing power always) of labours of goodness in this world, is a class of men and women whose life is, by their very constitution, so surcharged with the feelings to which these great pathetic thoughts are affiliated, that the expression of them by others is a necessary relief as well as a discipline; and, secondly, that the impatience of "culture" in these matters is the brand of inferiority, and not the sign of any right whatever to lecture the other side:—

"She is the second, not the first,"—

wise, the knowledge will come to her in the conflicts arising from that increasing separation between different classes of society in which she has so largely assisted.

The second point raised in our previous article, which might be made to lend itself to misrepresentation, is that of the enthusiasm of humanity considered as possible to become a conceit, or little better. To say that it would be possible to carry humane effort too far would be as absurd as to say that it would be possible to carry cultivation too far. But for all that, there is a serious meaning in our language. It is not certain that every mind is sensitive enough to a vague impression—to what we might call the *aura* of an idea, or way of thinking or feeling—to catch at once what we would now hint at; but surely sensitive minds must have heard in recent journalism a new “note” struck in relation to humane effort. It is so extremely difficult to find the requisite tenderness of expression for any criticism of what is kindly and relieves suffering, that we must bespeak a little indulgence in our attempt to make our meaning somewhat clearer. No one would bear to hear of any form of the enthusiasm of humanity being treated like, say, an enthusiasm for postage-stamps; for it could scarcely get rid of a moral element of some kind. But the same remark might be made of the love of woman, considered as a sentiment diffused in society and influencing conduct. Yet this did actually become a conceit, from the time when in the middle ages it became a *schwärmerei*—and it is the nearest illustration we can think of to illuminate a little our meaning when we hinted that there was possibly some danger of the enthusiasm of humanity becoming a conceit too. And we steadfastly believe it must do so, if detached from what we have called the theological spirit. When it is insisted that faith in a good Lord and Governor of the universe is the necessary postulate of sustained goodness of any kind, people suppose, or pretend to suppose it is intended to convey the idea that nobody will continue to do good without hope of reward in a future state. But this is not what is intended. What is intended is simply that without faith in a Divine purpose, guaranteed by Divine sympathy, with the assurance of Divine support (not reward), the sense of duty collapses, because life becomes an absurdity. Felix Holt, we may perhaps remember, was of a different opinion. Life was worth something to a brave man, he said, even without faith in God, and as, at all events, the suffering around him was real, he would go and do what he could to lessen it, and teach others to lessen it. This sounds to some of us as if he had said, “The sea wants emptying; I have no assurance that the work can ever be accomplished, or that a tub for it exists even; but I will go on as well as I can with a kitchen-strainer.” The most rational, or rather the least irrational, thing for a man to do who had no faith in a God would, in our opinion, be to constitute himself the

apostle of the discontinuance of the human* race. His task would not be a very feasible one, but it would be quite as feasible as the kitchen-strainer struggle. In spite, then, of here and there a Felix Holt (and such people undoubtedly exist*), we must hold to the opinion that service of humanity without faith in God, if it should ever become a *schwärmerei*, will collapse into a conceit. And the "note" of such a *schwärmerei* has been most distinctly struck in our journalism. The *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 8th of January, in a powerful leading article from an unmistakable pen, put the case in small compass in the following sentences:—

"There is a large and important class which, if it were honest, would say, You may talk for ever and ever, but I do not love Humanity as described by you. You will never persuade me to love it; and if you succeeded in convincing me of your cardinal doctrines of atheism and materialism, you would simply deprive me of the only objects which I do or can respect or care for. If there is a good and wise God, who has created the human race, who governs it, and has imposed upon its various members duties towards each other, such a being is a natural object of all our highest affections, and a source of duty as between man and man, whose common relations to the same Maker constitute a bond of union between each other; but if you are right in saying that this God is a mere human fiction, then I cease to care for any men other than those particular persons or classes with whom I individually am concerned. What's Hecuba to me or I to Hecuba? What do I care whether Yeh did or did not cut off the heads of 70,000 Chinese in and about Canton? Let us cultivate our cabbages and amuse ourselves as well as we can. *It will not be for long.*

The italics are ours, and the sting of the passage lies in the italicized words. The fact is, the notion of an enthusiasm of humanity without devotion to a personal God and Father of men, a notion born in that atmosphere of crowding and collective movement in which we live, is threatening us in much more diffusion than the inattentive reader of newspapers and periodicals would suppose. Journalists have to write in haste, and they can only bring to the topic of the hour that which they have ready for it in the way of distinct or deep-felt faith. How many journalists possess, whatever their ability may be, a religious faith so diffused over their other beliefs, and so distinctly formulated, that they can at one glance of the eye pigeon-hole any topic that comes before them in its relation to their faith? Yet without that capacity of pigeon-holing ideas at a moment's notice, social criticism, like all other criticism, may be mere clever chance work steeped in the atmosphere of the hour. The enthusiasm of humanity is the atmosphere of the hour, and without faith in a Divine Ruler it tends as distinctly to an empty despotism of a conceit as the gospel of culture to a despotism of taste.

* One of the most actively kind men we ever knew was an entire disbeliever—a pure atheist—though he had been formerly in Christian communion. His goodness was an exhilarating spectacle; but not the least exhilarating point about it was, that the man's

We referred, in the previous paper, to two ideas as having been once for all deposited, historically, in the human mind by Christianity, though they did not constitute Christianity. Those ideas were, the importance to the individual soul of a faith dominating the life, and the inalienable responsibility of the individual soul. We must now add a third—namely, that separation (to use the accustomed phrase) between the sinner and his sin, which permits us to love the doer while we hate the deed. Whether this element is peculiar to Christianity or not, it is through Christianity that we have received it, incalculably intensified, into our lives. We cannot conceive it existing separate from the justification of it which is afforded by the theological spirit, and woe to the community among whom it ceases to be a prevalent idea. Too much ridicule has been tolerated in our journalism of the religious attentions paid to criminals, too much ridicule even of the lugubrious stories of prison conversions and gallows-saints by which the ridicule has been provoked. It belongs not only to Christianity proper, with its story of the thief on the cross, but to the theological spirit, to decline to fix any limit to inherent possibilities of moral restoration; and even when this mode of action of the theological spirit happens to be exhibited with lugubrious or maudlin untruthfulness, public criticism, unless it openly abjures all faith in God and immortality, is bound to separate the wheat from the chaff. But we have too long permitted ourselves to adopt a lazy cynicism in these and kindred matters, and our irreligious journalism has done much to create the moral atmosphere which makes our laziness come so easy to us.

Whenever the old-fashioned idea of separating between the sinner and the sin is exploded, we are sure to find, and we do, as a matter of fact, find in some of our most cultivated journalism, something for which we shall also employ the old-fashioned phrase. It is the reverse of one of the attributes of charity, and is happily and sufficiently described as rejoicing in iniquity: words as old as St. Paul, and still standing for a very distinguishable fact. It is the spirit of the eavesdropper at Margaret's door:—

Meph.—To-night then we——

Faust.—And what does it import to you?

Meph.—I have my pleasure in it too.

A passage so frankly nauseous in its devilishness makes one pause, and wonder whether the poet is not sometimes caught down into the third hell, and shown things which are not lawful to be uttered. But the spirit of the situation may constantly be recognised in our journalism, and, for the most part, in ostensibly moral writing addressed in a spirit of indignant virtue to acknowledged abuses. Just as an ear quick in one sense catches in a poem the "Lyrical Cry" if it be there, so an ear quick in another sense catches at once, in many a column of chaste sarcasm, the Vulpine Cry—the call-

note of the foxes that, having lost their own tails, are only too glad to believe that some others have lost theirs. Even where this note is unheard there is frequently another, only less disagreeable, to be caught by an attentive listener. It would be almost ludicrous to signalize this as the Scavenger-note—an undertone as of a spirit which looks upon wrong-doing as so much inevitable sewage which is simply to be kept out of sight: “There are the *latrines* for these things; draw your *cordon sanitaire*, appoint your health officers, and let us hear no more publicly of the subject—it is not decent, really.” This seems, as we have said, almost a ludicrous description, but it would scarcely be up to the mark if we were to characterize the spirit in question merely as the Duenna spirit, though this also conveys a portion of the necessary meaning. Call it the Scavenger view or the Duenna view, its essential “note” is the same—distrust. It is a view which is totally inconsistent with the presence of the theological spirit (in an intelligent and cultivated, perhaps even in a deeply honest or simple nature), because trust, or confidence in overruling though invisibly-intermingled currents of goodness, is of the essence of that spirit.*

As it is with entire deliberation that we have up to this point been making comments which can only be said to describe the best theological press, or those three types of it which we have here selected, by negatives, we pass by a natural transition here to the reflection that the theological spirit, with whatever mistakes or cruelties theologians may have been chargeable, is the only spirit which can be depended upon for that which it is the first function of journalism to foster; namely, *a working patriotism that will not recklessly oppress as it clears the ground before it*. In no one place do we find this doctrine, the true doctrine of patriotism, so explicitly put in brief compass as in one of Wordsworth’s Ecclesiastical Sonnets, which is, perhaps, not quite fresh in the memory of every reader:—

“Ungrateful country, if thou e’er forget
The sons who for thy civil rights have bled!

* * * * *

But these had fallen for profitless regret,
Had not thy holy Church her champions bred,
And claims from other worlds inspired
The Star of Liberty to rise. Nor yet
(Grave this within thy heart!) if spiritual things
Be lost through apathy, or scorn, or fear,
Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support,
However hardly won or justly dear;

* In remarking upon the essentially theological character of some of our public writing from pens which would, for what we know, totally disclaim the theological spirit, we applied to the case in question the well-known truth, that men do not always see the logic of their own position. Those who wish to see what appears to us a complete and curiously appropriate justification of the remark will find it in the *Spectator* of the 11th of January, in an article entitled “Professor Huxley’s Hidden Chess-Player.”

What came from Heaven, to Heaven by nature clings,
And if dissevered thence its course is short."

This sonnet is entitled "Obligations of Civil to Religious Liberty ;" and the very title brings us back to the point from which we started in the previous paper, namely, the inalienable responsibility of the individual soul. This is a religious idea, of course, for it simply means that whatever collisions may come of it, all human beings are primarily responsible to One Ruler in such a sense that if any particular human being becomes convinced that the law or will of the One Ruler contradicts the law or will of all other rulers put together, he is simply bound to disobey the others, and do what he believes to be the will of that One. There are only two forms in which this idea is workable. The first is, that a human being must go to his own conscience to find the will of God ; the second is, that he must go to some existing infallible source of knowledge for the will of God. Of course this second form of the idea in question appears to Protestants to be absurd in logic, and in practice corrupting. *

Strictly speaking, there is no act possible to any human being which may not conceivably become vital, and demand to be solved on one of the above principles. But there is an enormous portion of our existence which we provisionally assume to be indifferent, and which we all consent, in various ways, and with various degrees of explicitness or implicitness, to place under the control of external law.

Differences in natural character, and differences in culture and position incline different (Protestant) persons to various shades of opinion in these matters. Their tendencies on public and social questions in general may be determined by the answer to this specific question,—To what centre of gravity does their doctrine of provisional authority tend to refer itself? With regard to the school of thought represented by the *Nonconformist*, the answer obviously is—To the will of the individuals ruled, to pure self-government; the government being deliberative only for the purpose of arriving at the will of the people, and executive simply for the purpose of carrying it out. Circumstances of exceptional danger—analogueous to those, for example, of a ship at sea—may justify a departure from the theory, but that is the theory. Well, a man might pass from turning over the pages of the *Nonconformist* to turning over the pages of the *Spectator*, and not be immediately conscious of any particular difference of political assumption, unless Mr. Bright or the Irish Church question happened to arise upon the very pages ; so full of the spirit of freedom and personal conscience is the *Spectator*, and so large in its allowances. But, upon looking again, the reader we have supposed would become conscious of a difference. To put it roughly, the *Spectator* is more national. The community is something more than so many people ; it is a personal

aggregate. The nation is much more than all the people added up together. To put it more plainly : take the very strongest phrase in which any pious subscriber to the *Nonconformist* would describe the organic life of a church, and change the terms, you have then the *Spectator's* idea of a nation. Even this is not a satisfactory way of putting the case, but it will perhaps pass. Fair play to everything within the nation, but the nation supreme, a National Church, and in all things a perfect organic federation of interests. When we pass to the *Guardian*, we become aware, among other points of difference, of a distinctly capital difference *here* at all events. No words of our own could illustrate it so well as the following sentences which we extract from the *Guardian* of the 1st of January, 1868 :—

“ When last year opened, we were anticipating the Lambeth Conference. We can now look back upon it and accept it thankfully—in spite of all the cavils and all the ridicule of irreligious or hostile pens, which have in truth done little more than betray their instinctive sense of its real importance—as a great and memorable event. It remains now to look forward to its future issues. For that it will have important issues we do not for a moment doubt. The remarkable documents which we published last week are quite enough to falsify the predictions of those who were never tired of telling us that a Council of Bishops could not possibly do anything, because they could exercise no legal or coercive power. These documents draw the lines on which may be constructed a vast confederation of English-speaking churches, bound together by a community of doctrine and worship, maintained not by legal compulsion, but by the true unity of voluntary agreement.

“ Our objections to the suggested central ecclesiastical court of appeal apply with yet greater force to the tribunals which at present exist. These have all the evils incident to distance and ignorance ; and they have not the completeness belonging to the scheme contained in the Lambeth Report. That scheme, with all its inconveniences, has the great advantage of promoting unity of judgment on doctrinal questions among *all* the churches of our communion. It will hardly be believed that this very circumstance is urged against it by hostile critics. Liberals of the Erastian type, such as the *Spectator* represents, seem to think that a man cannot be a member of the Christian Church unless he is a subject of the Queen of Great Britain ; with the gain of political independence he must, on their showing, associate the loss of religious fellowship.” *

There can be nothing strictly new to say to any reader of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW upon the usual current of opinion in either of the three journals whose names appear at the head of this article ; and in making the above quotation, we assume that they are familiar with the line taken by the *Spectator* upon the Lambeth Conference question. Upon the final question which underlies all these discussions the writer of these lines adheres decisively to the position maintained by the *Nonconformist*—though if he were a public man, he would be willing to undergo the severest criticism of the *Guardian*, satisfied that it would have too much conscience behind it

* * Some time ago a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* called the *Spectator* the “ Saturday *Essene*.”

to do him any harm. From either of the three newspapers before us examples might be cited of that equitable kindness of which we have spoken as being proper to the theological spirit. Justice in the lower forms—or fair play (which is less than justice)—you may get in plenty of places, but equitable kindness is born of an interfusing trust; and trust can only justify and support itself in one way. We might refer in detail, only that it is unnecessary and would occupy much space, to the parts taken by our three contemporaries throughout the late American war. We might quote as an example of equitable kindness, as distinguished from what people call justice, the *Spectator's* usual treatment of Mr. Bright. Or we might confidently refer to any file of the *Nonconformist* that the reader could lay his hands on. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his usual unaccountable way, misunderstands and objects to its motto (essentially a fighting motto, and he might as well object to Nelson's watchword); but when we remember that the *Nonconformist* has, perhaps, had more prejudice to deal with, and in doing some of its best work, more risk to run than any other journal in England, we are unable, for our own parts, to refrain from words of the warmest homage to its candour and fearlessness. Of the sustained ability of its original writing its readers can judge without words of ours. The following short passage from the number of 4th January, 1868, strikes the key-note to which the journal has always been true:—

“The New Year, then, like a new-born child, comes to us with this lesson—that we ‘be not weary in well-doing,’ and that in well-doing we ‘commit ourselves unto God, as unto a faithful Creator.’ *We have but to do what we can, and it will be accepted according to what we have, and not according to what we have not. To be faithful is better than to be successful. Nay, faithfulness is success.* Whether we or those who come after us shall witness the full accomplishment of our desires, is a matter of very secondary importance, in comparison of whether we are acting as good stewards. We see but a very little way before us. We know not, nor would it be of any advantage for us to know, what issues may be at hand. The new year admonishes us to pursue our end by being instant in season and out of season, and we may be sure that whatever shall come of that, our reward will be as great as it is certain.”

This is a just and apposite example (the italics are ours) of the true theological spirit, and neither man nor journal is to be wholly trusted in which this faith is not dominant.

There is often a peculiar simplicity about the *Nonconformist*,—the kind of simplicity, born of high honesty, which makes you fancy you could hoax it; and it is exposed, like other Dissenting papers, to the great inconvenience of being obliged to insert “denominational intelligence,” in which there is too frequently a touch of the ludicrous. The following is an example:—

“NEW YEAR'S SERVICES.—There were services in ——— Chapel, ——— on the first day of the year, of which a correspondent gives the following account:—

“According to an arrangement made the previous Sunday, it was proposed to the congregation that they should *of their own proper substance* [how could they do it otherwise without stealing?] make a thanksgiving offering to the Lord for mercies received through the previous year. At the close of the service, the minister took his station at the communion table, when the whole congregation, men, women, and children, began to move down one aisle and up the other in one continuous stream, *presenting an offering to the Lord, wrapped up in paper*. The pastor shook hands with every member of his flock and wished them all a happy new year. *The day was cold, but the hearts of the people were warm*, and the results were the noble sum, for them, of £82, which was appropriated to the finances of the church.”

We could quote bits of “intelligence” from the *Guardian* quite as likely to provoke a smile; only we fear that our able and solemn contemporary would be down upon us for “joking,” as it was upon Mr. Matthew Arnold, or upon the author of a book we once happened to see reviewed there, for speaking disrespectfully of the nave.

Literature calling itself “evangelical” is notoriously, and with only rare exceptions, deficient on the “human” and dramatic sides. There is usually a certain dryness about it. In the *Guardian* and the *Spectator* the “human” flavour is very marked; there is, as we say of wine, a “body” about the writing which is mostly missing in religious journalism. This “body,” so to put the case, is even stronger, we think, in the *Guardian* than in the *Spectator*. But in a certain equitable subtlety of kindness, and a quietly heroic discrimination, difficult to exhibit without an example or two, the *Spectator* is, in our opinion, hopelessly superior to any other journal whatever. In no other newspaper that we know of is it so persistently maintained, by so many and so subtle lines of observation, at unexpected opportunities, that

“The absolute moral right of every human being, subject always to the supreme law,* to lead his own life, the life he judges to be fullest of good things, seems to be the great forgotten truth of English society.”

In the essay from which this sentence is taken, the opportunity was a particularly natural one, for it was upon Dr. Mary Walker’s lecture at St. James’s Hall. But the same truth may be found set forth in the *Spectator*, from week to week, in a thousand direct ways; and always, indirectly, in the kindly moderation of its tone when criticizing men and books, as occasion arises. From the same essay we extract a passage containing a comment which, as far as we know, the *Spectator* was alone in making at the time. Our readers will at once remember the whole of the story, and that many journals deliberately echoed, or half-echoed, in print, the “laugh” for which a stupid audience may have been almost excusable:—

“Dr. Mary Walker told a story about a patient, dying, as we understand it, but, at all events, severely wounded, wanting to kiss her, and the very

* The “supreme law” is the “golden rule,” we presume.

uproarious audience laughed her into silence. She told it, in fact, very badly, with an out-of-place allusion to his comrade's presence and his own emaciated look ; but did any human being not utterly a brute ever laugh at this, which is the same story told properly ?

Ever she passed on her way, and came to a couch where pined
One with a face from Venetia, white with a hope out of mind.
Long she stood and gazed, and twice she tried at the name,
But two great crystal tears were all that faltered and came.
Only a tear for Venice ?—she turned as in passion and loss,
And stooped to his forehead and kissed it, as if she were kissing the cross.
Faint with that strain of heart, she moved on then to another,
Stern and strong in his death. ‘ And dost thou suffer, my brother ? ’ ”

From the same paper we will extract one more passage, which has dwelt upon our memory ever since, on account of its exhaustive subtlety of treatment :—

“ We believe that the Western theory of female education, which is based on obscurantism, is, on the whole, the soundest and healthiest yet tried ; that in abrogating it as aristocratic, and Red ideas tend to abrogate it, we run the risk of destroying that flower of modesty, that unconscious or half-conscious delicacy of thought and feeling and expression, which, though not as valuable as chastity, is as beautiful, and as much to be revered. It was the lot of the writer years since to talk for some hours to a female medical missionary, then engaged with her husband in the civilization of a wild tribe. She was a lady, if culture could make one, and was doing the work of a St. Paul,—was civilizing an entire people as no man ever could have done, and was in return followed by a love and reverence almost painful to see, it was so like that of colley dogs for a shepherd. But she said things, could not help saying things, which one would be very sorry to hear currently said in drawing-rooms—as they are, for instance, said, if Miss Cobbe and a hundred other observers may be trusted, in Italian drawing-rooms. But that holy ignorance or reticence is not worth guarding at the expense of a career of usefulness or philanthropy, and the woman who thrusts it aside because her nature requires that particular form of warfare with misery, or because she is specially fitted so to war, or because it is to her the readiest path to independence, has as much right to reverence in her course as a man has.”

This really leaves nothing to be said upon the subject to which it relates, or upon kindred subjects ; it states, in a touching and effective shape, the first principle which applies to all similar questions. And how kindly, and yet with how evident a sense of the humour there is on the surface of these topics !

Because it is, in its tone, closely allied to the foregoing examples, we cite the brief passage which comes next :—

“ Without going the length of the cynical moralists who hold that we are punished for our good actions in this life, and for our bad in the next, we may probably say that there is a slight balance against the chances that average virtue will be prosperous, and a high probability that heroic virtue will be unfortunate. The man who is best fitted for the game of life is one who will never infringe conventional morality, never govern himself by a higher standard than his neighbours, and never omit a chance to his own

advantage. Men of this sort, admirable for common life, are apt, it is true, to break down under exceptional demands on their strength; and in this sense it is quite probable that society would soon be dissolved without a certain admixture of moral principle."

This comes from a recent review of a lady's novel, and is as good as a hundred examples of the spirit which does *not* rejoice in iniquity, and can yet keep its eyes open upon the facts of life—this last a quality, of course, most essential to a journalist.

We have picked out passages from the *Spectator* that had fastened themselves upon our memory by (what we took to be) their intrinsic and peculiar merit; but the most striking instance of equitable subtlety of kindness that we can remember in that journal, and indeed the most striking we can remember anywhere, occurred in June, 1865, in an article about John Clare—a review of Mr. Frederick Martin's memoir:—

"The same characteristic of profound impressibility which Clare shared with all true poets, together with that exceeding helplessness in conveying a true conception of his own feelings and wants to the world, which he exhibits in a far higher degree than most poets—in great measure no doubt because of his defective education, and the uncultured nature of the companions of his home—haunted him through life, rendering him in some measure a riddle even to those who were disposed to admire him, and throwing him perpetually into despondency, when he found that neither his feelings nor his wants were understood by his friends. Clare was not in his way deficient in a certain strength of character. His pride and hatred of dependence were, for his position in life, very remarkable; and his pertinacity in carrying out anything he had once determined on, even through a whole succession of disheartening circumstances, was far more than belongs to most impressible poetic natures. But what strikes us so much in reading his life is not his want of practical force, but his great failure in the kind of practical force requisite for communicating with the world. Something or other always paralyzed his tongue at the moment when he should have spoken, and made him speak when he did speak either in a way or under circumstances which caused him to be misunderstood. There was a gulf between him and his fellow-creatures which could be passed only from their side, not from his. . . . There never was a poet who, with so deep and true a feeling for universal beauty, was so unable to realize it adequately except in objects to which *individually* he had grown attached by long familiarity. There can be no doubt that his madness was greatly accelerated, if not brought on, by the wrench of a removal of only *three miles* from the hut at Helpston, in which he had lived all his life, to the pretty little cottage at Northborough given him by Earl Fitzwilliam. For weeks after his new cottage was ready he lived in positive *terror* of the removal, and actually went over to Milton Park to tell the Earl his inability to move; but was dissuaded, as usual, at the critical moment by the pressure of friends, and still more probably by his own consciousness of incapacity to make his feelings understood. . . . There is no question but that the beauty of Clare's poetry increased as this gulf between him and the rest of the world widened. The universal or general side of his intellect was so little cultivated, that the effort to translate himself, as it were, in thought and practice into the world in which others lived, subtracted too much from his small fund of intellectual strength. There was no real egotism in his mental insulation. A being

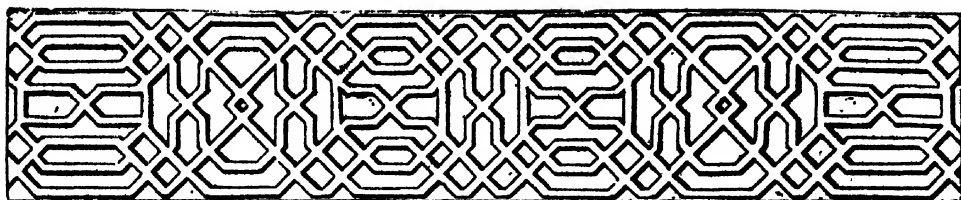
more deeply wrapped up in his affections—though they were too often affections little returned—scarcely ever existed. That which he loved both in nature and human life, he cherished with the absorbing enthusiasm of a poet and a child. His insulation therefore was simply a kind of mental inarticulateness, a want of power to see in *other than familiar* objects the same qualities which he really loved so deeply in *them*, and which, with a little more of that mental elasticity which early culture gives, he would have soon learned to see in more universal aspects, and to be able to separate from the particular forms in which he had first learned to love them."

It certainly occurred to us at the time we read the foregoing sentences, and it still seems true to us, that we never read criticism of such delicate, perfect insight. And it is this subtlety of equitable kindness which we should fix upon as *the* characteristic of the *Spectator*, if we were limited to a single observation.

It may be ever so true that this subtlety is not a necessary appendage of the theological spirit; but we may at least be permitted to ask what would be the probable consequences if the same subtlety were to be exercised in journalism without the checks afforded by that spirit. They would, we dare to affirm, be disastrous in the extreme, sloping down to gulfs of cynicism undreamt of yet in our literature.

Never praise another except *in invidiam*, says some wiseacre; but the counsel does not concern us. We have no right to praise, and, in these papers, have not intended to praise. Our desire has been to call attention to certain tendencies (much under-estimated we think) in journalism; to the relation of the theological spirit to patriotism, the apprehension of the truth in passing events, and sustained effort for the good of others; then to offer a few words of homage, not praise, to three weekly journals which bear much of the brunt of the battle in the existing opposition to the tendencies in question, and which are yet widely different from each other in specific character. Of course newspapers, like men, *have* specific characters. Everybody must have been struck with the manner in which distinguished names split off to opposing sides in the Eyre controversy; and yet nothing happened except just what ~~was~~ to be expected. We cannot recall a single name that we did not find on the side which we should, beforehand, have instantly and decisively assigned to it. We found "theological" people taking a part which clearly belied the theological spirit; but there was *not a single instance* of the kind which one's previous knowledge of individual temperament and leaning did not enable one confidently to predict. The case is the same in journalism: when we once know the general character and the specific characteristic, we can make the necessary allowance or rectification, predict the course that will be taken, and retain our faith. Nor do we shrink from saying that a conscientious activity on the wrong side will always in the long run be found to

have helped the right side. Let us not fear any fair fighting that has faith in it, however hard the blows; but let us dread, like known perdition, whatever points to the issue that there is nothing worth fighting for. We cannot help dreading, also, the teaching, direct or indirect, that there is not Infinite Sympathy at our backs. If there are any who think there is something to fight for, and yet that there is no personal Power that watches the event, we say, he that is not against us is for us; but the battle cannot and will not go on upon these terms, and such fighters do not know their own colours. But in the meanwhile let us know what we are about. We live in ticklish times. The working-classes, having been long and unjustly excluded from (a certain form of) political power, are now admitted to it; but it remains to be seen whether we shall not be punished for our previous injustice to them, by being taught, to our cost, that their advent to power will be far from an *immediate* gain to liberal ideas. The writer of these lines firmly believes that that bitter lesson awaits us all. It was no part of our duty to postpone—no, not for an hour—an act of justice because we dreaded the immediate consequences; but for those consequences we may surely prepare as well as we can. The question of national education, settle it as we please, comes late in the day—we have a long journey to go before we reach results. And in the meantime? We have already said what we think are the dominant tendencies of the hour. Much depends upon the individual outlook, and opinions must differ; but what *we* think we see is before the reader. A most threatening tendency to mere crowd-worship, or waiting on the will of numbers. A *schwärmerei* of humanity without faith in God. An inclination to crush individual responsibility out of sight. A disposition to treat individual faith as of no great consequence. A tendency to promote a segregating despotism under the name, or by the path, of Culture. The importation of the conceit of scientific certainty into a new and alien sphere. Now, the natural enemy of all these tendencies appears to us to be the theological spirit, or, as we have defined it, the spirit of trust, believing in a Divine Purpose, and leaning on a Divine sympathy. And we have taken the liberty of adopting, rather as text-words than anything else, the names of three “old-established” representative journals in which that spirit is the controlling power, because we desire to indicate the *direction* in which we see most to hope from the press in the difficult times which, we fear, are coming upon us. If less has been said of the journals themselves than of the conflict between what they stand for and what they oppose, it has been because the more serious purpose of the foregoing paragraphs crowded out the less serious.



II. HYLAS.*

MOOOR'D on a warp the good ship lay,
And toss'd like a child on its pillow at play ;
Her head to the stream,
That soak'd through the shingle,
Its calm smooth wash with the waves to mingle,
Like the drift of a dream,
That lingers amidst the stir of day.

II.

And Herakles first through the breakers burst,
Tho' he work'd in the waist at the midmost oar ;
And lifting his bow o'er their crests of snow,
Lest its string should be wetted, sprang out on the shore.
Then said he, "Who will hie
Up the hill by the rill,
And fill us an urn at the fountain's eye ?

III.

"For from the fountain's virgin flow
An urn must cool the wine-cup's glow,
When its ruddy thanks the heroes pour
To the gods on their winning the wish'd-for shore.
Then who will speed,
At the heroes' need,
Up the hill by the rill,
To the fountain's eye in its fringe of reed,
While I make our cheer of the slaughter'd deer,
Struck to the heart in his flight of fear,
Or boar, shot gnashing in mid career ?"

* Continued from p. 253, vol. vi.

IV.

Then Hylas the fair, with the long maiden hair,
 And hands too soft for the oar-loom's wear,
 While Iason was tricing the rudder-blades up,
 And some loosed the wine-skin and felt for the cup.
 Slipped down from the stern, on his shoulder an urn.
 And sped o'er the shingle and up through the fern.

V.

With close-knit brow Herakles turn'd
 Against the glare that o'er him burn'd.
 And braced the tendon that wreath'd his bow.
 "—'Tis too far and too steep for him.—Some of you go
 And the rest leapt down from stern and prow,
 Before the behest of that close-knit brow ;
 All save Iason and Orpheus alone,
 Who stuck by the ship with a heart of their own,
 —Orpheus old and Iason young,
 Waiting while the good ship swung.

VI.

But with white limbs fleet and sparkling feet
 Young Hylas fled up the rivulet's bed ;
 And we could discern,
 As shoreward the Argo swung her stern,
 How in flight as straight as a startled hern
 The boy and his shadow went skimming the fern :
 Where the mountain's flank was plough'd aslant.
 As with a share of adamant.

VII.

With burst of cheer we follow'd fain,
 For no one stay'd when Herakles bade ;
 As beagles after the leveret strain,
 We follow'd the darling of all our crew ;
 And we saw through the shade
 Of verdure plumed in the fountain dew,
 And round it in tremulous motion dancing,
 The boy and his urn like a sunbeam glancing.

VIII.

Slow of foot from toil were we,
 Dizzy from th' uproarious sea :
 Still we seemed to hear its roll,
 Still the tumbled pulse of ocean,
 Throbbing over deep and shoal,
 Held within our hearts its motion.
 Rugged and steep the channel wound
 O'er pebbles of agate water-ground,
 Where the wintry torrent's giant stride
 Had spurn'd its wreck o'er the mountain's side.
 But a summer stream, like a silver clue,
 Went threading the rock-ribb'd labyrinth through.

IX.

Toppling, or balanced, or flung on an arch,
O'er the havoc line of the water's march
The crags in a ruin of glory lay,
Yellow, and purple, and ashen grey,
While many a keenly-twinkling spar
And frosty edge of crystal vein
Shot thro' the gloom of their cloudy grain ;
And earth-fast monoliths few and far,
Set like tusks in the jaw of the gorge,
Now summer-dry from its frothy surge,
Show'd the storm-wrath of its winter war.

X.

Through hart-ferns drooping the clammy tongue,
And wild flow'rs waving the purple head,
While the marble shelves to our footsteps rung,
Steeply we follow'd that silver thread,
Here and there a basin scooping,
Here and there its current looping
Round some boulder torrent-lifted,
Over sand from crystal sifted,
Slowly we clomb in the maze it led.
We knew that a haunt of the nymphs was there,
For over every slab-piled stair
Each broad-webb'd leaf that swims the air,
Each fairy blade that beads the dew,
A waving mantle of verdure threw ;
And wild-wood vines their tendrils spun,
With clusters purpling tow'rs the sun.

XI.

At length we enter'd—the empty urn
Idly cast among the fern
Made no sign—we were alone :
Whither, ah whither, was Hylas flown ?
On the fountain's silent face
Gazed we long,—it bare no trace.
In its glassy pool we peer'd,
Hopeful listen'd—while we fear'd.
There we waited till the sun
Threw the mountain's shadow far,
Forest-crested, deep and dun,
Then we fill'd the water-jar.

XII.

By coppice and crag we wander'd long,
Shouting the caverns and cliffs among.
We chanted a snatch of his favourite song,
Till our voices grew feeble that erst were strong.
But into dead silence each shout sank down,
As a pebble sinks in the fountain thrown.

"O honey," we called him, "where art thou gone?"
 And taught our sad tale to each oak of the vale,
 Till the sun sank down and the moon outshone;
 Then we laid like a spell his name on the fell,
 And call'd upon echo to pass it on.

XIII.

But Herakles came from the slaughter'd game,
 With his brow all cloud and his eye all flame,
 With bow-string braced and with arrow nick'd,
 As thro' the copse his track he'd prick'd,
 As tho' he hunted still the deer;
 —But oh, in our looks there was heavy cheer!

XIV.

He call'd to the boy who was all his joy,
 And the name which each one loved who knew
 In windy circles wider flew.
 'Mongst the rifts where the Voice-Nymph dwells
 Fell the dinted syllables,
 Sharp and clear, as the woodman's stroke
 Rings on the bole of the forest oak.
 Far along by the Pontus' shore
 The scared sea-monsters heard his roar,
 And old Oceanus caught the sound
 Where his current swings the earth around.

XV.

But the sounds died out in the hollow sky,
 As a watch-fire's sparks, when the morn is nigh,
 Die in embers ashen grey;
 Then down like a baffled hound he lay,
 While one—the last and loudest yell—
 Like the crash of the oak 'neath the parting stroke,
 Thund'ring down and down the dell,
 Shook the mountain's pinnacle.
 Then dashed on earth he prostrate lay,
 Where the sods were wet from the fountain's play,
 And drank with the thirst of a beast of prey.

XVI.

But a soft whisper there, as he stoop'd o'er the brim,
 Like the shadow of a voice seem'd to fall on him;
 Stirring the image within his soul,
 That ripple of sound o'er the stillness stole.
 And he spake not a word, but seem'd to know
 That his boy was lost in the fountain's flow.
 Then without farewell, or message to tell,
 To the comrades whom he loved so well,
 He was gone through the glen and was lost on the fell.

XVII.

Through knitted shades, over rock-slabs piled,
 Heavily down to the sea we filed.

Soon at supper we were set ;
 Hunger and grief in silence met ;
 Hunger fled, grief tarried yet.
 Cheerless thanks to the gods we quaff'd,
 No one over the wine-cup laugh'd.
 With the breeze behind and the moon before,
 And an empty place at the midmost oar,
 We hoised up the sail and we left the shore :
 There was wind enough to have winnowed wheat,
 So we hoised it up with tack and sheet.

XVIII.

Our hearts were sad and our words were few,
 And the moaning billows seem'd to rue
 Our stripling fair and our comrade true.
 For who, like Herakles, the stroke could hold,
 With square-set chest all sinew-scroll'd,
 When the sea broke short and the oar blade roll'd ?
 And who, like Hylas, the cup could pour,
 While the wind like a streamer his long hair bore,
 To freshen the work of the weary oar ?

XIX.

But from our trance of grief we broke,
 For Orpheus' voice and lyre awoke—
 Orpheus, whose vision-haunted eye
 Could all that is or was descry ;
 With lifted voice a strain he sung,
 Of Hylas fair, and bright, and young,
 While round the listening dolphins hung.

XX.

“ Oh lost, ever lost to thy comrades true,
 Fair as a maiden, and fresh as the dew !
 The Naiads, who rise in the fountain foam,
 Wrought with a spell in their crystal well ;
 And caught thee, lull'd by sleepy charms,
 In the woven snare of their milk-white arms.
 Thou wakest beneath the water-dome,
 Far in the river-depths of earth,
 Where world-wide streams have central birth,
 Where vaulted ripples the sunbeam turn,
 And Eridanus rolls from his amber urn,
 And Tagus hideth his golden head ;
 On pearly slab, and coral bed,
 Thou risest up to the nectar-cup,
 From us for ever ravished !

XXI.

“ Oh, lost to the love of thy hero crew,
 Fair as the rosebud that dips in the dew,
 For the Naiads have wooed thee all too well,
 And won thee for ever with them to dwell !

And now our memory fades from thee ;
 And the vivid rush of the rolling sea
 Ever wanes beneath the spell,
 Drop by drop on ear and eye
 Ever falling dreamily,
 Sapping drop by drop thy love
 For the beating heart of the world above,
 And blank oblivion wraps her veil
 O'er the hero-quest of the oar and sail.

XXII.

" Faint grows the form of the good ship now,
 Her high-peak'd stern and her swan's-neck prow ,
 As in the mist that sends the sea,
 Forms into phantoms fade and flee,—
 A moment dim in thick air swim,
 Then are lost beneath our lee !
 Such are we and ours to thee !
 The goodly ship on her course shall run,
 As through the sky goes the rolling sun ;
 But thou art lost, and never again
 Shalt gladden the eyes of gods and men."

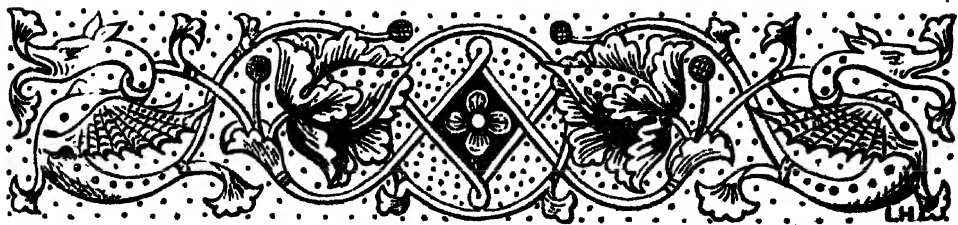
XXIII.

So sang the seer, and the night wind fell,
 Lull'd by the notes of the warbled spell ;
 Then on our oars we caught the tune,
 As forth they flash'd beneath the moon ;
 And the white-webb'd sail was folded soon.
 We knew we were ploughing the magic water
 By the dread isle of the sun-god's daughter ;
 For from our prow, as it clave the surge,
 The spray fell in fire, like sparks from a forge.
 Along the sea, a league astern,
 A serpent meteor seem'd to burn,
 And every oar-blade's plunge was track'd
 By a sparkling cataract.

XXIV.

But when we made the Colchian strand,
 We saw o'er the surf Herakles stand,
 With gloomy brow and with bow-charged hand.
 All afoot, with lifted eyes
 Guiding his steps by the stars in the skies,
 He wander'd straight as an arrow flies.
 We slew the wise dragon, and won the bright Fleece,
 And turn'd back our prow tow'rd's our own loved Greece ;
 Again he sat at the midmost oar,
 But saw his Hylas never more !

HENRY HAYMAN.



NOTICES OF BOOKS.

I.—THEOLOGICAL.

Life in the Light of God's Word. Sermons by WILLIAM, LORD ARCHBISHOP OF YORK. London: John Murray. 1868.

THE career of Archbishop Thomson, like that of most men who have been very rapidly successful, brings with it a certain sense of disappointment. His Bampton Lectures on the Atonement gave promise of power to enter into and sympathize with the doubts and perplexities that vex men's minds. There was a width about them which made men hope that he would take his place among the leaders of religious thought in England, reconcile conflicting elements, "bring forth out of his treasure things new and old." Intellectually, his later work has been below the level of his earlier. Language and thought have become more conventional. Nothing comparable to the Bampton Lectures, or the "Outlines of the Laws of Thought," has appeared since his promotion to high places. But it would be wrong not to acknowledge that the Archbishop of York has of late taken up, with manifest earnestness, a work in which he may do much to restore to the Church of England the lost affection of the great masses of the English people. Few members of the episcopate (if any) have shown so clear a perception of the evils which threaten our social life; few have come forward so vigorously to oppose them. If there is less sympathy with thinkers at either extreme of theological thought, there is more for the sufferings of the poor. No man (not even Mr. Maurice or Mr. Kingsley in his earlier days) has spoken stronger words against the selfish luxury which causes or aggravates or neglects those sufferings. He has put himself at the head of the earnest band of reformers (many of them very far removed from his own theological convictions) who are bent on making our Poor-Law system somewhat less brutal or less apathetic than it is at present.

In the volume now before us Archbishop Thomson speaks in the same strain:—

"Half-seen under the lamplight, the ruined creatures, whom a sensual capital has used and cast away, as though God did not make them, glide about our streets and shame us. The workman that clothes us, or that fashions the pretty jewel that is to glisten on a round arm at a queen's court, you turned him from his two rooms because you wanted a nobler building; he found one room afar off, and then, stifled and depressed, he fell sick, and he is in a workhouse sick-room, and his babes are in a workhouse nursery, where well-meaning people will honestly try to give him such tending as is consistent with careful repression of the rates. He is in danger of passing, from one of those to whom we owe honour, for Christ's sake, into a thing, into one of the broken potsherds of our great feast, broken by accident and swept off carefully, that the feast may

still go well and seemly. Then, it is a fact that in this capital, full of meat and luxury, men do starve to death. One reads that they die of some ailment 'aggravated by exposure and want of food.' That is the technical phrase. We may say God made them to live their time out; men let them die."

And he sees, as Mr. Seeley says in the paper which we noticed last month, that almsgiving is but "patchwork;" that the nation, and the Church as helping it, must grapple with the wider questions which press on it.

"Education, sound and equal laws, public health, the intercourse of nations, the reformation of criminals; there is not one of these subjects in which the minister of religion has not an equal interest with the social reformer. The Christian minister cannot do his work upon an untaught brutish mind, smarting under the oppression of a bad government, amidst every influence depressing to health, and surrounded by a criminal or vicious population. The cure of these evils, then, is an essential condition of the Christian teacher's success; but it cannot stand instead of Christian truth."

Nor is it less to his honour that he speaks plainly and without shrinking of evils which the conventional "dignity of the pulpit" for the most part never mentions to "ears polite:"—

"'Am I my brother's keeper?' The young girl carrying home her work sees as she passes the young man, whose looks and dress proclaim him to her foolish eyes the spoiled darling of a higher sphere of life, leaning easily on the rail, and without a thought of shame, tossing to and fro the joke and laugh with one whose life is a public shame. Once she sees it with a shock. Twice she sees it; thrice she sees, and custom now has staled it, and there is no shock. By-and-by work grows slack, and hunger presses. She can no longer bear the punishment which society imposes, as it seems, on innocence. She lifts the latch and steps out, to return no more to any home where industry and purity dwell together. And what is that old story to you? Are you your sister's keeper? May you not amuse yourself as others do? To whom are you responsible?"

These passages are fair samples of what seems to us the noblest element in the volume. Of the rest we cannot speak in detail. Students will find it least satisfactory, we think, where it comes on the border-land of exegesis. The sermon on Social Science shows something of the old power of grappling with the question on the other border-territory of religion and philosophy. Throughout the style is vigorous and effective, seldom over-florid, still more seldom falling into flatness.

ΕΥΧΟΛΟΓΙΟΝ; or, *Book of Prayers*. Being Forms of Worship issued by the Church Service Society. Edinburgh and London: Blackwoods. 1867.

THE wave of religious thought which passed over Europe some thirty or forty years ago, giving rise to various agitations in Germany and France, and stirring up in England the Tractarian movement, seems at last to have reached the Established Church of Scotland. There are not wanting signs that the thoughts of many members—especially of many ministers—of that Church have overflowed the narrow channels provided by the Westminster divines of the seventeenth century. Dr. Macleod and Dr. Robert Lee do not look upon the great truths of Christianity with the eyes of Gillespie or Rutherford. And in the book before us we have an indication of a certain dissatisfaction with the services which have satisfied the aspirations of many generations. To use a book, or "bits o' paper," in prayer and preaching is no longer the abomination that once it was; it is felt that "free prayer" is not necessarily fervent and devout, nor prayer said from a written form necessarily cold and dead. The "Church Service Society," from which the *Εὐχολόγιον* emanates, is an association of ministers of the Church of Scotland, formed (to use their own words) for "the study of the liturgies, ancient and modern, of the Christian Church, with a view to the preparation, and ultimate publication, of certain forms of prayer for public worship, and services for the administration of the sacraments," &c. They do not attempt to set on foot a movement for the general introduction of liturgical forms into the Scotch Church, but to fill up, with the best material that can be found, the wide chasm "between the bondage of a positive liturgy and the poverty of an absolutely extemporaneous service:" they wish for a worship more solemn, uniform, and devout than the present services are. They wish, in short, to raise the general devotional tone of the Scotch Church, by setting before the minds of ministers and people examples of the noble and truly spiritual form in which the Church Universal has expressed its

aspirations towards God; and these they wish to gather, "not into a formal *manual* of devotion, but into a *magazine* of prayer, to which every minister might have access, and from which each might draw." The idea is not new; "Ministers' Directories" are already sufficiently numerous. The leading peculiarity of the present collection is, that it draws largely from the ancient devotional literature of the Church. Its compilers avoid the old opprobrium of Scotch theology, that it ignored everything between the Apostles and John Knox.

The selection is truly catholic; examples are found in it both of the stately beauty of the early Eastern services and of the terse vigour of the Western collects: St. Chrysostom and St. Leo, Jeremy Taylor and Archbishop Laud, the services of the English Church and of the Reformed Churches of the Continent, all contribute to this armoury of devotion.

We hope that it may attain the end which its compilers have in view—that of giving greater warmth and breadth to the services of their Church—and that it may be a step towards a public liturgy formed on ancient models. For, to say nothing of the common defects of unwritten prayer, its tendency to degenerate into preaching, to substitute a recitation of the Divine attributes, or a series of particular requests, for the terse earnestness which should characterize prayer in the congregation, it seems to us very unfortunate that the Reformed Churches generally have severed themselves so completely from the form and spirit of the old service-books; it involves the loss of a valuable tradition; and though, no doubt, at the time of the Reformation, the older books contained abundance of superstition, a careful hand might have gathered much wheat from the heap of mingled corn and chaff: to use Swift's homely illustration, the lace might have been stripped off without tearing the coat. A rich store of Christian thought would have been found to remain after all false dogma and meretricious ornament had been removed.

The motto on the title-page of the *Εὐχολόγιον* is Archbishop Grindal's praise of the form and rite of the Reformed Church of Scotland; referring, of course, to Knox's order, which was afterwards superseded by the "Directory" of the Westminster divines. It will be long, probably, before an English archbishop repeats this praise; but if the Kirk develops services in the direction indicated by the *Εὐχολόγιον*, we are by no means certain that it will not show itself, in some respects, wiser than the Church of England.

Week-day Sermons. By R. W. DALE, M.A. London: Strahan & Co. 1867.

IN the second volume of this journal, we had occasion to speak of Mr. Dale's preaching powers in terms of high commendation. We are bound to say that this little volume fully justifies all that was then said; indeed, that it is a further carrying out of Mr. Dale's peculiar power which we then noticed: that, namely, of putting practical matters in the strong light of Christian common-sense, and carrying conviction, even to the dullest mind, of the justice of his blame and praise. Those "Week-day Sermons" seem to derive their character and title from a thought thus expressed in the preface:—

"If Week-days are never thought about on Sundays, will not Sundays be forgotten on Week-days? Would it not be well for every man to spend an hour on the first day of the week thinking over—not the business affairs—but the morality of the other six?"

A glance at their subjects will teach the reader what to expect. "The Use of the Understanding in keeping God's Law," "The Kindly Treatment of other Men's Imperfections," "Talebearing," "Unwholesome Words," "Anger," "Cheerfulness," "The Discipline of the Body," "Peaceableness and Peacemaking," "The Perils and Uses of Rich Men," "Amusements," "Summer Holidays," "Christmas Parties."

Some of the above titles might make certain of our readers fear lest their subjects should be, in a *sermon*, treated as they have been too much accustomed to see divines treat them beforetime. Against any such danger at the hands of Mr. Dale we can safely guarantee them. We are only sorry that the limits of a notice will not allow us to give them more ample specimens in justification than the following extracts may furnish.

On one department of "The Kindly Treatment of other Men's Imperfections"—viz., the treatment of dull people—he says:—

"The only true wisdom is to accept the inevitable; and, if we wish to 'sift the law', we shall hear it as cheerfully as we can. No keen shafts of angry contempt should strike these unfortunate men a whit more rational. You cannot sting them into correct change them. You should reason with them, and making them feel that their wisdom is yours. If you and they have to live and work together, it may be almost indispensable to you, who commonly travel express, to be slowed for fifty miles to the misery of a 'parliamentary'; but when this is your fate, it is of no use stamping your feet and knitting your brows and getting out of temper. You must take what men as you find them, and place your strength at the service of their weakness. If they are blind, it is for you to see for them, and to keep them out of harm's way; if they are lame, it is for you to let them lean on your arm and to moderate your own speed to theirs.

"There is nothing else to be done; no fuming and fretting will make any difference; by gentleness and patience you will serve yourself best as well as them. Sometimes, too, these heavy dull-eyed people have real solid sense to which our conceit blinds us. The leaden vessel sometimes contains the jewel. By self-restraint and forbearance we can sometimes get substantial service from men whom in our haste we thought hopelessly stupid."

The following is really refreshing in the midst of the morbid views which are, we fear, gaining ground with the half-grown and half-educated among us:—

"It is quite true that Christendom has encouraged what a Catholic writer calls, 'a holy melancholy.' For myself, I find nothing holy in it, and the means which have encouraged it appear to me flagrantly unchristian. What right have we, for instance, to make a crucifix the centre of Christian worship? Could the angels of the sepulchre revisit the world again, and appear in their own shining forms in the cathedrals and churches of continental Europe, they would point with gestures of amazement and grief at the images of Christ's last agony, around which the millions of the Catholic Church continually gather; they would repeat the words which they uttered eighteen centuries ago to the sorrowing women who had come in the early morning to render to the dead body of Christ the last offices of despairing love. They would exclaim again, 'He is not here'—not in the sepulchre—not on the cross—'He is risen.' If the death of Christ, while still holding the supreme place in the memory of the Church, no longer concealed from us His present power and glory, much of the 'holy melancholy' which has been mistaken for devoutness would disappear."

This, with which we shall conclude our notice, strengthens our guarantee:—

"Dancing itself need not be wrong; and the sweeping moral objections to it which have sometimes been urged from the pulpit are unpardonable insults to thousands of women who are as pure-minded as any in the country. There may be some dances which good taste and delicate moral feeling disapprove, but so long as high-minded English ladies find pleasure in the ball-room, no one shall persuade me that the offensive and indiscriminate charges which have been recklessly flung out against dancing have any truth in them. But these charges may be all false, and yet there may be very adequate grounds for discouraging balls. It is very pleasant to see a dozen or a score of graceful children, daintily dressed, dancing on a lawn in summer time, or, with the bright red berries and rich green leaves of the holly and the pale-white mistletoe about them, on Twelfth Night. Children were made to dance as birds were made to sing. They sleep sounder for it and wake up all the fresher the next morning. And if young men and women find themselves getting chilly on a snowy winter's day, or if their spirits are very exuberant, I cannot see why they may not push the tables aside and ask some one to sit down at the piano and play the 'Lancers.' But for people to leave home deliberately at ten o'clock at night, with the intention of dancing for three or four hours, appears to me to be a violation of all the laws and principles which should determine the choice of our pleasures."

We can only recommend our readers to lay this volume of Mr. Dule's in stock as soon as may be. For reading aloud, and exciting friendly discussion, we hardly know any modern book like it.

Memories of Olivet. By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. London: Nisbet.

UNLIKE the philosopher who sat on the Mount of Olives, and found no thought suggested by the scene save the poverty of the agriculture around, Dr. Macduff has sat and mused, and found the Mount to be to him the Mount of Inspiration. The volume consists of twenty chapters, of which the first is topographical and introductory, and the others are, in fact, a series of contem-

plative sermons, each with a setting, topographical and historical, more elaborate than we ordinarily meet with in pulpit discourses. There is not, perhaps, much that is original in the work, but there is the charm of freshness. The impressions photographed at the moment under the living light of the Mount are thoroughly truthful. There is often force, almost always a soft and gentle beauty, in Dr. Macduff's style. Thus, in commenting on the message to Bethphage :—

"We cannot all give magnificent offerings, or have our names associated with magnificent deeds for the furtherance of His cause and kingdom; we cannot all be equipped with apostolic zeal and fervour; we cannot all, with a Luther spirit, be 'heroes in the fight;' but we can leave 'footprints' to give heart and hope to the 'shipwrecked brother.' We can give the mite to the treasury when we have neither the pound nor the talent; we can give the lowly animal when we have no other royal tribute. If we have not this, we can strew the garment on the way; and if even the garment be unworthy, poverty can cut down its own palm branches; and with these, poverty's own offering, the symbol of willing spirit and loyal heart, we can swell the jubilant hosanna."—(P. 160.)

Dr. Macduff's "Memories" run through the few Old Testament allusions to Olivet. The sermon on Solomon's High Places on the Mount is an impressive warning on the "perpetuative power of evil influences." In the sermon on the "Red Heifer" the author has seized with much power on the lessons to be derived from the Rabbinical tradition of the heifer being driven across the viaduct which spanned the Kedron valley, passing over the graves of the dead without defilement. It is, however, scarcely necessary to remark that the tradition is without foundation in fact. But the greater part of the volume is, of course, occupied by the Gospel memories, spiritualized and lighted up by the warmth of a love evoked to new expressions of its fervour under the local associations. Yet there is scarcely one discourse which the critic could chide as exaggerated or fanciful. Some of Dr. Macduff's illustrations and conjectures strike us as new and worthy of consideration even in those critical fields which he professes to decline to enter, *e.g.*, his suggested identification of Beth-Haccerem, or Frank Mountain, with the place of Abraham's sacrifice. Certainly it is a place that can be seen "afar off," and dovetails better into the narrative than Gerizim or the Temple site.

Sermons on Subjects of the Day. By Distinguished Catholic Prelates and Theologians. Dublin: W. B. Kelly. 1868.

THE Pan-Anglican Conference had an immediate predecessor across the Atlantic, which may have had more to do than we were aware of with the strong desire expressed by the American and Canadian Episcopal Churches for such a token of their unity with the Anglican. On Sunday, October 7th, 1866, there met in Baltimore the "second plenary Council of the Catholic Church of the United States," "the largest ever held in Christendom since the Council of Trent." It numbered 7 archbishops, 38 bishops, 3 mitred abbots, 49 mitred prelates, and upwards of 120 of the most eminent clergy. They met "with magnificent robes, with mitres on their heads, and each bearing a crozier in his hand," under the sanction of the Pope's apostolic letters. They telegraphed a message of greeting to Pius IX., and received an affectionate written answer. Fourteen sermons (collected in the volume before us) were preached during the session. They ended with a Pastoral Letter. Their decrees, drawn up in Latin, are not, it would seem, published. The "Sermons" do not appear, as far as a cursory inspection enables us to judge, to rise above the usual level of Romish rhetoric. The "especial favour" which "the Lord" has bestowed on the United States is due to the fact that they are "especially associated with the honour of his blessed Mother." Did not Columbus sail in the *Santa Maria*? Did he not name an island after the Immaculate Conception? Has not "one church in every five" throughout the country the "ever-glorious Mother of God" for its patroness? (P. 137.) The "idea of the priesthood is incomplete without the celibacy of the clergy." (P. 145.) "The ark of Peter floated," and still, of course, floats, "securely amid the deluge of the nations." (P. 144.) The absence of any trace of insight into the great questions, moral, social, religious, which men around them are trying to face, and, if possible, to solve, is almost

as striking in the Baltimore Encyclical as in that of Lambeth. On two points only do we notice any reference in this volume to the great struggles through which the United States have passed. A preacher charges the "Know-nothing" party with having taken their watchword from Caiaphas ("Ye know nothing at all"), and with opposing the Catholic Church as he opposed its Divine Head. (P. 208.) The Council, through the Pastoral Letter, declare that they "could have wished that, in accordance with the action of the Catholic Church in past ages in regard to the serfs of Europe, a more gradual system of emancipation could have been adopted."

It would be unjust not to acknowledge that the "Sermons" give evidence of considerable culture, often rise into something like eloquence, and are not, so far as we have read, disfigured by the violence which has often of late characterized the language of the Sermons and Charges of Gallican and Irish prelates of the same Church.

II.—HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands, from 1848 to 1861.

Edited by ARTHUR HELPS. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

If we would discover for ourselves what the ideal of any given period has been, we could scarce do better than search the secret corners of the lives of those who, either from birth or from force of character, occupied the most conspicuous places in it. For that which men consciously and openly elaborate is often but a kind of fancy-pictured screen concealing from all, save the most penetrating, the genuine movements of imagination and desire. Those whose outward and inward lives are knit into one by the nexus of truth, which in other words is unconscious consistency, are, if not artists, yet workers in that wondrous material out of which all art is made. Their life, when turned inward upon itself with sufficient intensity to reproduce itself, is a revelation of possibilities, a finer or ruder presentation of an ideal, in which all true men and women find their hearts—their most secret aspirations, joys, despairs, doubts, and fears—faithfully reflected. Without this unconscious consistency colouring and intensely deepening down to the very core of individual life, and through that ultimately of national life also, there can be no true art. Greece was most mistress of perfect forms when her sun was waning to a cold December sunset, and the elegancies of a Medicean court were but poor many-coloured disguises hung over oppressive vacancy and faithlessness. The high ideals that rest on the commonest relations and the most simple beliefs had gone astray—were actually lost; and only the poor coat of many colours remained. And as it is with nations, so has it often been with individuals.

The wonderful sympathy—the deep and genuine interest—with which the nation has received the Queen's two books is a testimony to their truthfulness; and at the same time a proof that in the life of the writer the common ideal has been so lifted up as to lighten and brighten the whole field of English domestic life. What our Queen has said takes really little adventitious interest from her lofty position; for she writes simply as the woman, out of the fulness of a heart keenly alive to all the highest and purest human influences; the sovereign disappearing, that the woman's heart may sincerely justify itself in the hearts of all her subjects. Doubtless, her Majesty, with that noble unconsciousness of self which led her with such simple graphicness and unrestrained frankness to write many passages in this beautiful and touching book, would have preferred that it should have been faithfully kept, as it was originally meant to be, under the seal of a womanly reticence. But love and duty—instinctive desire and a keen sense of the claims of others—do not go harmoniously hand in hand in the light—often, alas! the "fierce light—that beat upon a throne," any more than in the cottage of the humblest peasant. Our Queen has laid "her nearest, her dearest" memories and experiences on the altar of duty at once to the living and the dead; and in the self-denial that for others' sake will expose the treasures it would naturally guard and keep from the common eye with the utmost jealousy, shows herself a woman doubly

crowned—wearing under the circlet that burns inward, and makes royal heads “lie uneasy,” the “crown of wifehood and pure lowlihead,” sending subduing and quickening light outward. For this Journal is emphatically a woman’s book, and owes its existence entirely to that deepest feeling of woman’s heart which would almost burn itself away if by that it might kindle a glow of feeling in which others might justly see the worth and beauty of the character in which its ideal enshrined itself. Hence the peculiar manner in which “Albert” indirectly moves before us in these pages. The widowed heart, driven into a self-conscious brooding over its own treasures by rude and unhallowed influences from without, is forced for relief to make a history for itself, as did poor Elaine, to fortify herself against the rude taunts of her friends. But at last the stricken queenly heart must return to its own unconscious and faithful pictures, written before that self-consciousness (which too often leads to morbid helplessness and hopelessness) had cast its shadow athwart them at once to dim and to distort. Our Queen is braver and truer than the Elaines of Arthurian fable. The fact of her giving the public this diary is the best proof we could possibly receive of the healthfulness and truthfulness of her character. If she feels herself unequal to doing the partial justice of drawing-room and levée, she can admit all her subjects, from highest to lowest, to share her inmost confidences so far as they are worthy of such a trust. And the publishing of this diary was truly a wise and prudent step, inasmuch as, while it opens the door to the inmost chamber of the royal heart, it only admits those who are prepared for the revelation. Those who delight themselves in mere gossip, rolling it like a morsel under the tongue—the sweeter to their taste the loftier the personage it concerns—will find here something for them, but something which we hope will carry that kind of reproach which hides itself in an oppressive and embarrassed silence. The Prince Consort, as seen through the Queen’s emotions, remains the high and pure and noble character we had figured him, and yet no more than the good genuine man, little concerned for himself compared with his warm concern for others; and we can easily trace through this book his quiet, benignant, and elevating influence. In thus showing us how much she has lost in him, her Majesty sufficiently justifies herself in the privacy she has so steadily sought since he was taken from her side.

Were any one to ask us what during the past twenty-five years has been the highest influence in English life and English thought, we should without the least hesitation refer them for answer to her Majesty’s books. All the loftier, more liberal, and humanizing tendencies of this period are here lifted up and concentrated in the lives of the two most elevated persons in the realm. And not only so, but through their clearness and directness of character the light returns in concentrated rays, becoming the more powerful as they diffuse themselves the farther—the remotest corners feeling most powerfully the force of their example and their aspirations. Thus the book, though written by a Queen, is in essence democratic. In this respect it is unique in the annals of all literature. The rank which separates classes, obscuring those elements of genuine manhood and womanhood, here becomes a medium to aid in the clearer and wiser discernment and appreciation of worth down even to the very lowest grade. That passage describing one of her visits to poor old women near Balmoral is inexpressibly touching, and is of value as showing her Majesty’s fine notion of character, and her unfeigned and simple delight in lowly things and persons. It would not be easy for any person of lower rank to speak of common domestics with the respect and even the love our Queen does, without some apparent compromise of position; but now that she has thus spoken, much in the same direction seems possible to all of us. Perhaps her Majesty has unconsciously done more to aid a settlement of the vexed domestic-servant question than all our noisy theory-ridden political economists put together.

But besides this, the book is a testimony, strong though indirect, that, essentially, the marked political movements of the last quarter of a century have not only been anticipated by royalty, but looked forward to with at least a feeling of satisfaction. Of such an upheaving and mixing of all the ranks as heralded the great French Revolution, her Majesty has no fear, because through her own example she seeks to mix the various classes by that method which best of all maintains them, making each helpful and necessary to the other. Her serene faith in the justice of her people, and their regard for whatsoever is worthy

and beautiful, enables her to cherish such a sense of security as a reduction of the franchise would be the last thing in the world to disturb. And if we mistake not, her Majesty's faith is well founded. Brilliance of court-life and maintenance of that gay display, which for a time may please and infect the lower middle class, keeping it busy, and perhaps making it half-mad with the gains poured thoughtlessly into its lap, did not save the noble, simple "peasant-girl of Trianon" from the rough handling of a grim Paris mob. But Queen Victoria, through the purity of her instincts as wife and mother, has seen more deeply, and, in the very fact of not yielding to a temporary clamour, has established an infinitely higher place for herself in the hearts of all classes of her people.

Mr. Helps, who has performed his editorial work with nice discrimination, has done well in giving us some of those little glimpses of more buoyant experience, and he has also done wisely in keeping chiefly before the mind's eye in his introductory paragraphs those points of character which give the necessary supplement to much in the volume, and which come with force and fitness from a hand like his.

We have said that this royal book reveals at once an ideal and a tendency—the ideal of a sovereign, the tendency of a people and a period. It is the glory of Queen Victoria that the highest tendencies are impersonated in her, and that her ideal, worn near her inmost heart, is the highest symbol and expression of these. For in what does the England of our time specially differ from the England of all former times? In this, that it is more domestic—that more and more clearly it is practically seen that all real reform must begin with purity of life, and loftiness of aim and purpose springing out of it, saturating and fertilizing the whole field of life. Let our England be for a moment compared with the England of the Second Charles, or even of the Fourth George, and what a difference! And the difference between the courts of these periods and ours is not greater than the difference between the general ideals of life and duty, and the efforts made to realize them.

Is it too much to hope that the Queen's books may administer a great impulse to that reform which is the key to all other reforms, so that, graduating downwards, "the sweetness and the light" of genuine Christian feeling and example, which has thrown round the throne a new halo in which abuse or absolutism is impossible, may so brighten the majority of individual lives, that each of us may more and more become kings and queens of that province hardest to rule of all—the kingdom within ourselves?

Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis, K.C.B., with Correspondence and Journals.

Commenced by the late JOSEPH PARKES, Esq.; completed and edited by HERMAN MERIVALE, M.A. Two Volumes. London: Longmans. 1867.

THESE volumes acquaint us with the life of a man often mentioned but little known, and are a welcome addition to the political biography of the days of George III., with whose reign Sir Philip Francis' career almost exactly coincided. The son of a scholar—the well-known translator of Horace—he passed from St. Paul's School, at the age of sixteen, into a Government office, employing his leisure in perfecting his classics and in making himself thoroughly master of the constitution and history of his country. At the end of sixteen years (1756—72) as a Government clerk, he spent six (1774—80) as a Member of Council in Bengal, and thirteen (1784—1807) in Parliament, dying at seventy-eight, December 22, 1818. His great posthumous distinction was founded in the first of these periods, when, as an anonymous newspaper correspondent and pamphleteer, he shook the political world to its centre for about ten years, leaving a *nom de plume* which it has long been the puzzle of political antiquaries to bring home to the writer. Those stinging and intemperate invectives in the years 1769—72, aimed at the King and the administrations of the Duke of Grafton and Lord North, under the signature of "Junius," are better known than his earlier productions in 1763-4, at the age of three-and-twenty, under the name of "Candor," which were of real service to his country. The memorable seizure of the *North Briton* by Government in 1763 brought up a host of writers, having not the least sympathy with the demagogue Wilkes, but most eagerly criticizing the act itself, which they maintained to be a gross breach of constitutional liberty; and it is to the discussions that thus ensued that we owe the

great boons of a free press and the publicity of parliamentary debates. The brochures of "Candor," on the popular side of the question, soon attracted the chief attention. The assumed character of an old man, the affectation of legal phrase, a date from Gray's Inn, were the shifts employed to turn off all eyes from the hiding-place of the marksman, and little enough did Cabinet Ministers guess that the arrows which wounded them were shot by a stripling in one of their own offices. The most remarkable of the "Candor" series, though only a half-a-crown pamphlet of 135 pages, was an elaborate treatise that became the precursor of Fox's Libel Bill, and that drew from Horace Walpole the compliment that it was the only tract that ever made him understand law. Its title was, "An Inquiry into the Doctrine of Libels, Warrants, and Seizures of Papers." When "Junius" wrote a few years afterwards, the town could pretty well recognise the pen of "Candor" again; but the authorship remained as much a mystery as "Junius" himself till 1860, when Mr. Parkes cleared it up by discovering a "Candor" autograph in the writing of "Junius" among the papers of Woodfall, the printer of both.

This indefatigable inquirer took incredible pains to trace all the anonymous contributions of Francis, under his various signatures, through the periodical press of the time. Unfortunately, at the time of his death (1864), he had only completed his memoir to where the Junian Letters commenced, and all that now remains of his industry for this period is a mass of miscellaneous material, *membra disjecta*, whose connecting links were all carried in the collector's mind and memory and have perished with his decease. But such an elaborate plan do those fragments reveal, that Mr. Merivale remarks it would have taken ten years more of Mr. Parkes' life, and many volumes, to complete the researches on the scale of the "Candor" period. It was too much to expect such a continuation except from one who had made the inquiry his hobby: from a person whose map of intellectual labour is already sketched out before him, as Mr. Merivale's must be, it could hardly be looked for. Yet he has not been unworthy of his predecessor in these volumes, and there will be multitudes of curious eyes to scan his pages in search of the old secret of "Junius." The peering curiosity of Francis' contemporaries began to connect him with this signature even in his lifetime; but he successfully baffled it till his old age, when the appearance, in 1814, of a pamphlet entitled "Junius Identified" seemed to make his secret hardly tenable any longer. A few meagre biographical sketches have left Francis still only an obscure personage to this generation, and the knowledge of most people is probably limited to what Macaulay wrote of him in his "Warren Hastings." The present full "Memoirs" will be enjoyed by a reader who can enter freely into political by-paths; and if any one has not this taste, these volumes are just such as may tempt him to try. Let him put himself in the mood of a sportsman; and under the guidance of Messrs. Parkes and Merivale he will follow, on the one hand, the War Office clerk in his almost daily movements (which his own journal has most minutely chronicled), and his correspondence (of which he kept copies, his own letters included), and then the traces of the masked figure of "Junius" on the other. For this is the nature of the evidence; there is no more *direct* and explicit proof now—not even with Mr. Parkes' researches—than there was when "Junius Identified" came out. Not the most distant confession is met with. But then the movements of Francis, with the revelation of his thoughts in journals and letters, and the dates of publication and the subjects of the "Junius" satires, match like substance and shadow. When the *Public Advertiser* has no Junius in its columns, it is accounted for by Francis being recorded on his travels, or being sick. Does "Junius" on one occasion observe a certain sequence of thought suggested by what is going on in the political world? Some letter of Francis is detected of nearly the same date with an association of ideas curiously similar. Are certain public characters noticed to have been unexpectedly avoided by Junius' lash? Some known peculiar personal relation of Francis to the same characters accounts for it. Every now and then a memorandum or a part of a letter in the Francis manuscripts seems on the certain track towards proof direct; but just then the clue snaps, for Francis' own scissors have neatly removed the very piece that was wanted, and so the game has taken to the earth. The catalogue of Francis' library shows that every book quoted by "Junius" and "Candor" was on his shelves, and bound-up collections of

every separate edition of these brochures annotated by his hand were there too. On the other hand, in all the enormous mass of the Francis remains nothing has been found irreconcilable with his having been the man. It is throughout an underground chase, and all the first volume, which is occupied in these inquiries, possesses the excitement, the disappointment, and the dryness of such a pursuit. Francis was not a recluse, but from his position and duties he had to mingle freely with others while "Junius" and "Candor" were being most talked of; and sometimes he was under the very eye of those who were being roughly handled; all which makes the possibility of his secret so remarkable. Indeed, there seems almost an absolute necessity that three persons at least (one of them Woodfall, his printer) must have been in it, and yet there is no actual proof. The burden of this concealment is said to have had a marked effect on his character and habits, making him as wary in conversation as "a chess-player who saw ten moves before him," and over-hesitating at last even on indifferent topics; and in truth there were things in "Junius" that might well prove a load on the mind. The "Memoirs" give some pleasant pages of his bearing before the scrutiny of those who approached him after the appearance of "Junius Identified;" how adroitly he avoided, or how fiercely he silenced, the impertinent question. Samuel Rogers once at Holland House had to retire very small and discomfited; but the reader should not miss a beautiful anecdote (belonging to an earlier year) of Burke, whom Francis himself could only have inferred to be convinced of the identity by his excessive delicacy of demeanour.

We must forbear to touch on his Indian career, which was one long quarrel with his chief, Warren Hastings, with whom at length he duelled. Immediately after this he came home thoroughly disgusted, and dedicated himself to a parliamentary life for the persecution of the great governor, at whose protracted trial he was one of the most constant spectators. His politics were strongly Whig, and he patronized the French Revolution even at the cost of the noble Burke's friendship. Among his letters is a very amusing description of an evening passed at the Pavilion with H.R.H. the Regent, whose close friend he was; and also a very damaging criticism of Wellington's movements in the Peninsula—damaging to the critic. There are two portraits of Sir Philip Francis (his K.C.B. he obtained from the prince, a poor compensation for the governor-generalship, on which his heart was set), one of them his full-length caricature; also facsimiles of the "Junius" handwriting. The work is provided with an alphabetical index and a genealogical stemma. A chronological table would have been a valuable addition.

We have noticed the following typographical errors:—At vol. i. p. 413, line 9, "look" should perhaps be "lock;" at vol. ii. p. 410, "prostrate" should be "prostate;" and p. 413, "Dec. 23" should be "Dec. 22," as at vol. i. p. v. In the index, "Devonshire, Marchioness of," should be "Downshire."

Memorials of the Rev. Andrew Crichton, B.A., of Edinburgh and Dundee.

Edited by the Rev. W. G. BLAIR, D.D. London: James Nisbet & Co.

MR. CRICHTON died in his thirtieth year, just when his powers were becoming mature and beginning to shine out with clear and steady lustre. Had he been spared, his peculiar gifts would undoubtedly have made him famous beyond the bounds of his church and country. A youth spent amid the purity and pious simplicity of a Scottish manse; an industrious, happy, and highly successful college curriculum; a collegiate charge, in which marked differences of tendency only seemed to cement more closely two good men alike sincere and earnest in Christian work; marriage, and induction to an independent charge in Dundee, where, contrary to all the prognostications of his friends, he laboured with the utmost success—these are the few facts of Mr. Crichton's outer life, which was singularly quiet and uneventful. But his inner life was more remarkable. This, however, was not on account of doubts, difficulties, fiery strivings, and questionings. His mental being developed itself through an abiding serenity of spiritual atmosphere, which, from first to last, suffused, as with a gentle halo of summer sunset, his every thought and word, imparting that softened brightness which often, with meditative natures, expresses along with cheerful, almost buoyant love of nature, a peculiar shade of melancholy. "Bring Katie, that I may say good-bye to her, and then I'll slip away," were

among his last words, and they are typical; and yet more the strange remark at p. 31, aptly quoted by Dr. Brown. But the little "bit of a wail," as he playfully called it, scrawled with a pencil during illness, is, perhaps most of all so.

Mr. Crichton was not a poet, but a little more intensity would have made him one. The nearness with which he tremblingly touched the confines of poetry was the secret of his success as a preacher, and the source of his peculiar power over men of far stronger, more firmly-knit natures. His main characteristics were, fineness of insight in discriminating varied shades of thought, and warmth of imagination in presenting truth—clear, vivid, concrete—yet never without due balance of spiritual suggestion. Add to all this a peculiar sensitiveness to lofty suggestions, and an intellect so keen and pliable that it suffered nothing to go forth again till it had been rolled over and over in its many folds and steeped in its own dyes. He used to make acknowledgments of benefit to his colleague, Dr. Brown, yet Dr. Brown could never trace anything as having been derived from him (p. 30). Mr. Crichton was wonderfully alive, also, to the mental movements and needs of his day, as seen in his sketch of Frederick W. Robertson, and more especially in the little snatch of the lecture on "The Historical Christ" here given on "Ecce Homo." He there almost anticipates the ground Mr. Gladstone has taken up with so much thought, and he speaks with such point and suggestiveness, that we cannot help feeling the editor would have done well had he given his readers the whole of that lecture. The introductory memoir is skilfully, pleasantly written; and, on the whole, this is one of the best books of the kind we have read for a long time, and we hope it will meet, as it deserves, with a favourable reception.

The History of India, from the Earliest Period to the Close of Lord Dalhousie's Administration. By JOHN CLARK MARSHMAN. 3 vols. London: Longmans. 1867.

THE bulk of this work relates to the century of Anglo-Indian dominion, only one-half of the first volume referring, by way of introduction, to the "earliest" times, as Mr. Marshman's chief object is to furnish the students of Calcutta University with a continuation of Elphinstone's Hindoo and Mahomedan periods. Those readers who want less than a learned investigation supported by authorities will find this noteless manual excellently answering their purpose. Its author will not be offended by our saying that in the Clive and Hastings period we feel we are not in the track of that magic pen which creates such breathless suspense over the field of Plassey, startles us with the circumvention of Omichund and the execution of Nuncomar, and inspires so warm an interest in the brave Rohillas, the spoliated Begums, and the impeachment in Westminster Hall. We have, however, a plain sterling narrative from a sensible and masculine mind, arresting attention at the landmarks and turning-points of the subject, and sufficiently detailed to carry the reader's interest all the way. We naturally inquire how Young India is here informed as to the origin of that great foreign domination he finds overshadowing him; and we are glad to see that Mr. Marshman does not tell his tale in the consorsious strain that some Englishmen indulge themselves in, who can only see the blots, as though this great empire, which is the wonder of modern days and an untold blessing to millions, were cradled only in ambition, violence, and fraud. Mr. Marshman palliates nothing that is immoral in the administration or the administrators of India, but he is ever disposed to say what fairly may be said in favour of such as cannot be wholly defended; and as to the Company's successive territorial extensions, he shows how they were in the main the results of fair and honest necessity, and neither the robber's nor the tyrant's. This is not only the most wholesome instruction for our Indian subjects, but it is in itself, we are convinced, the most just view to take. We must not expect to find more contemporary virtue in India than in England, and some of the noblest administrative ability and purity in modern times have been furnished by this oriental peninsula, Lord Dalhousie, who preceded the mutiny, being a distinguished specimen. What a marvellous tale it all is, and on what a splendid theatre! The old Moguls and all their Asiatic grandeur, how they seize the imagination! And taking them all in all, what a fine set of men the Governors and Governor-Generals have proved! What imperishable renown the Anglo-Indian sword has won! How stupendous has been the scale of its

disasters—and its recoveries too! And the quiet Christian heroism of India's apostles, taking back the westering light to the multitudinous east, is worthy to be mentioned with all this. But whereabouts in these three good volumes do we see justice done on this head? Yet an author of the name of Marshman must be the last person unacquainted with or uninterested in the Christendom that is now wrestling with India.

A Century of Birmingham Life; or, A Chronicle of Local Events, from 1741 to 1841: Compiled and edited by JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD. Vol. I. Birmingham: Osborne; London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1868.

MR. LANGFORD has had the happy idea of extracting a local history from the file of an old-established provincial paper. Not the least merit of his book will be that of setting an example, which is sure to be followed from time to time wherever similar files may have been preserved, whether of one newspaper or of successive ones—the latter case being the more likely one, since few journals can boast of the longevity of *Aris's Birmingham Gazette*.

The present volume extends from 1741 to 1791, and its half-century no doubt comprises the raciest portion of the work, at least for its contemporaries, since who knows how quaint a figure we may ourselves cut in the eyes of our descendants three-quarters of a century hence? And although the main interest of its contents must be for the author's fellow-townsmen, for whom every name of street and institution and house, every surname almost, has a meaning, yet it is none the less full of value for all who can take a relish in the familiar life of the English people during the last century, and a future Macaulay is sure to draw largely on it for illustrations of a future History of England for the period to which it refers. A stranger to Birmingham may, indeed, be apt to take exception to the length of the work, and to its many repetitions, and perhaps the best mode in which its stores might be rendered available for general use would be by means of a skilful "gutting" article in one of the standard Quarterlies. It is impossible to do more here than give a foretaste of the results of such a process.

Advertisements as to runaway wives, 1741 to 1751:—

No. 1, the penitent husband:—

"Having advertised my wife, Elizabeth Slater, for eloping from me, for which I own I am very sorry, she being returned again, I do hereby promise to pay any one that shall trust her for the future."

No. 2, the anxious husband:—

... "If any persons will give intelligence to the said William Meredith where she may be met with, within seven days' time after the date thereof, shall receive a Guinea reward. N.B.—She has but one eye, and was well dressed."

(Query, whether Mr. Meredith would have offered two guineas for a binocular wife?)

No. 3, the defiant husband, running off into rhyme:—

"Whereas the wife of Godfrey Wildsmith has eloped from her said husband without any manner of reason, and took some things of value with her: This is to forewarn any person or persons from trusting her, for he will pay no debt she shall contract; and if any one will help her to him again, *they shall be well rewarded, and as little regarded, and shall have a strike of grains for their pains*, of me, Godfrey Wildsmith."

"Collectors" on the highway:—

"Birmingham, May 6 (1751). On Tuesday last, the Shrewsbury caravan was stopped between the Four Crosses and the Welsh Harp by a single highwayman, who behaved very civilly to the passengers, told them that he was a tradesman in distress, and hoped that they would contribute to his assistance. On which each passenger gave him something, to the amount in the whole to about four pounds, with which he was mighty well satisfied, *but returned some halfpence to one of them, saying he never took copper*. He then told them *there were two other collectors on the road, but he would see them out of danger*, which he accordingly did; and begged that they would not at their next inn mention the robbery, nor appear against him if he should be taken up hereafter."

Sale of a slave in England:—

"November 11 (1771). To be sold by auction, on Saturday, the 30th day of November instant, at the house of Mrs. Webb, in the city of Lichfield, and known by the sign of the Barbers' Arms, between the hours of 3 and 5 in the evening of the said

day, and subject to articles that will be then and there produced (except sold by private contract before the time), of which notice will be given to the public by John Heeley, of Walsall, auctioneer and salesman, a negro boy from Africa, supposed to be about ten or eleven years of age. He is remarkably strait, well-proportioned, speaks tolerably good English, of a mild disposition, friendly, officious, sound, healthy, fond of labour, and for colour an excellent fine black."

Tooth-drawn charity:—

"December 4 (1786). We are glad to hear Mr. Clark, the respectable dentist, has been so much employed in his profession last week; since his benevolence will soon accomplish his purpose, that of saving a poor family from ruin, in consequence of a lawsuit, the costs of which amount to upwards of £19, and which Mr. Clark has generously undertaken to collect from the liberality of those who apply to him to have their teeth drawn."

Those who fancy that strikes and combinations are novelties, or that they may be suppressed by mere combination laws, will find abundance of evidence here to the contrary; e.g., that of a lock-out for the establishment of piece-work, and the suppression of Houses of Call, in the tailoring trade, 1777, followed by an attempt at co-operative production on the part of the men. Again, when we recollect that Birmingham is now the place which claims to stand at the head of the Building Society movement, it is interesting to find proposals for the forming of a Building Society advertised in 1781. Not less remarkable is it to observe debating societies flourishing as early as 1774, where the "poor mechanic or apprentice-boy" mingled freely in discussion, without so much as a "clean shirt and stock," with "young gentlemen of the law."

To Mr. Langford's volume is prefixed a reduced photograph of the first number of the *Birmingham Gazette*, dated Monday, November 16, 1741, a beautiful specimen of newspaper typography, putting to shame all but the very best examples of contemporary journalism. Indeed, it must be observed that the printing of Mr. Langford's own volume is not altogether creditable to a town which once contained Baskerville's famous presses, since misprints such as "epistorally," "deterents," should not have escaped a corrector of average capacity. Mr. Langford himself has a cruelly unsafe memory for quotations, and disfigures with two blunders a single four-line scrap from Tennyson's "Tithonus."

M. de Barante: a Memoir, Biographical and Autobiographical. By M. GUIZOT. Translated by the Author of "John Halifax." London: Macmillan & Co.

M. DE BARANTE was a sort of connecting link between the ancient French monarchy and the new empire, having taken a more or less prominent part in all the great movements of more than half a century. Nor did political work alone occupy his mind; he was always busy with his pen; and produced some works which, for conscientiousness, clearness, and elegance, will long maintain a place in literature; one of them, the "Tableau de la Littérature Française au Dix-huitième Siècle," having been made a class book by Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. Though a staunch Catholic, he was liberal, wise, and moderate, the highest proof of which was his close and friendly association with M. Guizot through an ordinary lifetime. He had many of the best and most essential qualities of the historian. He consciously kept in abeyance what properly belongs to the Philosophy of History, and the injudicious introduction of which into history proper, he held, was the direct cause of its corruption and falseness (pp. 97, 98). It was his idea that faithfulness to facts, in the spirit of the period portrayed, ought to be the historian's main aim, and, acting on this principle, he made narrative nearly do the whole work, thus illustrating by careful example, if he did not first introduce, a new method of historical writing. He clearly saw the essential movement of vital principles below the restless wave of appearances—the great fact which encircles all facts, as the sea the earth—and all he did carries a great moral, the ministry and interdependence of part with part. His steadiness of mind, his honesty, his calm deliberate insight, and his dislike of mere trick by separate effects, made him strikingly individual among modern Frenchmen, and this memoir, written with such tact and compactness as to be a model even of a French memoir, by his friend and collaborateur, M. Guizot, and translated with the graceful freedom which only comes of faithful clearness by Mrs. Craik, will be sufficient to keep his memory green among Englishmen.

III.—PHILOSOPHICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

Natural Theology: an Inquiry into the Fundamental Principles of Religious, Moral, and Political Science. By the Rev. W. R. PIRIE, D.D., Professor of Divinity and Church History in the University of Aberdeen. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons. 1867.

THE truth from which Dr. Pirie starts in this treatise is, that "Natural Religion must be the foundation of every form of Revelation" (p. 66), and his purpose, accordingly, is to lay the foundations of that natural religion more firmly, as it seems to him, than they have ever been laid before. He believes his argument to be, "from beginning to end, both plain and logically irresistible."

The result of Dr. Pirie's labours seems to us clear, sensible, and sound. He follows chiefly in the footsteps of Butler, protests against scepticism, materialism, utilitarianism, the selfish theory of morals; protests not less strongly against the notion that the words which describe Divine attributes, such as "justice," "mercy," "goodness," can have any other meaning, when so applied, in revealed than they have in natural religion, or in ordinary use.

The book before us may therefore be recommended as a guide to those whose minds are beginning to be perplexed with the problems of their own life and of the world; and the calm, unrhctorical spirit in which it is written presents a refreshing contrast to the feverish, spasmodic language in which such subjects are often handled. It is only right to add that there is comparatively little of original thought in Dr. Pirie's work; that while some quotations seem needlessly long (four stanzas from "Don Juan," e.g., to show that Lord Byron believed in ghosts), there is hardly enough acknowledgment of the labours of those to whom he is indebted, and that the style sometimes descends almost to penny-a-liner's slipshod. Thus he hopes "to rest the faith of the *religious world* on foundations which cannot be shaken." (p. ix.) He says of men and women who sin in ignorance, that "we cannot tell what may be the future position of such *parties*." (p. 137.) He adopts the pulpit grandiloquence of a *pluralis majestatis*, even when he speaks of matters within his own personal cognisance: "We have known not a few, and one in particular in whom *we* were deeply interested." (p. 124.) Some statements, too, seem to imply a deficient apprehension of the currents of thought around us. We are told, for instance (p. 15), that "all attacks on the details of Christianity, or rather on its characteristics (rather an important change of phrase, by-the-bye), have failed . . . and would seem to be given up."

Cause and Effect; or, The Globe we Inhabit. By R. MACKLEY BROWNE, F.G.S. London: Reeve & Co.

MR. BROWNE's title seems unfortunately selected. We have many chapters on effects. Beginning with the clouds, he brings us down to earth, and takes us through 150 pages up the Thames Valley, and along the Weald, with much commonplace geological description, but tells nothing which was not familiar already to the veriest tyro. He discourses on the tides and ocean currents, and of the *latter* tells us:—

"It can hardly be said that they are attributable to any other cause than that of gravitation, nor is it to be supposed that their general condition is much or at all affected by the outline or contour of the vast areas of dry land, except where the water exists as a strait, or occupies a narrow channel."

But through many pages of diluted learned talk we have no proofs adduced.

From the Great Orme's Head he leaps to the ecliptic and the equator, and shows that the precession of the equinoxes gradually changes the relative inclinations of the ecliptic and equatorial planes; but, after all, leaves us quite in the dark as to the effects of these causes. We are told (p. 178) that two great influences, gravitation and chemistry, are ever at work, and thence we are led—whether as an effect from a cause, we cannot say—into a disquisition on the political growth of England; after which the author concludes with some remarks, written in a good spirit, on the Great First Cause.

On the whole, we have seldom met with a book more inconsequential, nor with one which so little explained the cause of its publication.

The Human Will: its Functions and Freedom. By T. HUGHES. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1867.

HORACE says, "*Difficile est proprie communia dicere*," which some suppose to mean that it is very difficult to treat of a subject on which a great deal has been already said. We did think that the question of the will was settled so far as it can be settled; that all had come to Bishop Butler's conclusion, which is, that the will is practically free, and therefore any doctrine of necessity is only a theory maintained by abstract metaphysicians as a subject for mental gymnastics. Mr. Hughes has thought the question worthy of a good-sized volume, in which he defends the freedom of the will against all necessitarians and predestinarians, such as Hobbes, Edwards, Priestley, and Toplady. It is a thoughtful, well-reasoned treatise. The author begins with a useful, though homely division of existence into beings and things, not failing to remark that the distinction is often violated and destroyed by the former being reduced to the condition of the latter. He refutes the arguments for philosophical necessity, and proceeds to a further examination of them as they assume a religious form. The doctrines of Calvin, as set forth in the Westminster Confession, and defended by arguments from the Divine Omnipotence and Foreknowledge, are all rejected. Mr. Hughes maintains that the liberty of the will is demanded by religion; yea, lies at its foundation. All revelation assumes that man is responsible, and therefore he must be free.

The Analogies of Being, &c. By JOSEPH WOOD. London: Frederick Farrah. 1867.

WHAT Mr. Herbert Spencer calls "the Unknowable," Mr. Wood discourses of as that which is well known. His subject is *Infinite Being*. We do not for a moment profess to agree with all that Mr. Wood says, but we do maintain that to exercise the mind on such a subject is as legitimate as to form a philosophy of the sciences. If the facts of Christianity be true, or, to take lower ground, if, to use Mr. Spencer's words, "religion expresses some eternal fact," then in either case these facts may be as fairly reasoned upon as the facts of the phenomenal world. Mr. Wood's book is of the mystical kind, and is to be classed with the writings of St. Dionysius the Areopagite, Jacob Boehme, and Emmanuel Swedenborg. He explains the Trinity, the creation, sin, the incarnation, heaven, and hell. To do this he asks only one postulate, which, from all our knowledge of nature, we would say ought to be granted him,—that all being throughout all worlds is analogous; that

"Earth

Is but the shadow of heaven, and things therein

Each to other like more than on earth is thought."

All being is kindred, the being of the Infinite and the being of the finite—God and man—the Creator and the created: all is one Infinite Temple. The Godhead is individualized into Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, or Thought, Substance, and the immutable element of Law. These three elements constitute all being, from a subtle material atom up to the Ultimate Unit, differing only in measure and degree. The Father and Holy Ghost are the inscrutable powers. The Son is manifested, and in his incarnation He represents the Godhead. The word "person" is never applied either to the Godhead or to the individuals of the Triune. Mr. Wood seems always to assume that the Divine Being is above personality; yea, that our true essence and being is not our personality. Creation is the continuous and vital act of renewing, restoring, and preserving that which is already in existence. Heaven, holiness, and life refer to the state of existence when at the climax or throne of the cycle of being through which all existence passes; while hell, sin, and death, their correlates, are the culminating base of the cycle. Redemption by the incarnation of the Godhead was the fulfilment of the mediatorial law which prevails through all kingdoms of life and being. John Hunter demonstrated that a vital organic circulation existed within each sentient form. An analogous circulation is supposed to pervade the vital economy of the temple of Infinite Being. The heart and its functions may be taken as the type of universal existence. The right ventricle with the venous blood is "hell and the bottomless pit;" the left ventricle, the "fountain of life proper;" the tricuspid valve, the exit-gate of heaven; and the semi-lunar, that of hell. Mr. Wood, like all mystical writers, says many

good things along with much that, to ordinary people, seems fanciful. Should he write any more books, we beg of him to make his sentences much shorter. Some of them are more than half a page in length, and are really tiring both to the breath and the brain.

The Second Table of the Ten Commandments. By DAVID ROWLAND. London: Longmans. 1867.

THIS is a sequel to Mr. Rowland's former treatise, "The Laws of Nature, the Foundation of Morals." The argument is here carried farther, natural rights being considered as the foundation of the moral and social system, and the commandments as coincidences with the laws of nature. It is an old question on which much has been written, whether morality has a foundation in the nature of things, or if it is only conventional. There are great names on both sides. Mr. Rowland, who has thought out the subject carefully for himself, advocates the cause of eternal and immutable morality. He quotes and refutes the utilitarian arguments of Paley, Bentham, John Austin, and John Stuart Mill. In reply to Austin, Mr. Rowland says truly, that "Aristotle may be produced as an illustrious example that the portion of mankind excluded from revelation obtained, without the help of revelation, knowledge of law identical with revealed law. But neither Aristotle nor Cicero discovered by the light of nature the favourite doctrine of Utility, as thus propounded by Austin, "that theft is harmless, and even useful, when considered by itself." Mr. Rowland's book is well written, and in our judgment his arguments are generally sound.

Lizards of Australia and New Zealand. By DR. J. E. GRAY. 4to. London: Quaritch.

DR. GRAY has rendered good service to naturalists by bringing before us, in a convenient and concise form, a view of one group of the reptilian fauna of the southern continent. We have here a tabulated synopsis of 129 species of lizards, of which eight are peculiar to New Zealand, two have been introduced into Australia by ships, one only is common to North Australia and Borneo, and 118 are peculiar to Australia and the islands adjacent. The volume forms a useful sequel, so far as it goes, to Dr. Günther's magnificent folio on the Reptiles of British India; but we regret that Dr. Gray did not expend a few more pages of descriptive letter-press instead of referring the student to works wholly inaccessible to any one out of London and the British Museum. When we wish to know, e.g., what is *Diplodactylus furcosus*, it is very like a mockery of the English student to refer him to "Monats: Berlin, 1863, p. 229." We wish Dr. Gray had followed Dr. Günther's good example, and given a diagnosis of each species. Forty-four species are illustrated by lithographs. When we say that the artist is Mr. Ford, we need add not a word further. With Chinese accuracy of detail, he happily combines the vigour and life of true art. We trust Dr. Gray may be induced to continue the series, and complete the Reptiles of Australia in a similar form.

IV.—CLASSICAL.

The Complete Works of Horace. Edited by the Rev. J. E. YONGE, M.A., Assistant-Master at Eton College, and late Fellow of King's. London: Longmans. 1867.

ETON has hitherto done less than her part in producing good editions of the classics, and this is a matter for surprise when the taste and scholarship of her staff of masters is taken into account. The names of Hawtrey, Goodford, Okes, and the university repute of many of their colleagues, might have guaranteed something less barren than the ordinary school-books of the Eton press. But Mr. J. E. Yonge's new edition of Horace makes amends for past inactivity, and, in its internal as well as external excellence, bespeaks for his Alma Mater an accession of literary repute based upon something more real and substantial than mere traditionary scholarship. It is indeed a work that Eton may be proud of, and that the scholars of this country generally may hold up when provokingly

asked, as till lately they might have been, what good edition of Horace England has to show; and it is matter of congratulation that it comes from a quarter which has always enjoyed the credit of special fondness for Latin poets and poetry. We shall rejoice greatly if, in a brief notice, we succeed in drawing attention to a really valuable and honest labour of love, as unlike some of the editions of classics, which bear the name of another Mr. Yonge, as light is to darkness.

This new Horace is more than a school-book, being a handsome and elegant octavo; and yet it is quite adapted for the use of sixth or fifth form boys, because the notes are pithy and succinct, and "tabulate" results of past lucubrations of scholars. There is nothing lacking, which intelligent research could supply, for the needs of learners; and yet the book has a drawing-room air about it, and in a great part of its apparatus aims distinctly at attracting the man of the world, who falls back with pleasure upon the kindred pages of Horace in his leisure hours. For this class the great luxury of an exceptionally large supply of apt English and Latin and Greek parallels for every passage of Horace that admits of them will be an appreciable gain. The admirers of William Pitt, turning to Horace for verification of the quotation, "*Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit*," &c. (C. III. xxix. 53—56), which the youthful statesman used upon a famous occasion, will find another parallel for the same famous lines, which curiously makes most harvest of the very words ("*virtute me involvo*") which Pitt modestly omitted. Wolsey, in Shakspeare's *Henry VIII.* (act iii. sc. 2.), speaks thus, as Mr. Yonge's note reminds us:—

"My robe
And my integrity to Heaven is all
I now dare call my own;"

and this is but one out of countless parallels from Shakspeare which are brought to bear on Horace in these pages. A particularly apposite one is given in a note on "*libera bilis*" (Epod. xi. 16), viz., *King Lear*, ii. 4—

"Touch me with *noble anger*,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks."

But it is not only Shakspeare who is brought to illustrate the Venustian's meaning; no English poet of merit from Spenser to Keble is overlooked. The boat-song in the "*Lady of the Lake*" is called up for comparison with the simile in C. IV. iv. 57, beginning—

"Duris ut illex tonsa bipennibus;"

and from Young's "*Night Thoughts*" (Night vi.) is drawn a parallel for the beautiful lines of Horace, C. IV. vii. 7, &c., beginning, "*Immortalia ne speres, monet annus*," which is astonishingly close, and discrepant only where the tone of the Christian poet breathes a hope the Heathen knew not of. It is pleasant also to find Mr. Yonge, in his parallelisms of Horace, laying another scholar and English poet, John Keble, under contribution. The passage from the "*Christian Year*"—

"Such calm old age as conscience pure
And self-commanding hearts ensure,"

aptly compared with the line of the "*Carmen Saeculare*," "*Di senectuti placidam quietem*," is only one out of several references to the late vicar of Hursley. This parallelistic feature, indeed, whether we consider comparisons of Horace with his own country's bards, contemporary and of later date, or with those of our own land, will be generally accepted as the specialty of this edition. The bard who sang of Henry's holy shade, and was one of its most loving "*alumni*," would rejoice could he know how oft in these annotations his classic stanzas are brought to illustrate those of the Roman Pindar. But it would be quite wrong to suppose that this sort of illustration at all supersedes the graver and severer task of strict and exact interpretation, the discrimination of various readings, and the nicer points of grammar and critical scholarship. Without giving our adhesion to Mr. Yonge's ultimate substitute for the palpably corrupt "*Altriciis extra limen Apuliae*," C. III. iv. 10, viz.—

"Nutricis extra limina vilicæ,"

to the acceptance of which his own admissions are a fatal bar, it seems to us

extremely probable that "*Altriciis extra limina villulæ*" ("beyond the precincts of my native homestead"), may have been Horace's reading, lost to us for a season through the muddles of abbreviators and transcribers. And in C. III. xxiv. 4, the substitution of "*Terrenum omne tuis et mare publicum*" for "*Tyrrhenum*," &c., due as it is in the first instance to Lachmann, is, to our thinking, unanswerably enforced by the negative and positive arguments of Mr. Yonge in page 82 of his notes. These are samples of his emendational gifts, and it is creditable to him that he very seldom ventures to unseat an established or well-recommended text. Indeed, he is so conservative in editing as to be at his best in defending time-honoured readings and time-honoured interpretations—a task which he discharges with equal love and skill. And conservatism herein is real gain to all parties. Issues are confused and notes are stuffed and padded by the discoveries of pedantic commentators, that some word may be governed by one or another verb in the same sentence, and that skill may be shown in advocating the claims of the less likely of the two. In C. III. iii. 51—

"Aurum irreperitum, et sic melius situm
Cum terra celat, spernere fortior
Quam cogere humanos in usus
Omne sacrum rapiente dextrâ,"

the simpler fashion is to make "*humanos in usus*" depend, as is natural, on "*cogere*;" but Orelli and Dillenburger discover a greater fitness in connecting the words with "*rapiente*," and finding an antithesis between "*humanos in usus*" and "*sacrum*." Mr. Yonge, in support of the old way, asks for any authority in classical writers for using "*humanus*," the opposite of "*divinus*," in the sense of "*profanus*;" and he also aptly points out that the verse, "*Omne sacrum rapiente dextrâ*," is simply a poetic phrase for "*sacrilegâ manu*." Another stanza of a later ode (C. III. xxiii. 17—20), which Dillenburger would expunge if he dared, and of which Meineke defies the world of scholars to make sense or Latinity, viz.—

"Immunis arum si tetigit manus,
Non sumptuosa blandior hostia
Mollivit aversos Penates
Farre pio et saliente micâ."

is so explained by Mr. Yonge as to do no discredit to his championship. "*Immunis*," he says, is *i. q.* "*immunis noxâ*," or "*necessitate offerendi*;" and after "*blandior hostia*" "*futura*" is to be understood. The sense evolved by Mr. Yonge would then be much as follows: "If clean hand touch the altar, [it is] not more likely to gain its petition with costly victim [than if] it propitiates averted Penates with holy cake and crackling salt." In a word, "From pure hands the humblest offering is as welcome as the costliest."

We can barely call attention, in our narrow limits, to Mr. Yonge's maintenance (C. III. xi. 18) of the old reading, "*Muniant angues caput ejus atque*," against Bentley's conjectural "*exeatque*;" of "*medio alveo*" (III. xxix. 34), against Orelli's "*medio aquare*;" and of "*pulchrior evenit*" (IV. iv. 65), against the same commentator's questionable emendation, "*exiet*." An examination of Mr. Yonge's arguments in defence of the established reading in these and in most passages in dispute, whether in the Odes, Satires, or Epistles, will be certain to result in as high an estimate of his critical acumen as of his reading and research. There are a few misprints up and down the volume, which, when they occur, a little mar the luxury of a rich creamy paper and a beautiful type. On the whole, the "*Eton Horace*" is so much of a success, that we shall live in hopes of an "*Eton Virgil*."

Enoch Arden. Poema Tennysonianum. Latine Redditum. Londini: Edv. Moxon et Soc. A.D. MDCCCLXVII.

PROFESSOR SELWYN's accident, caused by the rash riding of an undergraduate, will not have been forgotten by our readers; and his long illness in consequence, combined with his deserved popularity, will bespeak the favour of those who can enjoy English poems when rendered into Latin, for the version of "*Enoch Arden*" with which, as he tells his "*lector benevolus*" in prefatory hexameters, he beguiled the length of nights betwixt his fall and his recovery. In truth, the translation needs some such extrinsic favour to be shown it, for—whether

owing to its writer having been less familiar of late years with the Latin poets than the Latin fathers, or to his illness having disinclined him to the task of retouching what he had writ—there is an unevenness about the execution of it which takes off from the pleasure of its perusal. In the days when he won the Chancellor's classical medal, the good professor would have blotted many little faults and disfigurements which he now retains upon his published page. There is good work, golden ore, in his version, if it is read through, but the fastidious will be apt to stumble on little defects, which may happily disincline them to go further. As early as the second page, *e.g.*, we find the line—

"A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff,"

translated—

"Cernis ubi angustum penetrat sub rupibus antrum."

where a good Latinist would avoid such a construction as we have italicized, because "penetro" is to be found with "sub," and an accusative, as is natural for verbs of motion, but not with an ablative. At v. 103 "a sickly child" is rendered "infans male debilis," although every one knows that "male" added to an adjective generally imparts a privative force, as in the cases of "male-sanus," "male-fidus." We doubt whether the epithet "prospectile" in the half line (207) "cape tu prospectile vitrum," "got you a seaman's glass," has authority or analogy; and we cannot find that "discus" used of a "ring" is ever found in the feminine, as in the line—

"Manuque

Tænia ab elatâ discum vibrabat eburnam."—(748.)

There are also structural faults, arising out of too frequent elisions, and rhythmical liberties which would have drawn down the wrath of Orbilius in our school days; and it is too much the professor's habit to end his lines with a quadrisyllable, as he does in p. 18, where "labefecit" and "labefactat" end two consecutive verses. To this catalogue of defects must be added an occasional tendency to "bathos," an injustice being thereby done to the thoroughly sustained and even-flowing original. Take the following instances,—

"Yet the wife—

When he was gone—the children—what to do?"

:"Sed quid tenerâ de conjuge fiet?"

De pueris? sine patre—marito—quid faciendum?—(125—6.)

"Now the third child was sickly-born, and grew
Yet sicker, though the mother cared for it
With all a mother's care."

"Tertius ille infans, ex ortu debilis, ibat

In pejus, quanquam maternâ sedula curâ

Omnia quæ fieri potuerunt Annia fecit."—(252—4.)

One is led to look back to the original to satisfy oneself whether or not there is anything in it about "going to the bad," or "he would have lived much longer if he could." But having discharged our conscience of its burden of fault-finding, we gladly turn to compensatory merits. Some of the professor's lighter touches are exceedingly happy. He has admirably reproduced the picture of the children, at the opening—

"Amid anchors of rusty fluke and boats updrawn,
Building their castles of dissolving sand,
To watch them overflow'd."

"Quâ lintres inter subductos scabra jacebat
Anchora, munibant castella madentis arena,
Spe redeuntis aquæ."—(Vv. 20—1.)

And that of the hall beyond the down—

"Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
And peacock yew-tree of the lonely hall,
Where Friday fare was Enoch's ministering."

"Trans juga, qua catulo stat custodita leonis
Aula vetus, taxi pavonem imitantis in umbrâ,
Victum jejunis ubi præbuit ille diebus."—(92—5.)

And he hits off very successfully the paradox of the Lauroato, in describing the wild nature of the beasts in Enoch's desert-island :

"Nor, save for pity, was it hard to take
The helpless life, so wild that it was tame."

"Et, sineret pietas, animalia plurima prædam
Perfacilem, feritate ipsa mansueta, dedissent."—(549—50.)

Here and there we are much more reminded of Horace's satires than of Virgil throughout the professor's version, and probably, if the truth were known, that "poet of middle age" clings closer to his memory than the graver and statelier epic writer. In flow and turn of sentences, and in phraseology, sometimes, *e.g.*—

"But Philip was her children's all-in-all,"

"Cum pueris autem punctum tulit omne Philippus"—(338),

this may be detected; and though we should have preferred Virgil as a pattern in translating a tale like "Enoch Arden," if the style here were professedly Horatian, there would be justification for structural and phraseological peculiarities. We have no room for longer quotation, but may refer to the description of Philip's wooing, on the nutting excursion, to the account of the surmises of the gossips (p. 26), and to the whole passage respecting the desert isle, as in the main skilfully rendered. This translation will not bear comparison with the "Keatsii Hyperion" of Mr. C. Merivale; but we shall feel and enjoy "Enoch Arden" the more keenly for having read it in Professor Selwyn's Latin.

V.—TRAVEL.

Byeways in Palestine. By JAMES FINN, M.R.A.S. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1868.

MR. FINN's volume bears out his title. He has strictly confined himself to the *byeways* in Palestine. And what a field are these! What opportunities he had for exploring them! A residence of seventeen years in the country in the highest official position, with a thorough knowledge of the vernacular, might have produced some more definite information than is afforded by these disjointed, we had almost said incoherent, jottings. No familiarity with Arabic will excuse such slipshod writing as this:—"At length we halted at a small spring oozing from the soil of the field. The place was called *Hicker Zaboot*, a pretty place, and cuckoos on the trees round us; only the locusts were troublesome." And such tattered paragraphs disfigure every page. Mr. Finn, nevertheless, has much that is interesting to tell. The byeways took him across Jordan, through the plains of Philistia and Sharon, from Jerusalem to Petra, and back by the Arabah, along the shores of the Dead Sea from south to north, and across the unexplored recesses of central Galilee. His remarks on the great stature of the men of the Philistian plain are worthy of note. We have ourselves been struck by the colossal stature of some of the inhabitants of Beit-Jibzin, "the House of the Mighty," probably on the site of the ancient Gath. He is the first traveller who has mentioned having visited *Kokab*, the great crusading castle of Belvoir, yet he gives us no clearer idea of it than that it is "a large and noble erection in a strong natural position." We should have preferred knowing something more of the unknown region between Ain Melh (the *Moladah* of Simeon) and the Wady Arabah, than that "the landscape was not spoiled by the smoke of European factories," or that "stars arose, but such stars! Not like the spangles of the English poet's conception, those patines of 'bright gold'—though that idea is beautiful—but one could see that they were round orbs, that flashed streams of diamond light from out their bigness." There is, however, some information to be gleaned on the topography of the byeways, and occasionally good Bedouin stories, as that of the penalty for dog-killing, or of the Shoikh of Yabneh, at p. 161. With a sketch-map, the byeways would have been more easily threaded by the reader. As it is, few excepting those familiar with the land can follow them.

Mr. Finn has rare materials. Let him use them more fully, and apply the *limae labor* to his notes, after rendering them into English, and he may yet throw much light on the hidden nooks of the Holy Land, nooks and byeways where yet linger, unknowing and unknown, the remnants of Canaanite, Amorite, and Philistine.

With the French in Mexico. By J. F. ELTON, late of the 93th Regiment, and A.D.C. to General Sir Hugh Rose (Lord Strathnairn). London: Chapman and Hall. 1867.

MR. ELTON has compiled a very readable book, upon a subject which has attained a different and melancholy interest since the date at which he wrote, from the pages of his diary, carefully kept during his stay in Mexico, prior to the departure of the French troops. Time, and the fatal termination of the enterprise undertaken by the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, have deprived the political and military speculations in which Mr. Elton indulges of value, though not of interest. In the presence of the *fait accompli* of the Mexican republic, it is not unprofitable to study the efforts, the grounds of hope, and the self-deception of its enemies. The French point of view is especially interesting, and is very clearly and forcibly put by Mr. Elton, who was present during the whole process of the evacuation. His description of the country, in its physical and moral aspects, is clear; but he has not, nor does he lay claim to, literary ability. The conclusions at which he arrived before he left Mexico for Havana, and ultimately the Mississippi, are proved by subsequent events to have been sound: time will show whether his concluding observations, written after he had learned the fate of the empire and of Maximilian, are so likewise. In common with all writers on this unhappy topic, he seems to have formed no decided judgment on the character and abilities of Juarez—to have left them, indeed, out of account. This we believe to be a mistake of such magnitude as to make his speculations upon the short duration of the republic, and its ultimate inevitable absorption by the United States, far from convincing. We believe Juarez to be as much underrated as a ruler as Maximilian was overrated, but time will tell; and in the meantime Mr. Elton's book deserves, and no doubt will receive, considerable attention.

The Story of the Captives. A Narrative of the Events of Mr. Russam's Mission to Abyssinia. By Dr. BLANC, one of the Captives. To which is subjoined a translation of M. le Jean's Articles on Abyssinia and its Monarch, from the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*." London: Longmans & Co.

THAT the Abyssinian Expedition should be *exploité* in every conceivable way—political, commercial, and literary—is only natural and to be expected; but it is also only natural to get a little tired of the exhibition of human ingenuity in this direction. "*The Story of the Captives*," for all its taking title, and despite the attractive description of the difficulties under which Dr. Blanc's report was written, difficulties which render it almost as remarkable a document as that which Edmund Dantes inherited from the Abbé Faria, is not convincing as to its authenticity, and does not contain anything which we have not read under more than one form already. The *soi-disant* personal narrative is extremely bald and dull, and the remaining matter has appeared in the Plowden despatches and in Mr. Dufton's late work; notably, as to the latter, the descriptions of diseases prevalent in Abyssinia, especially the mysterious and horrible "*bouda*," and a page and a half ostentatiously claimed as the "*physical geography*" of Abyssinia. The translation from the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" of M. le Jean's articles, with which the little volume is padded out, is simply book-making, so plain and honest as to be laughable rather than irritating.

VI.—POETRY, FICTION, AND ESSAY.

The North Coast, and other Poems. By ROBERT BUCHANAN. With Illustrations engraved by the Brothers DALZIEL. London: Routledge. 1868.

WE own to not being easy in mind about these gorgeous scarabæan books, which are making the temples of the Sosii flare with gold, and green, and

crimson in our days. It may be morose and ill-boding to feel as if our lighter literature were passing away in a December sunset; or it might be invidious to compare it to a nymph who, for want of charms certain to tell, is obliged to flaunt in loud colours, and challenge us with, "Look at me!"

But, whatever we may feel about all this iridescence for books in general, of one thing we are quite certain: that it is not a happy idea to send out a new work (at least if that work be anything above a fairy tale) in such a garb. A young child in crimson, satin, and diamonds is not more absurd nor unbecoming. At least, let us keep up the fiction of a shrinking modesty on the part of an author on the day of his *début*. The deprecating tone in which men used to address their "gentle readers" was, if somewhat of a farce, yet not out of place on such an occasion. At all events, it was better than this blazing out upon us, as George Herbert says, in hues "angry and brave." Such garb ought to be won before it is worn.

With this somewhat offended feeling we look inside. We find poems,—of those anon. But we find something else. Now, here we have an *a priori* remark to make. We hold the mind's poetic pictures to be very sacred things. They arise unbidden the moment sweet words are heard or read. Most pertinaciously is the fancy wedded to them. Hector and Andromache part. The warrior stands on the left side; the wife holds the babe to him from the right. So, in an instant, springs up the group to my mind's eye; to another man's, it may be *vice versa*. But, be it which it may, from the first moment when the schoolboy conned the passage all through life, there the group remains, indelible, unchangeable: he who interferes with it is an enemy to my liberty of thought. I would fight for the position of the persons, for their background, for their surroundings. What right have these dealers in printers' ink to forestall my mental images, and to forestall them in this particularly gloomy and odious manner? Some of these illustrations really puzzle the eye to discover, through the crossed and crossed black lines, what the artist intended to embody as his idea. Some, we own, are freer from blame; but the new and undesirable practice of decking new poems with them has put us out of humour, we suppose, with the whole thing. If we must specify, Mr. T. Dalziel's illustrations are to us far among the best of their kind, as Mr. Wolf's are of theirs (witness the beautiful bit of reedy water on p. 189, and the rocks and deer, p. 213). Mr. Pinwell's perspective is as marvellous as ever. In both the engravings on pp. 91, 99, the floor of the room is as nearly as possible vertical.

Robert Buchanan has not, by this volume's poems, added to his deservedly high reputation. "Meg Blane" is, on the whole, the best thing in the book; and "Sigurd of Saxony" has several passages of real beauty. Some of the poems we are sorry Mr. Buchanan has printed. "The Saint's Story" is simply odious.

There are some affectations which surely one of Mr. Buchanan's powers can do without; such are "the curious-eye'd man," p. 60; "tenderlie," p. 84; "quietlie," p. 53; "certainlie," p. 30; and "bitterlie," p. 37; the description of a maiden as "kiss-worthy to the finger-tips," p. 86.

On the whole, we are disappointed with this new volume;—with the framing, and with that which is framed in it.

Universal Hymn. By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, Author of "Festus." London: Bell and Daldy.

THE title Mr. Bailey has given to this poem is a little of a misnomer. It is a softened, but still a systematized, statement or confession of "Festus" beliefs rather than a hymn in any proper sense of the word. The lyrical fire is nowhere so intense as to fuse particular conceptions or angular semi-scientific points of thought into that white-heat glow that finds fit reflectors, intensifying it by their very coldness, in the common and universal feelings and instincts of men. It is at bottom a somewhat tangled network of theory. Notwithstanding the large scope and purpose of the poem, the wide circle of religious thought and sentiment described, and the astonishing power of phrase and picture, all is defeated by the end to which it leads. "Festus," in spite of its dramatic disguise, was reduced to a mere abstract theory of the universe by the half-mechanical universalism which lay at its root, and it was only saved from absolute fatalism at the close by the trick of a metaphysical transformation-scene.

Mr. Bailey made "Festus" the merest mouthpiece for his own opinions, and the other characters in the poem were only offsets for him. Writers of no real dramatic genius, who yet essay that form of composition, pay the penalty of over-venturesomeness in every work they afterwards produce. The "Universal Hymn" is proof explicit of what, to the critical eye, lay implicitly in "Festus" itself. Its aim is to preach and impress universalism; this is the only sense in which it is a "Universal Hymn." Now, if it is not allowable to us to argue the matter with Mr. Bailey in strictly logical terms, it is as little allowable for him to clothe in forms of poetry ideas, strictly as such, which cannot but excite argument and keen intellectual protest. And we speak here, not in the interests of dogmatic truth, but in the interests of art, which has its laws, as rigorous and inflexible as any other kingdom of God; and we should have been called on to urge the same thing supposing Mr. Bailey's theological views had chanced to be the very opposite. The paragraphs beginning on pp. 31, 41, and 50, are ample proofs of what we have said.

An Old Story, and other Poems. By ELIZABETH D. CROSS. London: Longmans. 1868.

Drury Lane Lyrics, and other Poems. By JOHN BEDFORD LENO. London: Published by the Author, 56, Drury Lane, and sold by all booksellers.

Few stronger contrasts can be imagined than between these two volumes. The one is written by a woman, the other by a man; the one by a person of highly-cultivated intellect and feeling, with large experience of foreign countries, the other by a London working-man and master-tradesman, mixed up in the social and political movements of the day; the one by a writer possessed of a delicate poetical sense, the other by a clever and often powerful versifier. The one point which they have in common—painful though the announcement may be to the authors—is want of originality. It is impossible to conceive what Mrs. Cross, as a poet, would have been without Tennyson, though other poets of the day have also left their impress occasionally upon her verse. It is not that she consciously imitates a model, but that she involuntarily exhales an influence with which she is charged. It is safe to say that but for "Tithonus," "Cenone," and perhaps "Oriana," her very charming "Cynthia" could not have existed; nor her touching "Old Story" without the "Grandmother;" nor her "Love and Pity" without "Love and Death;" nor her "River," though generated only by contrast, without the "Brook;" nor her "May" without "Come into the garden, Maud," &c., &c.,—the resemblance in some cases being so palpable that one wonders it should have escaped the writer herself. And it is unfortunate that where she most trusts to her own pinions, she either comes lumbering to the ground (as in her "Poland"), or else exhibits faults of style which are almost wholly absent from her less original pieces, as if she felt scared at her boldness in soaring out of sight of her usual landmarks. Take, for instance, the following piece, entitled "Too Late,"—the one in the whole volume which perhaps offers the best hope that the writer may succeed in disengaging from outer influences a distinct poetical personality of her own:—

"We have beheld the stern sad face
That men call Fate,
And we have known the kind and fair
That comes too late.

"Have we not seen the sunny sky
After the rain?
And the pale lily by the storm laid low
Rise not again?

"The dear light sudden shining from the
shore
For them that roam;
Too late—the good ship strike and sink
In sight of home?

The perfect work after long years of pain,
The expectant glow—
The great heart broken, waiting for the
praise
That came too slow?

The cup of costly wine pressed to pale
lips
Fainting for lack,
Too late—an eager hand stretched quick
to take
In death fall back?

The little word of truth so long delayed
Spoken at last,
But with no power to heal the cruel
wound
Poisoning the past?

The long night cease—dawn break—but on
closed eyes
Too tired to wait—
The love that could have saved from
worse than death
Come, but too late?"

The sentiment of this little poem is exquisite, and there needed but artistic workmanship to make it a gem. But there is scarcely one stanza which is free from awkward or slipshod grammar (owing chiefly to the intolerable attempt to make one unpeated verb promiscuously govern both infinitives and participles, past or present), till, in the last stanza, the meaning becomes quite unintelligible to ordinary readers. Not less provoking is the line, "Fainting for lack"—of what?—which mars an otherwise beautiful stanza.

Mr. Leno has mostly studied much lower models, and has not had much difficulty in equalling them. His volume (which has the serious defect of being too long by fully two-thirds—Mrs. Cross might well have spared one-third of hers) contains many a page which would quite match with those of Mackay, or Swain, or Eliza Cook. Some of his songs, indeed—e.g., the "Sounds of Labour"—need only to be married to good music to dwell for several generations in the ears of our people. Unfortunately, there is too often a want of truth in his poetry. His "Wild Flowers," for instance, is a very pleasant bit of verse, reminding one indeed of Poe, but not disagreeably:—

"As we rambled through the meadows
On a sunny Sabbath morn,
The church bells ringing merrily, so merrily;
With a nosegay white with meadow-sweet
And blossoms from the thorn:
We laughed and chatted cheerily, cheerily.
'Twas a nosegay of wild flowers,
I remember it quite well,
With its daisies from the uplands,
And its cinquefoil from the dell,
With its yarrow, ling, and larkspur,
And the little pimpernel,
Gathered while the bells rang merrily, so merrily, so merrily!
Gathered while the bells rang merrily!
So merry, merrily!" &c.

But any one who has the least knowledge of the country will feel at once that this is all purely artificial, that the writer never did "remember quite well" such an impossible nosegay, in which the larkspur figures among wild flowers, and the thorn of spring with the autumn meadow-sweet, yarrow, and ling. Now it is not by any means necessary that a "Drury Lane Lyric" should be conversant with country matters; but it is not right that it should make pretence of being so.

A selection from Mr. Leno's volume might retain a permanent interest, and maintain, so to speak, a background existence in the literature of the nineteenth century, among the choicer specimens of its working-men's verse.

Gowdean: a Pastoral. By JAMES SALMON. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

A SIMPLE poem, written with not a little skill and grace, in the Scottish dialect. There are here few of the affectations with which this form of poetry has come latterly to be associated. It is clear, simple, unconstrained from first to last; and though the muse does not prin her wings for lofty flights, she looks with sharp eye on many lowly things, and "keeks" keenly in on human nature, which, after all, is much the same in castle and cottage. Those who can surmount the difficulty of the dialect—which the writer has anglicized as far as was allowable—will read this poem with pleasure.

A Hero's Work. By MRS. DUFFUS HARDY, Author of "A Casual Acquaintance," &c., &c. Three Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1868.

THIS is a good, readable novel; but it is something more. The story has been thought out with care, and the moral contrasts are effectively presented. The people in Kirkman's Buildings are sketched at second-hand, or, at all events, with imperfect vision and awkward humour; but, for the most part, the characters and conversation-pieces are real enough; and poor Joe (with both his arms off) and his old mother are very life-like. Major Dundas, the "hero,"

is a well-touched figure—there is even some subtlety in the portrait. In fact, if this novel is not capable of giving thoughtful readers entire satisfaction, it is not for lack of good workmanship. Let us look at the story.

Dundas, the “hero,” a brave soldier, full of gaiety and good-nature, but artificial, and with a deep root of selfishness in him, is in love with Lena Carlton, and, as love-matters go in society, his “love” is deep and permanent. It so befalls, however, that, with the usual admixture of direct intention and mere semi-animal weakness, he drifts into quasi-conjugal relations with Adrienne de Fontaine. Told thus baldly, the fact seems unnatural, but it is presented naturally enough (and delicately enough) in Mrs. Hardy’s pages. Before long, as his marriage with Lena draws nigh, the “hero” tires of Adrienne; and, treating the matter in the usual vein of “light come, light go,” he breaks with her—rather coarsely for such a gentleman—speaks to his doctor, hands her over *secundum artem*, and leaves her to do as she can with five pounds a month. But the whole story is discovered and told to Lena, and then, with the sanction of her parents, she refuses to marry him. In the meanwhile, however, Adrienne has become a mother, and Mrs. Carlton, who represents the indignant virtue of the narrative, has charge of the situation so far as *she* is concerned. But the baby presents a difficulty. Of course we know what happens. Chapter XII. of the third volume is frankly headed, “A Difficulty Removed.” At first we fancied there was a touch of sarcasm in this, as there is in the title; but no; “God, in his mercy,” is evidently expected to “hush the little one to rest.” If the Lord would only be pleased to take the child! Mrs. Carlton could not carry Adrienne back to Crofton, “burthened with her living proof of sin and shame.” But the Lord is pleased to take the child, and the Divine mercy having thus accommodated itself to the exigencies of respectability, Mrs. Carlton “utters a sigh of relief and thanksgiving” when the unauthorized little immortal is to be undertakered off.

Now that the “one great impediment has been mercifully taken away,” Mrs. Carlton, who is really a good woman according to her feeble lights and her thin natural instincts, sees her path a little better. The next step, arranged between Lena and the Major, is for the Major to marry Adrienne, *i.e.*, the woman who deeply loves him urges upon the man who loves her as well as it is in his nature to love anything, to go and marry a woman whom he has, indeed, wronged, but whom he does not and never will love. As Adrienne has already expressed her opinion that “when we love deeply we forget self-respect,” we are not surprised when, having submitted to so much indignity from the man who had shirked her bedside in her hour of travail and never looked upon his own child, she accepts the additional indignity of his “hand and name.” This is reparation. Dundas is “our own, our hero, our noble Archie once more.” Accordingly, he “strides with a firm proud step towards the altar.” But the Divine mercy is again equal to the occasion, and Adrienne dies suddenly in church at the end of the marriage-service. Only not till “the ceremony is over,” and the reparation made. Three years afterwards we find Dundas married to Lena, and the reader accepts this conclusion to the story because there is no reason why two lives should be wasted, though two have been sacrificed.

It is utterly impossible to construct a narrative of this order which shall satisfy the moral sense of thinking people. With all the advantage that the novelist possesses of choosing easy cases, and killing off just when he likes, he must and does fail in satisfying at once our hearts, our consciences, our judgments; those deepest instincts, above all, in which lies the raw material of duty in all that concerns the relations of men and women. We accept such novels as signs of the times; but we want, upon these matters, first a renovation of the manly and womanly instincts which are now half civilized away; secondly, coherent thinking; and then a deep and absolutely faithful probing of social wounds, if they are to be touched at all.

Grace's Fortune. Three Vols. London: Strahan & Co. 1867.

“GRACE’S Fortune” is a pleasing example of a kind of book which is getting scarce even in these novel-writing, novel-reading days. It really is a good novel, truthfully conceived and carefully written; an honest story of love, mis-

fortune, and varied goodness; the latter thrown into relief by wrong-doing sufficient for the author's purpose, but never capable of becoming offensive to the most sensitive reader. The great merit of the author's manner appears to us to be its naturalness and freedom from exaggeration; but it has other good qualities too; lucidity always, and considerable tenderness upon occasion. The conversations have much merit, and the only glaring fault in the book is the awkwardly-introduced alarm about the personal safety of Colonel Wedderburn in the thirteenth chapter of the last volume. The author, evidently a lady, will, we hope, write some day a more powerful novel than "*Grace's Fortune*," without losing any of the ladylike reticence and moderation of her manner; and, above all, retaining its admirable fluent naturalness.

The characters are not strongly, but they are clearly drawn, and the suspense of the main current of the narrative—depending as it does upon Grace's sacrifice of her fortune for her father's sake, and upon her subsequent resolve to break off her engagement to Wedderburn—is sufficient. It is not harrowing, but it is enough: we have had too much loud melo-drama in our novels, and a little high comedy is refreshing. Arnold we should, perhaps, guess to be a portrait—not a copy, but an idealization founded upon the author's knowledge of some real person.

"*Grace's Fortune*" contains no preaching, no prosing, and no direct moral; but the moral suggestion of the story is very high. Probably the majority of thoughtful readers will find the central situation too weak for the strain which is put upon it, and will think Wedderburn's doubts whether Grace loved him quite well enough had some foundation, in spite of the too obvious bearing of the "alarm" to which we have referred in testing the strength of her attachment. A more pathetic situation than that of love which feels bound to refuse the beloved what the beloved expects, and what the love itself is aching to give, cannot be imagined; but that Grace was justified in taking the precise course she did in fact adopt, is a point upon which opinions will largely differ. If love be merely a more tender and deeply-seated inclination than any other, bringing with it graver responsibilities and larger prospects, an act like that of Grace in dismissing Wedderburn may be right. But—

"Is this the mighty ocean? Is this all?"

Perhaps it is all in high comedy; at all events the question is too large for our little canvas here, and in any case we hope to hear again of the accomplished author of "*Grace's Fortune*."

Queer Little People. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, Author of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," &c. &c. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston; and Bell and Daldy. 1867.

LAZY, discursive, "piebald miscellany" readers are pretty certain to have picked up the knowledge that Mrs. Stowe is very happy in her short stories and sketches; for she has written great numbers of them, and every now and then they cross the path of such readers. This little volume is a collection of children's papers, which seem, in the first instance, to have been contributed to magazines; and delightful papers they are: all of them about animals—the "*Hen that Hatched Ducks*," the "*Nutcrackers of Nutcracker Lodge*," "*I Hum, the Son of Buz*" (a pet humming-bird), and the like. Children will not catch half the humour with which these pretty little stories are brightened; but there is more than enough to please them, and we can sincerely recommend the book. It was worth getting up in a prettier way, and also with a little editorial trouble. The papers appear to have been allowed to remain just as they were first printed—e.g., p. 100, "In the last number I told my little friends about my good Aunt Esther." On pages 93 and 100 there are repetitions of phrase such as must be excused in magazine writing, but they are not agreeable in a book, and a little scrutiny would probably discover other cases in which the workmanship needs retouching. There are, for example, changes from the first person singular to the first person plural. The narrator is sometimes "I" and sometimes "we" in the same story. We should have liked to see the book edited, and issued in a handsome form, with a better title; but publishers seem scarcely alive to the great merit there often is in Mrs. Stowe's briefer and less ambitious pieces.

Tuflongbo's Life and Adventures. By HOLME LEE.

Tuflongbo and Little Content. By HOLME LEE. London: F. Warne & Co.

ALLEGORY is perhaps the most difficult of all forms of fiction. The temptation to strain points for the sake of completeness is great, and very often the necessity of humanizing, through consciously pressing upward and forward a moral lesson, has the effect of so cutting nature in twain, that neither man nor child could preserve interest through the long detail in which all seems forced save the inner purpose. Now Holme Lee's exquisitely easy, graceful manner of writing, and her minute knowledge of natural history, saves her from too obviously falling into this fault. Yet *Tuflongbo*, the offspring of Mulberry and Lupine, will not claim interest from the children so much as even the old pilgrim of Bunyan, because here we have two lines of interest running parallel, and disputing the claim of each other on our notice. The books are a sort of crosses between the "Water Babies" and "Dealings with the Fairies." On the whole, we prefer "*Tuflongbo's Life*;" there is less straining in it, and some of the touches are very clever. The books are beautifully illustrated, and should meet with favour.

"*The Harvest of a Quiet Eye.*" Leisure Thoughts for Busy Lives. By the Author of "My Study Chair," "Musings," &c. London: The Religious Tract Society.

THE title of this book is borrowed from Wordsworth, and is used by him to describe the "random truths" which a contemplative man, who is at the same time an observer of nature, can impart, gathered among the "common things that round us lie."

And the author has shown no presumption in adopting the words as his title. He has fully justified the loan out of our philosophic poet. For a more pleasing and attractive set of contemplations we have seldom seen. They appeared, the author tells us, in the pages of the *Leisure Hour* and of the *Sunday at Home*, and were written during the intervals of parish work. They are arranged according to the course of the natural year: and are not restricted to any one line of thought, roaming over nature and man, culling from prose and poetry similitude and illustration: and all in the healthy atmosphere of a thoroughly tender and Christian heart.

Nor are other and material illustrations wanting, and those of a very pleasing kind. The woodcuts in this, as in most others of the Tract Society's choicer publications, are almost uniformly good. Some of these rise into excellence, and are quite little gems in their way. If examples are wanted, we would instance the Alpine bit, p. 210; the reflection of the mountains, p. 219; the hunting-piece, p. 248.

As a favourable specimen of the author's descriptive style we would cite:—

"Let me sit down under this network of sycamore and chestnut boughs, while the faint patches of pale sunlight move about me on the rank and drenched, yet unrowing grass: let me sit down under the bare boughs, while the brown, wet, marred leaves huddle by the side of the garden seat, and under the barred plank that serves as my footstool. I dare say my old and unfailing friend will soon come and perch near me, his lover, and match the sad cheery gleams of sunlight with sad cheery gleams of song. Bird of the mild dark loving eye, and quick quiet motion, and warm sienna-red breast; bird of the soft song,—passion subdued now to tenderness, hope that has sunk to patience, eagerness that is merged in tranquillity,—faithful bird, whose every tone and motion, familiar and loved, seems to fit the winter heart as well as the spring fancy,—those fervent, passionate songsters of the spring, that now are flown, they which drowned to my ear thy quiet song of peace: no, not even in the days when the nightingale's thrilling utterance made the world as it were full of the unsubstantial beauty of a dream. And so now I feel a sort of right to the calm and comfort of thy tranquil, unfailing utterance, when the evanescent dream has passed away, and the disenchanted world stands naked. Thus, while you are young, O my friends! and all the boughs are clothed, and all the birds are singing, and your heart makes answer to the loveliness and the music,—do not disdain, then, to listen to and to heed that quieter voice which tells, in an undertone, very beautiful if attended to, of the love of God. Your heart, if you knew it, cannot really afford to dispense with it when all the woods are loud, and all the trees are green. And if you *did* hear and heed and love it then, ah, how exquisite, how refreshing, how more than cheering the faithful notes appear.

as you sit meditating under a pale winter sky, and looking at silent, leafless boughs, and the songster draws nearer to you then, finding you alone!"—(Pp. 237-8.)

We are sure the author, whoever he be, will not take it otherwise than as high praise, when we say, that his meditations put us continually in mind of the writings of the late Robert Wilson Evans: and add that his style is free from the various "old bachelor" crotchets of that soothing and delightful writer.

The book is an admirable one for a present, whether to young or old: and its tone is of that trusting, simple reality of faith, which blesses, or should bless, the inner heart of every Christian in the wide world.

VII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

Flowers and Festivals; or, Directions for the Floral Decoration of Churches. By W. A. BARRETT, of St. Paul's Cathedral. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1868.

EXTERNALLY, this is a very beautiful and attractive little volume. If, in its contents, it seems to carry the idea of floral ornamentation to something like excess, our censure is stayed by the thought that this is one of the failings which "lean to virtue's side;" and that, in that "progression by antagonism" which governs small things and great, a little exaggeration on one side is all but indispensable to counterbalance the prevalent neglect. Few, we imagine, except the most rabid of Puritans, would seriously object to the time-honoured holly which appears at Christmas; but it would be difficult to plead any special *privilegium* for that shrub to the exclusion of others; and unless the shining leaves and red berries are to be banished, as being the "thin end" of a "ritualist" wedge, or Christmas is to be marked as the only season for outward signs of gladness, other festivals and other flowers may fairly put in their plea for like honour. The work of so decorating the homely village church, or bringing into that of the crowded city street these children of fair gardens and bright skies, is, at least, an innocent enjoyment. Like all elements of æsthetic worship, it may, of course, occupy in some minds a place of undue prominence; but if we do not condemn the "cunning work" of the sculptor or the architect, the "lilies of the field," in their beauty, may well be tolerated.

The book, before us, besides giving twenty-four plates of very graceful and well-executed designs, supplies useful hints for the arrangement of flowers, boughs, and other materials, and for their adaptation to the various seasons of the Church's year. Historical notes on the history of floral decoration, on the various forms of crosses, on the emblems of our Lord and of the saints, on the flowers and plants dedicated to saints, make the book a useful manual of out-of-the-way information. The floral calendar, *e.g.*, throws light on some of the popular names of common plants, or on facts connected with them. Thus, *Marigold* is connected with the Annunciation; the *Ornithogolum*, or Star of Bethlehem, with the Epiphany; *Allium* (the leek), with St. David; Herb Bennet, with St. Benedict's day; the White Lily with the Visitation of the Virgin (July 2); the *Hypericum*, or St. John's Wort, with St. John the Baptist; the Passion-flower, with Holy-cross day; the common *Palma Christi*, with Palm Sunday; the Trefoil and the *Viola tricolor* (Heart's-ease), with Trinity Sunday. In most cases it will be seen that the connection is simply one of time. The plant's flowering coincides roughly with the saint's day. There is no principle of symbolism recognised; and, even as it is, the combination sometimes verges on the ludicrous, when we find Bachelors' Buttons dedicated to St. James the Less, and Ursine Garlic to St. Alphege.

We gladly recommend the book to our clerical readers as an appropriate gift to the fair and willing helpers who have made their churches bright for Christmas at the cost of two or three days of hard labour in a cold church.

The Political Writings of Richard Cobden. Two Volumes. Second Edition. London: William Ridgway; New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.

THAT this collection of Mr. Cobden's works should have reached a second edition in this country, besides one in America, proves, perhaps, more in favour

of the impress which his services as a public man have left upon the memories of his countrymen than of the merits of the works themselves. Had they been signed by an unknown writer, it seems difficult to believe that any, except "1793 and 1853," and especially "How Wars are got up in India," would have obtained the honours of a reprint so long after publication, unless perhaps a century or two hence in some collection answering to that of the "Somers Tracts" or the "Harleian Miscellany." Though containing much of acute observation, and just, sometimes pungent argument, they derive in fact their main interest from their bearing on Mr. Cobden's own life, from the side-lights which they throw upon the development of his mind. Thus the man who, in his first pamphlet on "England, Ireland, and America," carried the idolatry of trade so far as to write that "commerce is the grand panacea which, like a beneficent medical discovery, will serve to inoculate with the healthy and saving taste for civilization all the nations of the world;" that "not a bale of merchandise leaves our shores but it bears the seeds of intelligence and fruitful thought to the members of some less enlightened community," grew latterly to denounce from his place in Parliament the "commercial spirit."

The true way of looking at Mr. Cobden's pamphlets is to view them as mere written speeches. As such they serve to illustrate, though they are far from completely exhibiting, the nature of the man: honest, fearless, outspoken, thoroughly devoted to a few great principles, yet often prejudiced and generally narrow, and of whom it may be said that few have ever brought to bear a wider range of observation and keener powers of reasoning upon a more limited stock of ideas,—morally and intellectually, perhaps, England's hero-shopkeeper.

The present edition is enriched with an interesting preface to the American one from the pen of Mr. W. C. Bryant, the poet and journalist.

Unsentimental Journeys; or, Byways of the Modern Babylon. By JAMES GREENWOOD, Author of "A Night in a Workhouse," &c. London: Ward and Lock.

THIS is hardly so happy a title as might have been chosen for this excellent volume, seeing that it suggests a mere dry, unrelieved detail of facts, and calls forth a tide of associations alien to the spirit in which it should be read. But Mr. Greenwood, though he writes in a clear, unvarnished style, is always fully alive to the effect his stories ought to have upon the reader. By his very reticence, and his honest desire to let his picture speak for itself, he often awakens our sympathies more powerfully than could possibly have been the case had he done otherwise. He knows ragged, wretched London thoroughly; and each page proves that "the prime inducement" to undertaking these journeys was "a liking for the subject." Mr. Greenwood skilfully throws much of the matter into dialogue, most probably part real, part invented. It is, at all events, uniformly true in spirit, and gives relief to his descriptions of poverty and suffering, and filth and squalor. The sketches "The Hospital-Gate," "Mr. Dodd's Dust-Yard," and "On Board Citizen B," are first-rate. The book, we hope, will be widely read, as it deserves.

A Book about Dominies (Schoolmasters). By a Member of the Profession. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.

Memoir of David Stow, Founder of the Training System of Education. By the Rev. WILLIAM FRASER. London: James Nisbet & Co.

As we shall see in a moment, there is the significance of contrast in coupling these books together. They differ from each other as teaching and training differ. Our dominie, though a man of fine insight, whose thoughts are advanced, and whose humour is as fine as it is strong and manly, yet rejoices in being of the old school in many things. He has a salutary dislike for "young gentlemen" in jackets; and honestly "goes in" for due doses of the birch, or, as the Scotch have it, the *tawse*. Strangely enough, the *tawse* is the only line on which our dominie would circle round to meet Mr. Stow with his training system. The *tawse* not only teaches respect, but develops a healthful public opinion, which is just a little pagan, perhaps, in its first aspect. But it has the effect of making a boy "try to bear a flogging well," and is the main cause in producing "a sight I sometimes see in our

play-ground—two sturdy little fellows thrashing away at each other with knotted straps, laughing at the pain" (p. 72). Our dominie somehow fails to see that just as his unconscious training succeeds, "Lion," as he naïvely names his instrument of torture, must of course lose the power on account of which he upholds him. The main qualification our dominie suggests for a teacher is, that he should know more than his pupil, and he recommends public schools because of the tone of opinion that prevails there. Though sometimes inconsistent, as here, the dominie is always lively and instructive, throwing out most valuable practical hints in the lightest manner. Nor is he without an exquisite touch of pathos, which here and there verges on the poetic.

Mr. David Stow, the originator of the training system, seeing a great deal of misery among the poor of Glasgow, earnestly set himself to work in order to remedy the evil. He soon found that the adults were beyond his power, and he then set about gathering the children together and teaching them on Sundays. But the ordinary Sunday-school system was most defective. What the children gained at school was undone by what they saw at home. This set Mr. Stow thinking, and the result was a system compounded of the Pestalozzian and Lancastrian systems, although Mr. Stow had not heard of, or at all events had not studied, either. He made the public opinion of the school do the whole work of punishment, and utilized the "sympathy of numbers," as disciplinary, in a most remarkable way, considering the material on which he had to work. He developed the monitorial system, and kept all employed. Some of the wisest and most far-seeing remarks on child-nature we have ever read are contained in this volume, which is written in a simple, straightforward manner, yet not without taste and elegance. Mr. Stow in his own person seems to have most satisfactorily solved the question, "Are works of mercy possible in a busy city life?"

Christian Adventures in South Africa. By the Rev. WILLIAM TAYLOR. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

MR. TAYLOR is a member of the Conference in California, and has spent the last ten or eleven years in making perhaps the most extensive "evangelistic tours" that have been placed on record. In this volume he relates his adventures while traversing the Cape Colony, Kaffraria, and Natal, between April and October, 1866. There he came mostly in contact with members of the Wesleyan denomination; and, as he calculates, 7,937 souls "were brought to God," being either "saved immediately at my meetings," or "saved in the districts in which I laboured simultaneously with my services during the period of seven months." His narrative, as well as the frontispiece to his book, affords evidence of the restless energy, self-reliance, and straightforwardness of his character; his buoyant good-humour, trust in Providence, and general reticence concerning Christians of different denominations, carry him through many difficulties. To revive the spirits of professed Christians is his special work, rather than preaching to the heathen, whose language he has not acquired. As a specimen of his method of operation, we print the following abridged extract from his account of what he did at Uitenhage (p. 35):—

"On Monday I preached in the Wesleyan chapel. After preaching, I explained the order of our prayer-meetings as follows:—A prayer-meeting should have more of the social element in it than a preaching service. We have two varieties of worship in a prayer-meeting;—public singing in the congregation alternately with prayer, in which one person leads audibly, for general worship. Then, in an undertone which need not interfere with the order and solemnity of the general worship, we give the largest liberty to individual efforts to bring souls to Christ. . . The low-toned conversation to seekers who may be inquiring—What must I do to be saved?—and the earnest ejaculatory prayer of sympathizing hearts for such, do not indeed produce the least discord in the harmony of general worship. We have nothing new to introduce, but rather the old, simple methods of the Gospel. We are now ready to converse with any who feel the awakening of the Holy Spirit, help you to grapple with your difficulties, tell you how we went through the same ordeal of hardness, darkness, grief, guilt, despair, hope, desire, and the terrible swaying between two mighty forces, the one attracting towards Christ, the other repelling. . . . We are willing to meet you in any part of the house; but we recommend all those who have resolved to seek the Lord now to come forward to this altar of prayer."

Those who came forward on these occasions and made a satisfactory profession

are set down as "having found peace," "converts," "saved." Whether Mr. Taylor's terminology be correct is a question. That the result of such a process was good to many of his hearers we do not doubt; but we should prefer to describe it in more modest words. It would be hardly fair to make Mr. Taylor responsible for the permanence of the religious feelings which he unquestionably excited in his hearers.

In Natal, Mr. Taylor met Bishop Colenso (p. 492); and it was not through any backwardness on Mr. Taylor's part that they met only once. Whilst allowing the personal good qualities of the bishop, he appears to have formed a decidedly unfavourable opinion of his teaching, and of the majority of his followers (p. 473).

There is much good matter in the discourse (p. 391), consisting of thirty pages of small print, which is given as a specimen of Mr. Taylor's preaching to "raw heathen;" but surely the limited powers of attention which such persons possess must have been sorely tried by its length.

On the whole, we commend this volume to readers who can overlook an occasional sensational story, some engravings which border on coarseness, and rather idiomatic phraseology, as containing much local information, combined with a lively account of the personal experience of a zealous preacher.

VIII.—GERMAN LITERATURE.

[The books noticed in this and the following section are supplied by Messrs. WILLIAMS AND NORWICH, Henrietta Street, and Messrs. ASHER & Co., Bedford Street, Covent Garden.]

Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache. Von JACOB GRIMM. Leipzig.

THIS work was published originally in 1818, and is too familiar to all students of philology to call for any detailed account. It may be noted, however, that this the third edition incorporates a considerable number of notes made by Grimm himself in his copy of the second. As regards the size, notwithstanding these additions, it contains the same number of pages as the second edition, and the pages of the two coincide exactly. Here, though the method of the book, with its intermixture of comparative vocabularies of all the objects that enter into nomad, or agricultural, or religious life, and its treatises on the relations and changes of vowels and consonants, and its historical disquisitions on the tribes that made up the great *Deutsch* people, may seem somewhat faulty in classification, the groups are, at any rate, well defined; and besides the table of contents there is a fairly copious index, which enables the student to track out any word or subject on which he may be seeking information.

Clavis Novi Testamenti Philologica. Leipzig.

THE illustrious name mentioned in the above notice meets us once again in the person of Dr. Carl L. W. Grimm (we know not whether related to either of the great brothers) as the editor of this new and very complete edition of Wilke's *Clavis Novi Testamenti Philologica*, which has come to its fourth and last fasciculus. The editor, on the title-page and in his preface, professes to have found it necessary to make a new book of it. He has kept in view, more than any previous editor had done, the various readings of the great MSS., including the Sinaitic, has paid more attention than Wahl to illustrative passages from classical authors, and to the renderings of Greek words in Vulgate or patristic Latin, has treated the particles more fully and accurately than Bretschneider. This flourish of trumpets might, perhaps, have been better spared, for "good wine needs no bush;" but the work is really good, and seems more thorough than that of any other New Testament lexicon with which we are acquainted. As being in Latin, too, it commends itself as available for many students of theology to whom a German lexicon would have rendered but little help.

Wörterbuch zu Dr. Martin Luthers Deutschen Schriften. Von PH. DIETZ. Leipzig.

THIS is, in plain English, a "Luther Concordance" in six or eight parts of 192 pages each, which appears to us at once too narrow in its scope, and too full in its execution. A dictionary of the German of the sixteenth century would be a useful contribution to a full lexicon of the whole language, on the plan of

Richardson's English one, and might easily be made on a scale of much greater completeness, and finished with more discernment. But to reproduce the text of every passage in Luther in which a given noun or verb occurs, burdens us with materials of which much is necessarily superfluous, while the absence of any illustration from earlier, contemporary, or later writers deprives us of the light which they might throw on Luther, or Luther on them, and hinders us from tracing his influence on the religious or general phraseology of the period that follows. It is commended to us by Professor Vilmar as a supplement to Grimm's great "*Wörterbuch*," and as such it will doubtless find a place in most public and some private libraries.

Wallenbach's Anleitung zur Griechischen Paläographie. Leipzig.

THIS *Anleitung* is illustrated by twelve plates in fac-simile, and will be found useful to those who want a briefer manual than the treatise of Montfaucon. It gives a clear account of the styles of writing characteristic of different centuries, directs the reader to the chief accessible examples of them, illustrates the transitions between the *uncial* and the later *cursive* writing by tracing the changes as they affect each letter of the alphabet, and gives, as we have said, fac-similes of many remarkable MSS., chiefly of the latter type.

Archiv für Wissenschaftliche Erforschung des Alten Testaments. Herausgegeben von Dr. ADALBERT MERX. Halle.

THIS *Archiv* promises to equal any of its predecessors. Dr. Fürst contributes an elaborate monograph on the "Ethnography of the Hebrews." This is followed by the Arabic translation (Saadia's) of Hosea, with a German version of Chap. I., and notes by Dr. Schröder. Dr. Graf contributes Part I. of a full history of the tribe of Levi; Professor Hitzig, a few etymological notes on biblical proper names. This synopsis of its contents will show for what class of readers it is meant, and how far it is likely to meet their wants. It strikes us, however, that our German fellow-workers in this line of inquiry would be better for reciprocating, in regard to the works of English Biblical scholars, the study which the latter bestow so abundantly on them. On many points, e.g., in Dr. Graf's paper on the tribe of Levi, information will be found in articles in Dr. Smith's "*Dictionary of the Bible*" which would have made his treatment of the subject more complete, and yet he seems not even aware of the existence of such a book as that which has brought before English readers the results of German and English scholarship.

Grammatik der Neusyrischen Sprache. Von THEODOR NÖLDEKE. Leipzig: T. O. Weigel. 1868.

THE publication, by so competent a scholar as Nöldeke, of a grammar of the modern Syriac, as spoken by the Nestorians and Jacobites of the regions of Turkey and Persia lying to the northward of Mesopotamia, is a valuable contribution to the history of the Semitic languages. We can now trace the Aramaic language for about four thousand years, from an original parallel with the Assyro-Babylonian of the cuneiform inscriptions, through Chaldee and Syriac, to this latest descendant, which, in Nöldeke's opinion, is a collateral rather than a direct representative of Syriac proper, to which it is undoubtedly more closely related than to any other Semitic language or dialect. It is unfortunate that the sources are very limited, and mostly translations, by the American missionaries established at Urmieh, of the Bible, and of certain writings of English theology, the latter essentially so different in their point of view from anything Semitic, or even Oriental, that idioms must often be distorted by a translator, however thoroughly acquainted with the language. It is right to add that Nöldeke acknowledges the services of Stoddard's grammar and F. Müller's vocabulary.

Geschichte der Renaissance in Italien. Von JACOB BURCKHARDT. Mit Illustrationen.

Holbein und seine Zeit. Von Dr. ALFRED WOLTMANN.

WE regret that we have not been able to give these books all the time they deserve. Both are of that kind of German works which may be said to require German readers; and when we look at the carefully-ordered books and chapters, and the masses of reference, often to works we have not seen—when we look over well-drawn plans and hard-and-sharp woodcuts, unattractive but in clear facsimile or true perspective—when, moreover, we find capital accounts of

our own favourite buildings and pictures—we acknowledge, with a hearty good-will, that Professor Lübke, Herr Burckhardt, and Dr. Alfred Woltmann know a great deal more of their subjects than we do.

The History of Renaissance Architecture is written to complete the series of Kugler's works. Dr. Lübke pays a graceful tribute to the memory of a writer who is perhaps best known of all foreign authors on art in this country. The history is an impartial view of Renaissance building—there is no partisanship, certainly none of that hatred (*hass*) of Gothic which prevailed in Italy towards the end of the sixteenth century. Now-a-days we are all assisting the Renaissance of English, French, and German Gothic; and this leads us to our author's true observation, that Gothic and all architecture of the great cities was domestic, civic, and national in its feeling, rather than religious. "In free cities municipal pride seeks to gratify itself and excel its neighbours by some great effort at cathedral-building. Unaided devotion is subject to oscillations, and declines under the influence of civic contributions and taxes." This exactly falls in with Mr. Ruskin's statement, that the French cathedral towers were built in neighbourly rivalry, much like that of a cricket match.

We are pleased, in our necessarily hasty view of this book, to have found so many coincidences of thought between our own countryman and these learned and impartial German inquirers, who do not seem to be aware of his existence. The necessity that a great architect should be a sculptor or painter is gradually being impressed on us by Mr. Ruskin at home; and Herr Burckhardt quotes Ghiberti's remark on Giotto to the same purpose. "Quando la natura vuole concedere alcuna cosa, la concede senza veruna avarizia." On this he makes a capital observation, to the effect that "the many-sidedness of most of the earlier artists, which is quite a riddle to our age of division of labour, was of extraordinary value in architecture when architects were also sculptors, painters, and carvers in wood; accustomed to express form in every way." Our authors have a feeling for Venice which reminds one of Mr. Ruskin's third work. "Venice," they say, "is almost entirely silent (in the expression of new architectural spirit about 1420). . . . Wo Venedig spricht, tönen seine Worte am stolzesten."

After two chapters on the monumental spirit of Italian architecture, and sketches of patrons and architects, &c., the early Renaissance is traced to the time when its lovers finally declared against Gothic as barbarous beyond endurance. There are chapters on Vitruvius and the mediæval study of his works; on the "composition" of churches, palaces, hospitals, bridges, and villas; on baths, gardens, carving in stone, decorative sculpture, iron and woodwork, tessellated pavements, façade-painting, and stucco, on Rafael, Giovanni da Udine, and Cinquè-Cento, on furniture and pageants, triumphal arches, and theatres. All are illustrated in that clear and workman-like manner of wood-engraving which is so far less attractive and so much more really desirable than our own "effective" style. Such buildings are selected for examples, as Sta Maria della Grazie at Milan, the interior of S. Zaccaria at Venice, and S. Lorenzo at Florence. Particular attention is drawn to the chief constructive excellence of the Renaissance, derived from the cathedral at Pisa, or one might say from St. Sophia itself—the use of the round dome (or polygonal roof, as at Sta M. della Grazie) over the square substructure. Venetian and other sarcophagi are described, with two pre-eminently good illustrations—one very small one of the most ornamented type of the later pure Gothic graves so wonderfully described in the third volume of the "Stories of Venice,"—another of a grandly-carved Florentine sarcophagus in Sta Croce (pp. 283, 34). The work seems to us to deserve to be as carefully read as it is well and laboriously written.

We had rather hear of the German Reformation than the Italian Renaissance; and one of the earlier and most important chapters of Dr. Alfred Woltmann's second volume of "Holbein and his Times," enables us to cross the Alps to Basle, and indeed to England. This book appears to us about as well written and illustrated as a book need be. It has no index, but the analyses at the heads of its chapters do almost as well. Its three main divisions are Holbein's influence on the Reformation; a long and interesting account of the various "Dances of Death," of which his great fresco on the cloister wall at Basle was the representative work; and the story of the rest of his life and work as a portrait-painter, spent almost entirely in England. This reaches us at exactly the right time. A year ago little more was popularly known about the Swiss master

that he painted a Dance of Death, and various portraits of Henry VIII. We have now not only catalogued, but very many of us have seen, his principal works in this country, thanks to the National Portrait Exhibition; to which the Woltmann often refers. We have to thank him in particular for the woodcut of a cartoon, for an unfinished fresco, of Henry VIII. and his father; but the most valuable illustrations are those of the "Ablass-handel," or Indulgence-shop, and of Christ accepting humble worshippers and rejecting popes and doctors. Multiplied as these were by the press, they must have been felt as an ever-ready weapon in the hands of the new teachers, which made them always more and more formidable in their appeal to the people. Woodcut and fresco took questions out of the exclusive handling of doctors and schoolmen. For example, the Indulgence-shop is a powerful assertion of the efficacy of personal repentance and prayer, on which all Protestantism turns. On one side, business is going on. The beggar is crying to the monk in vain for forgiveness of sins—those who can pay are paying, and money down is the strict order of the day. On the other, the "Offen Synder"—as we understand it, the self-convicted man freely confessing his sin—is following David and Manasses, who kneel before Christ. This is the practical side of the Reformation. Its speculative side is represented in "Christus das wahre Licht"—the lamp of Truth separates two sides. By it stands the Lord, with willing followers crowding to Him, laity and clergy and women. He is giving them sight. On the other part, popes, cardinals, monks, and doctors, all blind, are leading each other away among dark mountains (which remind one of the "Pilgrim's Progress"). They are led by Plato and Aristotle, the first of whom has just fallen into a pit, and the other (dressed "like a malignant and a turban'd Turk") is following him. This points to the feeling of the time against philosophy, tersely expressed by Mr. Maurice: "Men saw that the popes were governed by the doctors, and the doctors by the Categories."

The journey to England in the winter of 1527; Erasmus' well-contented account of Englishmen as a body; his unlimited admiration of the women, their beauty, good manners, and morals; the "nie genug gepriesene Sitte" of a kiss at meeting and parting, his delight that that proceeding was actually expected of strangers; Sir Thomas More and his household—are all duly described in Chapters VI. and VII. The information about Holbein's English portraits is full, and shows most conscientious labour, or rather labour of love. That and the Dance of Death, and its relation to Orcagna's works, and through him to the Byzantines, would occupy far more than our permitted space. The relation between Holbein and Durer (who died fifteen years before Holbein perished in London by the pestilence of 1543) is worthy of real attention. Holbein carried on the torch which fell from Durer's hand with the vigour of a man of the people, with the full power of the Realist school, and also with a sense of natural beauty of form unknown in the north since the days of Van Eyck. His power over beauty was original; he gained nothing from Italy. Beginning from the feelings and thoughts of German folk, his influence has extended over the world. Durer's range is as wide, but he is best understood—can only be understood entirely—by Germans, "who love him even for his faults, because they are so truly German."

De Baconis Baronis de Verulamio Philosophia. Scripsit AUGUSTUS DORNER, Dr. Phil. Berolini, MDCCCLXVII. Prostat apud Wih. Hertz.

THIS is confessedly the work of a young writer. In Germany the future *littérateur* generally begins with a monograph of some great philosopher. Dr. Dorner has made choice of Bacon. After an account of Bacon's life there follows an excellent exposition of his philosophy and a discourse of the time in which he lived. The writer concludes by showing the influence of Bacon on Hobbes and Locke.

Logik und Metaphysik. Von Dr. LEONHARD RABUS. Erlangen: Verlag von Andreas Deichert. 1868.

DR. RABUS is Professor of Philosophy in the Lyceum of Speyer. This is the first part, which consists of a Doctrine of Knowledge, a History of Logic, and a System of Logic. Dr. Rabus has all the immense learning and industry which we generally suppose necessary to constitute a German professor. At the end of this volume is a list of all the writers on Logic, from Plato and Aristotle, to Mill and Mansel, Whately and Whewell.

Psychologische Briefe. Von Dr. JOHANN EDUARD ERDMANN. Leipzig: Verlag von Carl Geibel. 1863.

THIS is the third improved and enlarged edition of the charming "Psychological Letters" of Professor Erdmann, of the University of Halle-Wittenberg. Dr. Erdmann is not only a believer in German philosophy, but is himself a genuine Teutonic philosopher.

Philosophie Schriften. Von Dr. FRANZ HOFFMANN. Erlangen: Verlag von Andreas Deichert. 1868.

THIS is the first volume of the collected Philosophical Writings of Dr. Hoffmann, the learned professor of the Catholic University of Würzburg. They are dedicated to the shades of his "never-to-be-forgotten teacher and master, Franz von Baader." Baader was a disciple of Schelling, and like Novalis and some other of his mystical disciples, exerted an influence over the thinking minds of the Catholic portion of Germany. Dr. Hoffmann's works are of great interest, as showing what an earnest Catholic professor has to say on modern philosophical thought.

Johann Martin Lappenberg. Eine Biographische Schilderung, von ELARD HUGO MEYER.

THIS is a pleasant, gossiping little memoir, written in a rather florid style, and delighting to dwell upon the varying moods, first love, early friendships, domestic happiness, religious emotions, and sentimental side generally of one whom we have hitherto chiefly known as an erudite historian and archæologist, and very dry writer. This biography, at all events, is not dry; it is amusingly full of the usual biographical enthusiasm to which the minutest incident or personal peculiarity appears boundlessly significant. Lappenberg was partly educated in Edinburgh, spent a good deal of time in England, and had numerous friends in this country. Indeed, the generality of us owe our acquaintance with him mainly to his work on early British history. Such, however, as desire to know more of his character and achievements will find them conscientiously recorded and lovingly commented upon by Herr Meyer, and to some of us it may be a further recommendation to know that the book is written in very easy German.

Schillers Sämmtliche Schriften: Historische-kritische Ausgabe. Stuttgart: Verlag der J. G. Cotta'schen Buchhandlung.

SUCH a work as this shows us how firmly Schiller holds his ground in the love and veneration of Germany. This is not only an *édition de luxe* of the great writer's collective works, but an elaborate historical and critical account of them, to which no fewer than seven learned men have contributed the results of their research and analysis. The two volumes now offered to the public merely bring us down to 1782, and include only the earliest of Schiller's widely-known productions—his play of "The Robbers."

Geschichte der Siebenjährigen Kriegs. Von ARNOLD SCHLAEFER. Berlin: W. Hertz.

ENGLISHMEN, so soon after the work of their countryman, Carlyle, will hardly be disposed to enter on a new history of Frederic the Great, or of the seven years' war. There may be some, however, who will have had their interest awakened, and their appetite only sharpened, not satiated, by Mr. Carlyle's volumes. To these we recommend M. Schaefer's work. It is to be contained in two volumes. The first, which has just appeared, brings down the history to the battle of Leuthen.

Aus dem Nachlasse Friedrichs von Genz. Wien.

THE name of Von Genz is remembered amongst us as that of a staunch champion (in literature and diplomacy) of the Bourbons. We have here two volumes of his letters and other remains. They will, doubtless, be useful to the historian of the last age. We cannot help noticing the beautiful manner in which they are printed. But how is it that, while the presses of France and Vienna far surpass our own in elegance of printing, the foreign bookseller persists in leaving his elegant volumes without any protection from the binder, so that they fall to pieces the moment they are cut open? We English are more utilitarian here. Our books come to us in a shape in which they can at once be used and handled.

Bilder aus der deutschen Vergangenheit. Von GUSTAV FREYTAG. Leipzig: S. Hirzel.

GUSTAV FREYTAG is now so well known and widely popular amongst us

that it is unnecessary to do more than briefly call attention to the appearance of two new volumes of his spirited representations of German life in the middle ages. Of these volumes one deals with the century of the Reformation, and will be found full of intense interest.

Chrestomathie Provençale, accompagnée d'une Grammaire et d'un Glossaire. Par KARL BARTSCH. Elberfeld: R. L. Frideriks.

A MOST acceptable book to any one desirous of making an acquaintance with Provençal literature. We have "elegant extracts," as they may perhaps be called, accompanied by a glossary, both French and German. We may therefore drink at the fountain-head, and quite enough, and very easily.

Mein erster Ausflug. Wanderungen in Griechenland von MAXIMILIAN I. Leipzig: Duncker and Humblot.

THIS brief narrative of a tour in Greece, taken in 1850 by the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian, then a youth of eighteen, was not included by him in the records of his life, printed for private circulation amongst his near relatives and intimate friends, and, as our readers are aware, recently given to the public; he himself modestly looking upon this early diary as too insignificant a production to submit even to the kindly criticism of the home circle. Yet such is the interest now excited by one of the most heart-rending of imperial tragedies, that we doubt not the little work finding many readers. It is written in a natural, easy style, affords evidence of the passion for the sea and the pleasure in collecting which distinguished Maximilian in later life, and breathes throughout a spirit of youthful enjoyment and mental activity. From the short preface to the volume we extract two little biographical touches which are full of pathos. The one is taken from the Archduke's early childhood, when he was both delicate in health and apparently dull in intellect. Fräulein von Sturmfeder, the lady to whose care his early years were intrusted, bestowed by far the larger share of her affections upon his handsomer and more vivacious elder brother, but this in no way alienated the tenderness of the little Max from her; and when the time came for passing out of her hands into those of tutors, he clung round her neck, exclaiming with many tears, "I love you so—so much; just as you love Frauzi." The other incident is from the Emperor's mournful close. Worn out by imprisonment, suspense, anguish of every kind, the fervent affectionateness of his nature seems to have induced a happy illusion. A beloved form rose between him and the muskets of the soldiers. When they offered to bandage his eyes he refused, assigning for his reason that "he could not then any longer see his mother."

IX.—FRENCH LITERATURE.

Libres Etudes. Par ATHANASE COQUEREL, Fils. Paris: Germer Baillière.

WE are not told how it comes to pass that a number of brief papers of so various a character are here brought together in one volume, but we presume that this is a collection of occasional contributions to the periodical press. Some are evidently so. The well-earned reputation of M. Coquerel, Fils, can neither be augmented, nor endangered, by their reproduction. The Reformation, the Fine Arts, the History of the Jews, topics so diverse as these are slightly touched upon, and a volume of pleasant but desultory reading is the result. The eye of an Englishman will, perhaps, be first arrested by a paper bearing the title, "*L'Angleterre et le Caractère Anglais*," and his *amour propre*, or love of country, will not be otherwise than gratified. He will learn how very melancholy the impression which London and Londoners make upon the foreigner on his first arrival amongst us, and he will learn how a longer sojourn reveals to the foreigner, if he is not an unfriendly critic, traits and characteristics which compel his respect. The qualities which M. Coquerel credits us with (may his words be the words of truth!) are our willingness to learn our own defects, and our persevering efforts to remedy them. Not as a government, be it understood, but as a people, we "try, and yet try again!" Our great Exhibition had proved to us that we were far inferior to other nations, and especially to France, in matters of taste, in whatever pertains to the ornamental in our arts or manufactures. Now, taste or the love of the beautiful seems a spontaneous element, and one that can hardly be produced by culture. But we

did not despair. We no sooner recognised our deficiency than we set to work to remove it. We instituted schools of design, we set good models before the eyes of our artisans, and, as far as possible, before the eyes of the people. We built museums, and inquired by what law it is that colours and forms are beautiful or ornamental. We hope we deserve this praise; we hope we may be long distinguished by these two characteristics—an active-minded and persevering people, and a government that keeps doggedly within its own indispensable functions.

Bossuet Orateur. Par E. GANDAR.

M. GANDAR supplies a valuable supplement to the labours of M. Delondres on the philosophy, and M. Floquet on the private life, of Bossuet. He does not trench on their ground, and keeps strictly to his programme. The orator is never lost sight of, from his first efforts, his methods of composition, his steady development, up to the perfection which he reached in the great orations pronounced before Louis XIV. His career is traced with much subtle analysis and copious illustration. The transition period from youth to maturity is fixed by the panegyric on San Bernard (1655), so uneven, and yet so brilliant with the glowing spontaneity of youth. In the panegyric of San Victor (1657) a great advance is noticed, but not till the appearance of Pascal's "Provinciales" does he fully embrace that philosophy of rhetoric which enabled him to cast away for ever the subtleties of a false casuistry, a certain scholastic stiffness, and all undue prolixity. In 1659 he enters on his great period, and our author is content to leave him at the zenith of his fame. We have glimpses of other contemporary preachers, such as Godeau and Lebourg, and Bossuet's relations with Pascal are just sketched. Nothing is brought forward materially to modify the world's conception of Bossuet as the most complete and powerful type of the Roman ecclesiastic—the man who never doubts a dogma, changes his position, or surrenders a point. To us the preface is the newest and the most interesting part of the book. It is full of curious little facts, such as that the handwriting of Bossuet changed three times, and it describes minutely the condition of many of his scattered and neglected manuscripts. The book is written in a clear style from the abundance of a full mind, and it is often sufficiently vigorous and eloquent to remind us of Bossuet himself.

Les Musiciens Célèbres. Par FELIX CLEMENT.

THIS book, consisting of 680 pages octavo, is in many ways a contrast to a recent Handbuch by Arrey von Dommer. Whether a Frenchman will ever be able to write philosophically about German music remains to be seen. M. Berlioz is probably the nearest approach. This work is in no sense philosophical, but as presenting us with a series of musical biographies from the rise of the Italian singing schools (1520) up to the present time, it is really valuable. The forty-four portraits, three of which are heliographs, show the most careful execution, and have been collected from all parts of Europe. The work is, in short, an animated picture-gallery. From any other point of view it is unsatisfactory. The chapters on Wagner and Liszt, and the bold assertion that the romantic movement of 1830 was sterile in music when it was not disastrous, sufficiently exhibit French musical criticism in all its captivating nudity. The amusing prominence given to Frenchmen of whom no one has ever heard, together with a well-meant but futile attempt to be fair to Germany and hard upon France, greatly disarms the serious critic. The chapter on Mendelssohn is perfectly amazing. We can only observe, with an irrepresible smile, that it is half as long as the chapter on Donizetti, and much more full of strikingly original sentiments. After this we are hardly surprised to find a chapter on Mr. W. Vincent Wallace, and no mention whatever of Dr. Sterndale Bennett. Indeed, before the reader gets so far he will have ceased to wonder at anything. The book is, however, very readable and light, sometimes even flowery, and there are no notes.

Correspondance Inédite de Victor Jacquemont avec sa Famille et ses Amis, 1824—1832. Précédée d'une Notice Biographique par V. JACQUEMONT, Neveu, et d'une Introduction par PROSPER MÉRIMÉE, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Michel Levy Frères.

THE very fact of the publication of this new and enlarged edition of letters to intimate friends, written nearly forty years ago by one who achieved no

special conquest in any domain of the sciences to which his life was devoted, sufficiently proves Victor Jacquemont to have been a remarkable character, greater in himself than in what he did. These letters were thrown off, M. Merrimée tells us, with singular ease and rapidity during the journey, under the tent, with the first pen that came to hand, and on every variety of paper to be met with in India, yet hardly ever did they present an erasure or an emendation. To this perfect spontaneity, as well as to the cordial, confidential strain in which Jacquemont poured out heart and mind to the friends of his choice, these letters doubtless owe much of their permanent fascination. India has been often explored since his day, to say nothing of the changes in government, boundaries, modes of locomotion, &c., forty years have wrought; but his impressions, whether of the scenery, natural productions, or inhabitants, will still be found full of vivid interest. For the sake of such of our readers who are unfamiliar with his name we give a few details of his too brief career.

Born in 1801, circumstances early determined him to apply himself to physical science, though M. Merrimée holds that his quick insight and persistent energy would have secured him distinction in any other career. While experimenting in Baron Thenard's laboratory, an accidental inhalation of cyanogen seriously injured his health, which he recruited by country life and mountain excursions, bringing back to Paris fresh acquirements in botany and natural history. We gather that it was the misery caused by a romantic and misplaced attachment that led him in 1826 to leave Paris and his numerous friends, amongst whom are many distinguished names, for the United States, and later for the island of St. Domingo, where he had a brother settled. It was there that he received from the Directors of the Jardin des Plantes a commission to travel in India for the purpose of scientific research in three departments, ethnology, botany, and geology. How zealously he fulfilled his mission his correspondence best shows. He died of fever at Bombay in the year 1832.

To the Editor of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

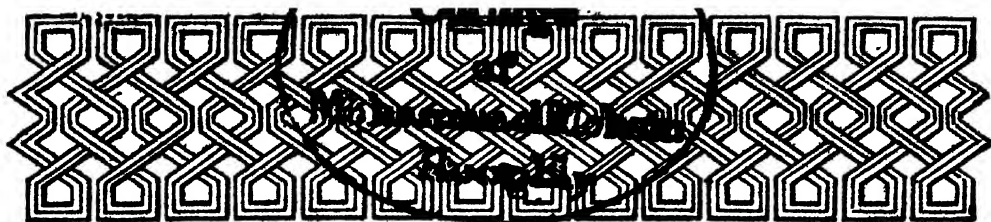
SIR,

In the January number of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW I have read an article headed "Rome at the Close of 1867. Notes from within the City." In that article I find the following charges against a dear and honoured friend of mine who is well known by name to most readers of Italian history; I mean Signor Mazzini. The first charge is, that he was "never under fire." In Medic's account of the retreat of Garibaldi from Milan, after the abandonment of that city to the Austrians by Charles Albert in 1847, you will find that Mazzini carried the standard in the army. Whether he was technically "under fire" on other occasions I know not, but he has certainly served in expeditions where he would be exposed to all the dangers of battle.

These dangers, however, are the least of those to which Mazzini has been exposed, and when, *secondly*, your contributor speaks of him as "only a hero on paper," he betrays an ignorance of facts about the history of the city from which his article is written which is really startling. Is he really ignorant that Mazzini was at the head of affairs during the siege of Rome in 1849? and, if he thinks there was no risk in that, what does he think of his remaining in that city after its occupation by the French, walking publicly in the streets? Again and again, too, he has risked his life by going to Italy when under sentence of death. And this brings me to the other two charges of your contributor. "Himself in perfect security of life," he says, "he merely issues inflammatory proclamations from afar, and urges a revolution which he does not personally join in." With respect to the first part of this sentence, though I have already virtually answered it, I must make this further remark. One at least of the proclamations which Signor Mazzini addressed during the latter part of the late insurrection to the *Italians outside Rome*, was written by him in Italy, where he was at risk of his life from the Government, and desperately ill. With respect to the last part of the charge, I must give a further explanation. Mazzini did not approve of the attempt from without, nor did he believe that anything but a *republican* movement would secure Rome, and through it a united Italy. Therefore he did not join, but *neither did he instigate Garibaldi's attempt*, but remained watching events, and collecting men and arms in case there should be practical use for them. When the French took advantage of Garibaldi's expedition to violate the convention, Mazzini issued the proclamations to which your contributor alludes.

Yours respectfully,

C. E. MAURICE.



CHURCH PARTIES, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

THE saying ascribed to Lord Chatham,* that the Church of England had a Popish Liturgy, Calvinistic Articles, and an Arminian clergy, was, like most epigrammatic statements, the exaggeration of a truth. It is historically true that the Prayer-Book represents, for the most part, the element which we have inherited from mediæval Latin Christendom, that whenever any tendencies to move Romewards have shown themselves in the history of the English Church, they have worked primarily through the *cultus* which the Prayer-Book sets forth, and been defended in things external by its rubrics, and in matters of doctrine by the language of its formularies. It is not less true that, though the phraseology of the Articles may have more affinities with the Confession of Augsburg than with any of the doctrinal statements of the French or Swiss Reformers, they have upon them the stamp of that theology which found in Calvin its ablest and most logical exponent. It was true, lastly, of the clergy of Chatham's time, that they, in the antagonism of their theology to the Calvinism of Dissent, and in the hatred of Popery which they had inherited from the Revolution of 1688, might be popularly described as Arminian. Actually, indeed, the points at issue between Calvinists and Arminians, Supralapsarians and Sublapsarians, the old battle-ground of the Quinquarticular controversy,

* The saying has been often quoted. I confess myself unable to verify it in what I know of Lord Chatham's speeches, letters, or life.

were rather laid on one side altogether, than debated with the eagerness which gives birth to party action. To the supercilious judgment of the statesman, perhaps to many of the clergy, Wesley and Whitefield, Law and Toplady, any teachers of earnest evangelical religion would have seemed equally Calvinistic. What characterized the great body of the clergy of that time was rather a popular, untheoretical Pelagianism, a non-emotional religion, a non-æsthetic *cultus*, the assertion of man's power to will, of the inalienable prerogatives of conscience, of the authority of the faculty which was known by various names, as "right Reason," the "Moral Sense," the "Light of Nature," and the like. On this ground, chiefly, it opposed the Calvinism which, under Whitgift and Abbot, had once been dominant in the Church of England, as inconsistent with man's conceptions of the moral attributes of God.

But the characteristic feature of Chatham's epigram is, that it treated the Liturgy and the Articles as dead and obsolete, things belonging to the past, "decaying and waxing old, and ready to vanish away." They were there, remnants of a by-gone age, in glaring contrast with whatever was living and energetic in the actual teachers and representatives of the Church. The one thing that did not enter into his calculations was that the two elements which seemed to have lost their power should start up into a new vitality, prove themselves to be "not dead but sleeping," sweep away almost or altogether the so-called Arminianism of the clergy, and divide them into two hostile camps, watching each other with suspicion and distrust, sometimes breaking out into acrimonious bitterness, sometimes entering on the pitched battles of legal prosecutions. So, however, it has been. High Church and Low Church, Anglican and Evangelical, Ritualistic and Protestant—these names bear witness of a strife which, far from being extinct, waxes fiercer and hotter every day. Prayer-Book and Articles are each represented by large and active parties, bound, of course, theoretically to acknowledge both, and to prove their agreement with each other, yet each also striving, consciously or unconsciously, to subordinate one to the other, to make the most of whatever fits into its own system, to ignore or pass over lightly the inconvenient passages which bear testimony to that of its opponents.

And to these two great parties there has been added of late years a third, which may be said roughly to represent the "Arminian clergy" of Chatham's aphorism. Theoretically, indeed, the chief leaders among those to whom some one in an evil hour gave the nickname of the Broad Church* party, are as far as possible from

* The phrase appears, recognised as already current, in an article on Church Parties, by Mr. Conybeare, in the *Edinburgh Review* for Oct., 1853, and beyond all question

symbolizing with the scholastic technicalities of Arminian theology. They, too, leave it on one side, or fling it behind them with a contemptuous apathy. But so far as they represent the spirit of private judgment in opposition to Church authority ; of critical inquiry into Scripture and its sources instead of a practical acceptance of its infallible authority as it meets us in the English version, and a theoretical assertion of its infallibility in the original ; of a religion predominantly ethical in contrast with one chiefly emotional, or dogmatic, or liturgical, they answer to many of the thinkers and scholars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries whom Chatham had in view. They are the heirs of Chillingworth and Hales, of Tillotson and Burnet, of Balguy and Butler, of Clarke and Paley, if we may include foreign theologians in the list, of Grotius and Le Clerc. The existence of such a party introduces a new complication into the problem. There is the risk of divergence in three directions till the body is rent asunder. There is the risk also of the combination of any two of the factions in order for a time to triumph over, and, it may be, expel the third.

All such classifications, however serviceable for purposes of rough analysis, are, of course, only approximately accurate. There are, let us thank God for it, very many who cannot be well classed with any party, and who yet (or therefore) do their work faithfully and loyally. There are affinities which draw together those who are labelled as antagonists. The influence of free and open speech, and friendly meetings, brings out latent sympathies that were hardly dreamt of. The moderate Churchman and the moderate Evangelical are often as near each other as are the Liberal-Conservative and the Conservative-Liberal. A section, at least, of the Evangelical school, has been more or less faithful to the principle of free inquiry. There have been approximations to union, in their common desire for a wider basis than the Tudor platform of the English Church, even between High and Broad. And each party, again, let us remember, is seen at its worst rather than its best, in what we have learnt to call its "organs" and its "representatives." The real master-minds on either side may understand and so appreciate each other, may come into occasional collision, and yet lose no jot of mutual admiration and esteem ; but the followers, the journalists, the frothy talkers, exaggerate all differences, and sharpen all animosities. Paul, Cephas, Apollos, may represent but different phases of the truth,—phases conditioned by the inevitable differences of education, temperament, mental con-

acquired through that article a wider and more lasting notoriety. Attention had, however, been drawn to the rise of a new School, likely to be a formidable competitor with the then dominant Tractarianism, by the present Bishop of London, in the Preface to his *University Sermons*, published in 1846.

It is by the men who cry "I am of Cephas," and "I of Apollos," and "I of Paul," that Christ is divided and the unity of the Church imperilled.

One who has never been able to attach himself to the ranks of any of these parties, or to use its Shibboleths, who shrinks more and more from the organized action which characterises their movements, and who yet finds much to reverence and sympathise with in all three, may perhaps be permitted to note what it is that he admires in each, what it is that keeps him from joining any one until it becomes other than it is. A position of comparative isolation, if it bring with it many drawbacks,—the loss of the sense of strength in belonging to a compact body, the loss of influence over many whom one would gladly reach, of apparent and even real opportunities for good,—brings with it also the compensation of a judgment, which, if it be erroneous, is at least not embittered,—which may fail through ignorance or unconscious prepossession, but is, at least, not swayed by personal or controversial antipathies. Such an one may hope to do justice to those who are arrayed in hostile ranks, even where they are least able to do justice to each other. He may render to each the service of helping it to see its own defects, and to recognise the merits of its opponents. The words of the great Epicurean poet might speak but of a lofty selfishness:—

"Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem.

Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri
Per campos instructa, tuâ sine parte pericli."

There may be a terrible temptation, an intellectual voluptuousness in the sweetness of which he speaks:—

"Sed nil dulcius est bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena,
Despicere unde queas alios passimque videre
Errare atque viam palanteis querere vita."

But one who stands apart from the battle may at least interpose the friendly offices of a neutral between the two belligerents. One who, in seeking the *via vite*, has not travelled with this crowd or that, may be able to see, though on no loftier eminence than others, that those who look upon each other as hopelessly lost, "ignorant and out of the way," are yet in it, and to direct the notice of each to the points where it has turned aside from the straightest or the easiest way, and to the snares and pitfalls that beset it.

I. It has been too much the fashion with superficial writers of the opposing schools to depreciate the character of the Evangelical party,

and the services which it has rendered to the cause of English Christianity. It is represented not seldom as a party all but effete, wanting in intellectual power, having no hold on the minds or affections of the great body of Englishmen. I believe that an impartial survey of its history and present state would lead to a very different conclusion. Faults there have been, faults there are, which are sapping its strength, mistakes in principle or policy which have threatened its vitality, but as a whole, its results may challenge comparison on many grounds with those of any party in the Church.

It would not be easy to fix the date when the school in question could be said to have begun its organized existence. The Puritan tradition, though it had been thrust out violently by the Act of Uniformity in 1662, though discouraged alike by the churchmanship of Sancroft and the latitudinarianism of Tillotson, though retreating into obscurity before the cold morality of the educated clergy, and the coarse Toryism of the uneducated squireens who filled most of the country parishes, had never quite died out. Leighton and Bunyan, and Baxter, had readers and disciples even among the clergy, and yet more among the middle-class laity. Beveridge, high enough in his churchmanship on some points, and rich in ecclesiastical learning, might well be recognised as a representative teacher on most of the cardinal doctrines of Evangelical theology. The movements of Wesley and Whitefield began within the Church, and had they been met with the wisdom which looks before and after, instead of with blind panic or blinder irritation, might have been kept within it as a source of new life and strength. And out of this tradition (I do not forget that they themselves would have ascribed the work to a higher Worker) sprang those to whom we may look as to the patriarchs of the more modern schools; Toplady, and Cowper, and Newton, and Cecil, and Romaine, followed, scarcely a generation later, by Wilberforce and Simeon, and those whose lives and characters have been portrayed so vividly by Sir James Stephen as the "Clapham Sect."

It is, of course, undeniable that the Evangelical succession includes but few names of men eminent for the power which shows itself in Biblical scholarship or philosophical theology. Scott stands almost alone as their great master of exegesis. Milner is their one ecclesiastical historian. It was true then, as it had been at an earlier time, that "not many wise men were called." Human learning, if not formally condemned, was practically disparaged. "The Bible, and the Bible alone, was the religion of Protestants," and by the Bible was meant the Authorised Version, accepted without inquiry as to the history of its contents, or the accuracy of its renderings. The claims of reason to interpret Scripture, "as any other book,"

were set aside as impious and presumptuous. The true interpretation was to be found not intellectually, but experimentally, and men were assured, with a vehemence which roused consciences and emotional natures could hardly withstand, that this experimental knowledge could only issue in the acceptance of the characteristic doctrines of the school. When men, and yet more when women, are told that they are lost, unregenerate, unconverted, unless they believe this or that dogma, the result in most cases (those excepted in which there is the vigour that shows itself in reaction and resistance) is, that they pray to believe, will to believe, in order to deliver themselves from the misery or, it may be, the disgrace of not believing.

It has been, I believe, a great blessing for the Evangelical party as such, and yet more for the millions whom they influence directly or indirectly, that they have had no one teacher of commanding, logical, inexorable intellect. A religion may meet the emotional and moral wants of men's nature, may foster many, if not all, of the graces of the Christian character, and yet become startling, portentous, repulsive, if developed philosophically and pushed to its speculative consequences. To preach that men are reconciled to God by the death of his Son, may come as a message of glad tidings to weary and sin-laden souls; they may accept and rejoice in the thought that the burden of their sins has been removed and that Christ has borne it; and yet the popular theory of the Atonement, the reciprocated transfer of imputed guilt and imputed righteousness, the satisfaction made to the Infinite Righteousness which demands the punishment of every sinner by the wrath poured out on the sinless One, the equivalence of sufferings borne by the God-man for a few hours or years with those decreed for the whole human race through the ages of eternity, the seeming antagonism between the stern avenging righteousness of the Father, and the milder, more compassionate purpose of the Son, the forensic justification which is separable in thought and fact from any righteousness in the justified, these, when worked into a system by a keen and logical intellect, issue in conclusions which alike perplex the questioning minds of children and child-like souls, and repel those of maturer manhood, who cannot reconcile what is offered to them as theology with their deepest convictions of the truth and righteousness of God. So, in like manner, the sense of election, of being the object of Divine love, predestined, chosen, called, sanctified, is doubtless, as the Seventeenth Article of the Church of England says, "full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort," to those who have before felt desolate and fatherless, to whom the love of God has come with a power to quicken, and who have looked with joy as upon the brightness of a Father's face. And yet, who that has followed the theory of Election, "looking before and

after," back to the immutable decrees, forward to the irreversible doom, has not felt misgivings, shrinkings, shudderings, as he gazed on the abysses that opened on every side around him. The eternal condemnation to everlasting tortures of the whole human race, except an infinitesimally small fraction of the visible Israel and the visible Church of Christ; the exclusion from eternal life of all the souls who have passed away in unconscious infancy, baptized or unbaptized, except the few, unknown to us, very few out of very many, though each wailing mother may cheat herself with the hope that her own darlings are among them; the "*horribile decretum*" which makes the salvation of the saved, and the perdition of the lost, equally the result of a force irresistible, and irrespective of all human will—these are what the doctrine issues in when it is brought into a system by a remorseless intellect like that of John Calvin or Jonathan Edwards. It is among the marvels of religious history that such a system should have been accepted by so large a portion of Protestant Christendom in the sixteenth century as the truest form of Christianity, that confessions of faith like the Lambeth Articles, and those of the Synod of Dort, and of the Westminster divines, should have held their ground so long. It has been, I repeat, a gain for English Christianity that but few representatives of the Evangelical schools have pushed the premisses which they hold to these conclusions; that those who have done so have been of the fanatic, uncultivated, unreasoning type, not those who might have guided and moulded the convictions of large masses of their followers. Had it been otherwise, the collision between these dogmas and the intuitive convictions as to the Divine Will, to which men cling in proportion as they rise out of mere brutishness, would have been more violent and more inevitable, and Evangelical philosophy would have found its escape from the dilemma in denying that those convictions are more than misleading phantoms. It would have told us, as its only logical defenders have done, that we can form no estimate from the meaning of "true," "just," "loving," "merciful," when predicated of men, as to what they mean when they are predicated of God,—that we must use them in prayer and worship as men use the titles of a great king in a foreign speech which they do not understand, but that they are not meant for us to ponder over and trust in. They are but "regulative" formulæ of thought; one might also say, regulation forms of etiquette.

The great body of Evangelical writers and workers have escaped this danger. Regardless of logical consistency, they have proclaimed election as inviting every man to claim it. They have preached the atonement as St. Paul and St. John preached it, as made, and that, not fruitlessly, for all men. They have taught men that the

root of personal religion lies deeper than in sacerdotal or ritual acts, or moral actions; that the 'abyssal depths of personality' must feel the spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters, and that there must be a change, a turning, a conversion of the soul. And if the tree is to be known by its fruits, the Evangelical party can point to what it has done within the last seventy or eighty years, to what it is doing now, as proofs that it has not been altogether barren. To it we owe the whole work that has been done by the Church Missionary and the British and Foreign Bible and the Religious Tract Societies; and whatever view we may take of their machinery, or their teaching, they represent, beyond all question, an enormous amount of zeal, energy, and wealth, which men have devoted to the glory of God and to the service of their fellows, instead of spending it on their pleasures or investing it for their profit. To it, in the first instance, we owe also the personal activity of laymen and women in visiting the sick, teaching in Sunday schools, helping the clergy in the mechanism of relief. Even the Simeon Trust (whatever we may think of the policy of such an organization) represents an immense improvement in the feeling with which ecclesiastical patronage had been previously regarded. It was something gained, that rich capitalists should purchase advowsons, not for their sons or nephews, but for strangers, whose one recommendation was that they were devout preachers of the truth. And the same zeal, let it be remembered, has ramified in a thousand different directions. More than most others, the Evangelical party have shown that they possess that "enthusiasm of humanity" which, as a phrase, they now shudder at and condemn. To them—helped, it is true, by the Liberal party, who had an "enthusiasm of humanity" of another type—we owe the abolition of the slave-trade and the emancipation of our slaves. The long list of Exeter Hall societies represents money and time and labour given to the work of saving our soldiers and sailors from the moral perils to which they are specially exposed; to that of rescuing men and women who were plunged in the depths of shame and misery. Refuges, reformatories, ragged schools, if not theirs exclusively, have been theirs primarily and prominently. The City Mission and Pastoral Aid Societies, sermons in theatres and midnight meetings (with whatever drawbacks they may be accompanied) have been, at least, noble efforts in the great conflict of light against darkness, and good against evil. The representative leader of all attempts to remedy some of the worst social sins of England, to save women and children from the evils of crushing and debasing labour in factories and mines and agricultural gangs, to make our treatment of convicts remedial as well as penal, to keep the management of the insane from falling into unfit hands, has been also the representative leader of

the Evangelical party. I differ widely on many points from the theological opinions of Lord Shaftesbury; I regret the violence and want of charity which has sometimes characterized his language in speaking of other parties in the Church; but I own that his public life, devoted, as it has been, with a resolute renunciation of the ordinary prizes which tempt other men of like rank, to labours such as these, seems to me almost the pattern life of an English peer. It would be well if it could "provoke" others who belong to different schools to a noble "jealousy."

In yet another respect the school of which I am now speaking has done good service to the cause of English—I do not shrink from adding, to that of Catholic Christianity. It has recognized, as far as it could, that in the divisions which have separated so many of our countrymen from the English Church, the fault has not been all on one side. We are heirs of the evils of a past age, and the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. Inherited prepossessions on the one side, the trammels of Acts of Parliament and a cumbrous machinery on the other, keep us, for the present, apart; but it is right to own that the division which now exists has in it hardly any of the characteristics of the guilt of schism, and the Evangelical party have rightly welcomed all lawful opportunities for showing that their feelings towards dissenting ministers and dissenting laity are those of Christian brotherhood, that they can in many works make common cause with them. And they have done well, also, in holding out the right hand of fellowship, as the fathers of the English Reformation, and many even of the Stuart divines did, to the Reformed Churches of the Continent. They have not learnt to find closer ties of sympathy with the decrepitude of the Greek or the corruptions of the Latin Church than with those who were the children of the Germans, the Swiss, the French, the Dutch, with whom our fathers had made common cause in the struggle against Rome. With Cosin and with Sancroft, no less than with Hooker and Abbot, with Cranmer and Ridley, they did not look on the loss of the Apostolical succession as excluding the Protestant and Reformed communities of the Continent from the pale of the visible Church, or the interchange of Christian friendliness.

And yet it is clear, in spite of all that is thus worthy of honour in their past and present action, that the Evangelical school is, as a whole, losing ground; that it does not promise, as it is, to be prominent as an element for good in the future history of the English Church. The children of Evangelical parents are seldom faithful to the traditions of their fathers; often they pass over to swell the ranks of Ritualists or Positivists. Whatever temporary predominance they may have gained in the Episcopate is too clearly traceable to

the influence of their leader over the mind of Lord Palmerston to give much hope of its being permanent. They have little power over the minds of younger men among the clergy, or at the universities. They are not gaining it over the great masses of the people. And the causes of the failure are not far to seek.

(1). The preaching of the clergy of this school has been at once pitched in too high a key, and too bounded in its range. Assuming that the whole work of the preacher was the conversion of the sinner, the salvation of men's souls, and that this was to be attained by setting forth the doctrine of the Atonement in its fulness, they have left the wide range of Christian ethics, one might almost say the rich treasures of Scriptural exegesis, comparatively untouched. In the hands even of a master mind, intensely earnest, and throwing his whole soul into every sermon, such a course would be subject to the invariable law that "passive impressions, by being repeated, grow weaker," and those who listened to them would grow callous or indifferent. Satisfied that the work of conversion had in their case been accomplished long ago, on them the stimulant would act as a narcotic, and lull them to an unprogressive, undiscerning slumber. But when it comes to be the stereotyped discourse of men of little culture or spiritual experience, just fresh from a pass examination at Oxford or Cambridge, or from a theological college; when from year to year there is but the substance of one sermon, whatever may be the text; when the preacher goes on "*semper eundem canens cantilenam*," the natural, inevitable effect has been that of stunted intellectual and moral growth; at the worst (perhaps rather at the best, for here there is, at any rate, a sign of life), of irritation, repulsion, scepticism. (2). It has been the weakness of the Evangelical school to ignore, more or less completely, the influence of art on men's religious life. Holding, and rightly holding, that there is nothing elevating and purifying to man, or acceptable to God, in a merely æsthetic worship, they have taken any arrangements which they found, have looked only to the accommodation of a large number of hearers at the lowest possible rate, have acquiesced in, if not introduced, the arrangement which places pulpit, reading-desk, and clerk's ditto, in an unlovely prominence in front of the communion-table, have set their faces against choral services, surpliced choirs, processions and processional hymns, floral decorations, and the like. Trusting to the continuance of emotions which in their nature cannot continue, they have forgotten the importance of associating the thought of worship with joy, beauty, brightness; of enlisting, as far as may be, the willing services of men, women, and children in ministering to its completeness. As their predecessors under Elizabeth and James shrank with horror from the surplice

as a rag of Popery, so they have shrunk from or shuddered at anything beyond the surplice, or at the surplice itself, if carried into the pulpit. So far as their objection to the latter practice had any meaning at all, it implied (not, of course, that they intended such an inference), that they thought that teaching and worship ought to be dissociated from each other, and that the preacher should appear in his character as an academic, and not as a minister of the Church of Christ. And so, in many cases (I gladly acknowledge a marked improvement of late years both as to the architecture of the churches they have built and the choral element of worship), their *culture* has been heavy, flat, uninviting; and those whom they did not supply with wholesome food have drifted off (I can scarcely blame them) in search of something to satisfy cravings which are in themselves natural and innocent, and cannot safely be neglected. (3). At the risk of entering on delicate and dangerous ground, I cannot shrink from declaring my conviction that the school of which I speak has all along been singularly unfortunate in its representative organ in the press. That they wished for a newspaper which should deal with public matters on Christian principles, which should exclude the prurient details of crime and the chronicle of vices and dissipations hardly less offensive; that they were not satisfied thirty years ago with the *Times* for daily, or the *John Bull* for weekly food, this is every way to their credit, but the result has shown how hard it is to be religious in leading articles to order; how much easier it is to minister to the passions and prejudices, yet more, perhaps, to the timidity, of a religious party. The representative organ thus set on foot has been conspicuous chiefly for its absence of candour, manliness, and generosity. There is hardly a distinguished thinker or worker in the Church whom it has not worried and denounced. It has exaggerated whatever of narrowness and prejudice it found within the ranks of its party, and stirred them to a perpetual policy of suspicion and alarm. It has done all it could to keep open and to widen the gap between Evangelical and other schools. The appearance of a penny paper set on foot by the same party, unless it indicate, as it may do, their desire to have some better representative than the *Record*, does not augur well for any closer approach to unity.

What then are the hopes, what the policy, what the probable future of the Evangelical party? No one who looks at the work which it has done and is even now doing, would wish to see it deprived of its due place and influence in the counsels of the English Church. Even those who were furthest removed from Mr. Gorham's peculiar paradox might legitimately rejoice in the decision which saved the Church of England from a probable disruption, and res-

cued at least one-third of its clergy from the alternative of accepting the formularies of the Church in a sense repugnant to their reason and conscience, or taking up a position of sectarianism. But the risk which they then ran ought to have taught them a lesson which they have been slow to learn. They have yielded once and again to the temptation which the present tripartite division of the English Church presents to men who calculate on party combinations, and fight with carnal weapons, to coalesce with one section of their opponents against the other. When men's minds were agitated by "Essays and Reviews," they joined with Dr. Pusey and his followers in the protests and declarations which issued in a prosecution, forgetful of the fact that no criticism or exegesis in that volume could be more at variance with the apparent meaning of the formularies of the Church of England generally than their view of baptism and absolution from the language of the Baptismal Service, and that for the Visitation of the Sick. They are now taking advantage of the popular middle-class antipathy to Ritualism, to organize a prosecution at the cost of £50,000 (that, at least, is the amount named for the guarantee fund), against incense, lights, and the so-called "elevation of the sacramental elements,"* forgetful of the fact that no excesses on the side of ritual can be more divergent from the letter which they press than their own neglect and non-observance. Their wisdom, we believe, would be to preach, write, in every way proclaim what they believe to be the truth, and to abstain carefully from all such coalitions and prosecutions. The greatest risk which lies before them is the possible success of the party which five years ago they joined, in their movement in Convocation, and Congresses, and Conferences, for a new Court of Final Appeal in Spiritual Causes, consisting wholly or chiefly of bishops and divines. Should such a court ever be established, it may be questioned whether their position in the Church of England would be worth ten years' purchase, and they might then regret that they had alienated those who, in all previous crises, had pleaded for the cause of freedom. But there is also the risk of a struggle of another kind. The action of a Reformed Parliament in matters ecclesiastical may be quicker and sharper than men imagine. There may be a struggle between the maintenance of any national religious institutions and pure voluntarism, between any form of Christian education and pure secularism, and they may then be glad enough to welcome the co-operation of those whom they now seek to drive from the Church, even though they should still wear obsequies, and burn incense, and have lights upon their altars. But if the Evangelical party, as such, can escape the ban which falls on those

* The question of *vestments*, it must be remembered, is not even raised in the St. Alban's case. Do the promoters of the prosecution acknowledge their legality?

who "learn nothing and forget nothing," they have still a great work to do, and may do it so as to be a blessing to the Church and nation. As yet the phase of Christian truth presented in their teaching is the only one that has been found to exert any strong influence for good over our soldiers and our sailors, our "navvies," and our "roughs," and they may find there a rich harvest yet waiting to be gathered, or go on sowing that others may reap after them. They may bear their witness, in ways far more eloquent than the five-days' orations of counsel, against a sensuous and Romanising ritual, against a perverted sacramental theory, against an unscriptural sacerdotalism. They are strong in numbers, wealth, influence. If they would accept, as indeed many are accepting, from one school something of its ardour in the interpretation of Scripture and of all that illustrates it, and from another something of its love for beauty and order, and colour and brightness, as accessories of worship, and from a third its earnestness in dealing with the great social evils of our time largely and systematically, it may yet renew its youth as the eagle's, and the latter days be better than the former.

II. The High Church party (I am reluctantly compelled to use these nick-names), if we think of it as distinguished from the so-called Ritualists, is conspicuous, at present, as being, though not, it may be, the most numerous, yet the loudest, the most energetic, the most organized. The motto, "in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength," which was its watchword in the earlier days of the Oxford movement, has long since been forgotten, and everything is done by Caucuses and Committees, and all the machinery of public agitation. It would be idle and unjust to forget that they too have the standing-ground of prescription in the English Church; that the principles which they profess were prominent (though with a larger mixture of Calvinism than they would willingly accept) under Elizabeth and James, ran a headlong career and had a headlong fall under Charles I., and rose again, rabid and rampant, at the Restoration. The secession of the Non-Jurors after the revolution of 1688, on purely politico-religious grounds, weakened the party within the Church. Old Anglicanism passed into an easy-going Erastianism among Court divines, or subsided into the "Church and King" and "three times three" of country squires and rectors. Doubtless here and there, as Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble have told us, the traditions of Anglo-Catholicism were kept up, and the seed sown which was afterwards to bear fruit with such unexpected productiveness. The exciting cause of the movement which has had such wide issues, and is likely to have yet wider, was the triumph of liberalism in the Reform Bill.* The leaders of the party looked on this as inaugurating

* Comp. Newman's "History of my Religious Opinions," pp. 33, 34.

a series of revolutionary attacks on all things sacred. In the bill for the suppression of some Irish bishoprics they saw the commencement of an Atheistic policy, and heard the "foot-falls of the coming Anti-christ." The intervention of the Committee of Council on National Education, even the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, were part and parcel of the same Godless system. It was time to blow the trumpet in Zion, and the trumpet accordingly was sounded. The "Tracts for the Times" were issued.

It is not difficult to trace the causes of the success which the movement had during the first ten or twelve years. Much, doubtless, was due to the indescribable influence of personal character, to the sort of fascination which John Henry Newman exercised on those who came in contact with him; the guilelessness which had the effect of guile, or guile which had the effect of guilelessness; the touch of hand, the glance of eye, the tone of voice, which riveted their hearts and bound their intellect to that subtle spell. But there was much in the teaching of the school which was attractive both to higher and lower natures. It transformed the unreasoning antipathy to the middle-class dissenter, which the sons of country gentlemen and clergy brought with them, into a religious duty. It offered those who craved for something more than an emotional individualism in religion, and were yet afraid of Popery, the appearance, at least, of historical continuity, of fellowship with distant ages and remote Churches, of a unity which corruptions and schisms might impair, but which they could not utterly destroy. It gave men the sense, always more or less ennobling, of a corporate life, of belonging to a visible society for which they were to live and work. It led many, for the first time, to the thought of self-conquest, self-denial, as a law of life. The leaders of the movement were men thoroughly in earnest, as waging war with deadly foes, and cared little for the æsthetic decorations which have since become so prominent. On what eloquent prelates have recently described as the "coruscations" of a stream of molten metal flowing thrice-purified from the furnace, Newman, as with an impatient contempt, flung the epithet of the "gilt-gingerbread school," and for a time it stuck.* The secession of many of the leaders of the party to the Church of Rome, which seemed at first to threaten its existence, was eventually an element of strength. It freed them from the dangerous influence of men of genius whose course cannot be calculated; it left them to the guidance of men of stereotyped convictions, who repeated the axioms of a theory when those that had built it up confessed that it

* The word was applied to the portions of the Romish ritual which have since been most eagerly reproduced, in the *British Critic* for 1846, quoted in the "History of my Religious Opinions," p. 127.

had broken under their feet, and whose line of action could always be predicted. Looking to the work which the clergy and laity of this school have done both before and since the great defection, it is but simply just to acknowledge that they, too, may point to works which entitle them to our warmest gratitude. They have been munificent in building churches and schools, in the support of all distinctively Church societies, in the extension of the colonial episcopate. They have aimed at a more systematic penitential discipline for the fallen; at the revival of sisterhoods, which are, with whatever drawbacks, at least protests against worldliness and frivolity. They have done much to make the worship of the English Church hearty and real, to clothe it with a decorous brightness. They have done much, also, to counteract our tendency to a self-satisfied insularity, by stretching out their hands to the Churches of the East. There is something to sympathise with even in their wish to fraternise with Western Christendom, in their acknowledgment that the light of Christian truth was not wholly extinct even in the Dark Ages; in their refusal to treat the Latin Church as simply the home of Antichrist and the dwelling of the Beast. They have, lastly, added largely and richly to our hymnody and devotional literature. If much of the latter seems to a healthy taste morbid and un-English, if the extent to which the system of the confessional has been carried seems to us fatal alike to true manliness and true womanliness, we can yet acknowledge that it is but the exaggeration of a much-neglected duty.

But the school, both in its wider action, and in the more extreme forms which have within the last three or four years become conspicuous, has many weak points in its system, and has made many false steps in its action. It has treated the great work of the Reformation as an unlucky episode, a "limb badly set, which must be broken before it can be set right again;" spoken and written as if the Anglican reformers were martyrs either for an opinion which was itself heretical, or through sheer stupid incapacity to perceive that their teaching and that of the Church of Rome were substantially identical. It has left the Protestant ground of faith, and set up in its place the vague, uncertain standard of Catholic consent and Church authority, "undisputed" general councils, and a "stream" of patristic writers. It has carried its sacramental and sacerdotal theories to the extent of practically denying all grace except through ecclesiastical ordinances, all forgiveness of sins except through priestly absolution; unchurching all Christian societies that are wanting in the continuity of a so-called apostolical succession, leaving English Dissenters, and Scotch Presbyterians, and foreign Protestants, to "uncovenanted mercies." In its more advanced

sections, it has adopted all that it can adopt of the pre-Reformation system : dresses, acts, gestures, have been resuscitated after a lapse of three centuries, with the avowed purpose of symbolising a doctrine which also belonged, in the judgment of most English theologians, to the dogmatic system of the Middle Ages, and was deliberately rejected by our Reformers. It mattered not that congregations were offended, that Bishops disapproved, that the legality of the usages was at least questionable. They were adopted and maintained expressly because they were symbols of mediæval doctrine, because they were a defiance of popular and episcopal opinion.

And the spirit which led to this defiance has shown itself, also, in determined antagonism to the State. The sovereignty of law, the supremacy of constitutional tribunals in matters ecclesiastical, has been denounced with a parrot-like repetition as mere Erastianism. In the repeated attempts, at the risk of varying and contradictory decisions, to obtain a new Court of Final Appeal in which clerical influence shall be dominant, or to establish a voluntary Court side by side with that which alone the Constitution of England recognises ; in the manifest eagerness with which the snapping of every link that brought the colonial churches of the Anglican communion under the same system as the national Church itself, has been hailed as an augury of freedom ; in the strange, hot haste which has turned the consecration of a bishop into something like a Fenian conspiracy, needing the vigilance of ecclesiastical detectives ; in the fierceness with which men have fought against the shadowy grievance of the Conscience Clause, and so hastened the growth of a system of secular education against which the acceptance of that clause would be the best, if not the only, safeguard ; in all this we may trace a feverish restlessness, a vain attempt to put back the hands of the clock of Time, a reactionary policy which is to the Christianity of England what Ultramontaniam is to the Christianity of the Continent. If in its more moderate phases its representatives in the press—as the *Guardian*, the *Christian Remembrancer*, and the *Ecclesiastic*—have been characterized for the most part by moderation, reverence, and culture, its more recent developments and its cheaper organs have shown an absence of those qualities even more conspicuous than that of the worst moments of the *Record*.

It may seem a legitimate conclusion from these premisses that one who holds them should urge the measures of repression in which some seem to find the one pathway of safety. To prosecute Ritualists on every debateable point of divergence from common usage, and when that experiment fails, or before it is fully tried, to pass an Act of Parliament for the purpose of restraining or expelling them ; to occupy the time of the Lords and Commons of England with debates

on the pattern of a surplice or the colour of a stole,—this may appear to many the policy of a true statesmanship, the test of a true Protestantism. I own, with whatever reluctance, that even when it springs from a natural and noble anxiety to protect the peace of the Church against those who trouble it, I see little prospect of any such measures being successful; that the temper which clamours for them seems to me to be too often that of panic, irritation, unwisdom. It profits but little to drive in the external, eruptive symptoms of disease, while the disease itself remains unhealed. You may restrain, by pains and penalties, those who find in vestments, lights, incense, gestures, the witnesses to what they hold as the truth of the Real Presence, but if you leave the doctrine itself unquestioned, you do but tempt them to a more explicit assertion of it in words, and a more subtle inventiveness in the art of evasive interpretation. It will be difficult for the most accomplished jurist to draw up an anti-ritualist Act of Parliament through which a ritualist pleader will be unable to drive his proverbial “coach and six.”* And if you make

* Three methods for settling the difficulty have been proposed. (1.) A simple repeal of the rubric under cover of which most of the changes identified with the word Ritualism have been introduced, as going back to “such ornaments of the church and of the ministers thereof as were in the Church of England by the authority of Parliament in the second year of King Edward the Sixth,” might seem to cut away the only ground upon which they have been defended. But if this were all, then there would be absolutely no legal direction whatever as to the apparel of the clergy in Divine service. We should be thrown back upon custom or upon the Canons, and, as neither of these have the authority of an Act of Parliament, prosecutions to restrain offenders would be more instead of less difficult. (2.) If it is thought that, without this repeal, any case in which a dispute has been raised between a clergyman and any of his parishioners should be referred to the decision of a bishop, there comes a dilemma from which it is not easy to escape. Either he is to decide, as a judge would do, according to what the law actually is, not according to what he would wish it to be; and in this case, in the extreme uncertainty which surrounds the whole question, he may have to sanction, against his will, some of the practices which are most objected to; or else he is to be intrusted with the dangerous power of setting the law aside to meet his own views of fitness and expediency. In either case there is the risk of great diversity of usage in different dioceses, —of irritating interference in one with practices which are tolerated, or even encouraged, in another; of the waste of a bishop’s time and energy in discussing the most trivial ceremonials. His pastoral functions would be almost merged in those of an *arbitrator elegantiarum* in matters of ecclesiastical millinery. (3.) Should the failure of these methods suggest, as the one way of cutting the knot, an Act enacting that the white surplice, the black stole, the academic hood, should be all that men should wear, questions without end might still be raised. *What is a surplice?* Must it be of stout linen or fine lawn, down to the knees or down to the ankles, tight or loose, with or without pattern in the texture, with or without borders, worn over a cassock or over coat and trousers? And what colours are permissible in these under-garments—black only, or Oxford mixture, or shepherd’s plaid, or bishop’s purple? And how is the stole to be worn—over one shoulder or both, with or without fringes or ornamental symbols? And what are the limits of variation as to the size, and colour, and mode of wearing the hood? Here, too, there might be room for startling diversities of tint and texture, for an approximation to the dress of a past age or an alien Church. Unless we legislate specifically from the crown of a priest’s head to the sole of his foot, or nail, not a

your assault upon the doctrine itself, then, over and above all the evils which attend the discussion of such a question in the hands of paid advocates, you are risking, on the one hand, failure, and, on the other, the disruption of the Church of England. You are, at least, trying to abridge the liberty of speculation in a region where, within very wide limits, short of a formal, as distinct from an inferential, acceptance of the dogma of Transubstantiation, it has hitherto been allowed, where logical clearness and clear definition are all but unattainable. When men once begin to brood over the *spiritual* presence of a *body*, they may be pardoned if they sometimes lose their way in the labyrinth of metaphysical cobwebs spun out of the subtleties of schoolmen. It is hard to visit them with severer measures than those which we apply to men whose divergence from the tone and temper, from the letter and the spirit, of the Prayer-Book is unquestionably far wider. What we need in such matters, and at such a time, is to enlarge instead of narrowing our list of *adiaphora*. Ascertain, if you will, what vestments or ceremonial acts are lawful, but if any hitherto unusual are declared to be lawful, let us refuse to recognise them as badges of a party, and they will soon cease to be valued because they are so. If a dozen clergymen of well-known Evangelical or "broad" proclivities were to appear in chasubles and birettas, the gloss of those garments in the eyes of ritualists would soon be gone, and before long we should see them falling back upon the safe simplicity of the surplice. If such an experiment seem too bold or too ludicrous, it might surely be within the limits of a wise forbearance to treat the glorious apparel of the "gilt gingerbread" school as among the "*tolerabiles ineptiæ*," which it is not worth while to fight about. Either course seems less hazardous than that of a prolonged and costly litigation, not unlikely to fail of its purpose, or an abortive attempt at a legislation *de minimis* in a reformed House of Commons, and by way of interlude to a Bill for the suppression of the Irish Church Establishment.

Above all, too, we have to bear in mind that the inevitable effect of all repressive measures of this nature is to encourage the type of tame, routine mediocrity, to discourage the nobler and more heroic, more saintly forms of excellence. "*Surtout, point de zèle*," may be a fit motto for a secular diplomatist. It is hardly fit to be the watchword of a true statesman, still less to be the guiding principle of any portion of the Church of Christ. And if we want zeal, we must be content to accept it as we find it, with more or less of the impulsiveness, exaggeration, want of discernment, which are its almost inevitable accompaniments.

"*bed*," but a surplice of Procrustes in the Jerusalem Chamber as an invariable standard, we are all at sea again, and shall be driven to fall back upon that trust in the effect, in the long run, of public opinion, and in the good sense and feeling of the clergy, the temporary loss of which is now driving us upon prosecutions and Acts of Parliament.

You cannot get it to order, however desirable the union may be, combined with a given per-centage of moderation or discretion. The men who have been prominent in the work of what is called the "Catholic revival" have shown, for the most part, that they had this zeal as their characteristic. They have taken a course which exposes them to the frowns of bishops, to the disapproval of most patrons, to the insults and outrages of well-dressed or ill-dressed mobs. They have been content to throw themselves on the sympathy of those who were like-minded with them. They have stripped themselves, wherever they could, of the secure income of pew-rents, and with no endowments, or miserably small ones, have trusted to the fluctuating receipts of offertories. Self-will, the love of notoriety, the pleasure of defying a bishop, or resisting the "aggrieved parishioner," may, if you will, have mingled as secondary motives in much that they have done. But there remains, after all deductions, a residuum of courage, zeal, devotion, which however misapplied or wasted, is in itself worthy of honour. It had been well (most English Churchmen will confess it now) if those in high places had done something more than they did towards retaining Wesley and his followers within the Church's pale, in spite of what was then called their dangerous "enthusiasm." The future historian of the nineteenth century may wonder at the lack of power to discern the signs of the times which made its rulers eager to legislate for the suppression of a vestment, or the expulsion of its wearers, while its judicial courts were throwing wide the gates of doctrine, and giving an almost unrestrained license in criticism and exegesis. Gamaliel's counsel has been worn so threadbare as a quotation, that it seems almost a platitude to refer to it, nor can I say that the case seems doubtful enough to be judged by such a standard. I find a more suggestive warning in another incident of the same period. The Jewish priesthood also had then a vestment question which pressed, they thought, for a decision. The Levites claimed, and the priests resisted their claim, to wear a linen ephod. The struggle went on for years. It was settled at last in favour of the claimants by the authority of the second Agrippa. Within a few months more the Temple in which priests and Levites ministered was a heap of blackened ruins.*

I cannot, for one, bring myself to believe that if the Reformed House of Commons enters at all upon the task of legislating for the Church of England, it will confine itself within the narrow limits of Lord Shaftesbury's or any kindred bill. I can hardly bring myself to wish, believing, as I do, that "if men do not alter them for the better, time alters all things for the worse," that we should transmit for two or three generations more, and carry into all lands, without

* Josephus, Ant., xx. 8, 6.

change or revision, the Prayer-Book and the Articles, which bear, in every page almost, traces of the traditions, controversies, compromises of the Tudor and Stuart periods—traces, one must add, of obvious haste, and want of elasticity and variety. Our Lectionary, our Rubrica, our Order for Morning and Evening Prayer, our reading of the Psalms, our occasional Services—all call with more or less urgency for a revision which shall give them greater life and elasticity, and make our worship at once less monotonous and more intelligent. And if as yet, in the discords and confusions that belong to the period of transition in which we live, the time for the greater work seems not fully come, it will be at least our wisdom to contemplate and provide for it as a necessity which must inevitably be met, rather than by partial and premature action to accelerate a crisis, and, possibly, a disruption. Those who believe that there is any real danger of the *predominance* of Romanism, or even of so-called Sacerdotalism, among us, until men have passed through a more fiery struggle and seek, after it, the narcotic of repose at any price, must be strangely blind to the signs in the heavens, and deaf to the mutterings of the coming storm. Left to itself, without the stimulus of prosecutions, commotions, popular outrages, threatened legislation, the Ritualist movement will either collapse altogether, or leave, as its contribution to the Church's life, some new element of strength and beauty. The Sacramental and Sacerdotal theories, of which the Ritual is the expression, will take their place with all other exaggerations of half-truths, having borne their witness that "man does not live by bread alone," and has other needs than those which are satisfied by any political organisation or merely intellectual culture.

III. There remains the third school. I have said that its accepted nickname was given to it in an evil hour. I will add that less than either of the others has it any claims to the praise or the censure which attaches to the party character. On the one hand, it has done no great work, established no conspicuous institutions, seldom acted with any concert or organisation, and then in no wide scheme of benevolence or devotion. On the other hand, it has not descended to the debasement which so often attends on party action, has kept its hands clean from the taint of personal calumny, has been ready to acknowledge the good which it found on either side. I believe that this is, in many ways, the position which those who are labelled as belonging to this school should be content to occupy, that they will be unwise if they attempt to change it for greater activity and more effective combination. It is every way good that there should be many men who see the falsehood of extremes and keep their heads cool, when others are excited into panic and passionate irritation. It is well that they should be content to work with the

machinery which they find in Church and State, in societies and parishes, modifying, expanding, improving, as they have opportunity. So acting, they may render good service, as they have rendered, in checking the violence of party action, and maintaining, even, it may be, widening the Church of England's limits. But if they were to appear with a "cry to go to the country with," to assume the character and adopt the tactics of a party, their work would be, I believe, simply mischievous. They have no bond of union but the claim for freedom of inquiry, and that freedom may issue in widely different results. Whatever combinations for defence may have been forced upon them when freedom was threatened in their own persons, are in their nature simply temporary. In the few instances in which their action has been aggressive, the result has been disastrous. They have done rash and reckless things for the sake of showing that they are free, and so caused the panic of which they narrowly escaped being victims. They held Bibliolatry to be the *fons et origo* of all evils in English Christianity, and so they appeared in the character of iconoclastic reformers, exaggerating or inventing difficulties and inconsistencies in the Book which Christendom has accepted as the gift of God. Their contributions to the study of the Bible have left on many minds, unintentional as the result might be, the impression that it was not worth studying at all, except as containing the literature of an ancient and interesting people. But apart from any such immediate consequences of single acts, what I lay stress on is that the principles which they hold in common are too negative in character to enable them to do any effective work as a party in our national or ecclesiastical life, however great the service that may be done by individuals. Were the changes and chances of that life to give them a momentary predominance, the history of the Girondists would probably repeat itself. They too would be swept away by a torrent of religious Jacobinism against which they would struggle vainly. The "Broad" party of the Church would prove to be the pioneers of Positivism.

Confining ourselves to what has been done by those who are thus described, as individual writers, we cannot doubt, I believe, that they have rendered great service to the intellectual and religious life of England. They have filled up the gap which the other parties had neither the will nor the power to fill. The best commentaries, the best dictionaries of the Bible, the best histories of the Church, the fullest and most vivid word-pictures of sacred places, are all due, with hardly an exception, to those who, as being neither High nor Low, Ritualist or Evangelical, must be classed with this school. From the days of Dr. Arnold onwards they have been prominent in

the work of educational progress, breaking through the trammels of prejudice and routine, and seeking to compel every time-honoured institution, every misused endowment, to contribute its *maximum* of good towards the great work of making the civilization of England purer and more humane, and therefore more Christian. They have, for the most part, been prominent in the endeavour to redress social wrongs, to bridge over the widening chasm which threatens to divide class from class. They have shown more than most others their belief that Christian men may find in political life a nobler sphere of action even than that of being distributors of alms, or acting on committees of religious societies. They have kept, and, we may hope, will yet keep, the Church of England from stagnating in self-satisfied ignorance and sluggishness, or lapsing into an obsolete Mediævalism, or stiffening into a narrow Puritanism.

But with these manifold excellences, there are also defects which may not be passed over. As yet hardly one of those of whom I have spoken has shown any power of so speaking as to awake a responsive echo in the hearts of the millions of ignorant and poor with whom English Christianity has to deal. Men of culture themselves, they require culture in their hearers. There are no books, sermons, pamphlets, tracts, belonging to this school, which find, like those of the Evangelical school, their twenty or thirty thousand readers. As yet they have made but scanty contributions to the hymnody or devotional literature of the Church of England.* Earnest, eloquent, noble as many of their words have been, kindling a responsive glow in the hearts of those like-minded with themselves, they have failed to reach the hearts of the millions round us even more than those of the Evangelical or Mediæval parties have failed. Men have felt the need of something more than even the noblest aspects of Christian ethics,—something more than the most vivid pictures of the pattern life of Christ. The characteristic defect of the teaching of the school has been, that in its bearing on the conscience it appeals to the sense of imperfection and infirmity, rather than to that deeper misery which attaches to the thought of sin. It trains the soul which as yet is in average health, to run the race and to fight the battle of life, but it fails to come to the help of those whose limbs are weary, or who lie naked and wounded after the conflict. It may stir men on to high endeavours, and teach them a scorn of baseness; but the souls of those who hear, if roused at all, feel that they have a witness within which brings a far sharper accusation, and a burden from which they seek to be delivered, which that teaching does not seem to touch with one of its fingers. To men who have gone, or are

* Here, too, it is simply just to note the names of the Deans of St. Paul's and Canterbury as exceptions to the general statement.

going, through the conflict between light and darkness, life and death, ethical teaching, however lofty, narrative of scriptural facts, however graphic, is but as "parmaceti for an inward wound." They crave for the message, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," which reaches them in different forms and through different agencies, from the Evangelical and Sacerdotal schools. The old words, sacrifice, atonement, justification, are necessary to meet their wants, to sustain their life.

It is, I believe, for this reason a matter for rejoicing that the chief positions of influence which the representatives of this school have hitherto attained, have been chiefly educational. This has indeed been the natural result of their generally higher culture, and wider knowledge, and greater sympathy with the spirit of the age. But it has also put the right men in the right place, and given them the work for which they were, and the others were not, fitted. A school on the principles of the *Record* would tend, in the first instance, so far as it was successful, to the intellectual narrowness of Puritanism. Whole regions of literature would be looked on as *tabooed*; science taught with a perpetual distrust and fear of going too far; boy-nature would be forced by hot-house culture into a precocious spiritual experience, sometimes hysterical, sometimes simulated; lines of demarcation would be drawn between the converted and the unconverted. The minds of some among them might be wrecked for life by brooding over the dark mysteries of God's election. A rigid Sabbatarianism would crush the elasticity of boy-life, or develop those who were not crushed into censorious Pharisees. A school on the principles of the *Church Times*, on the other hand, would, as far as it succeeded, naturalise among us the features of the Seminarist type of character. What we note now chiefly in boys who have had no good school-training, and come under the guidance of ritualist clergy, would then be seen on a larger scale. The practice of confession, not as the medicine for special diseases of the soul, but as part of its diet and habitual training, would sow the seeds of the very evils against which it was meant to guard, and fill the mind with ever-recurring spectral horrors, which a healthier system would seek to counteract by influences that are to the sick soul as fresh air and bright sky are to the diseased body. The souls of those so trained would learn to think that the one sufficient and indispensable condition of forgiveness for themselves and others was the priest's "*absolvo te.*" The ritual element of religion would receive an undue prominence in their thoughts. The last new pattern of chasubles, the correct colour for a stole on the Festival of St. Agatha, the proper angle of inflection at the Doxology, the last exposure of the ignorance and Erastianism of bishops in the weekly "organs" of the

"Church" party, would be the prominent topics of conversation in such a school-room. And in either case there would, sooner or later, be a reaction. Driftings to Rome, to Positivism, to practical or speculative Atheism, would be the natural outcome of systems which were in different ways inconsistent with a cultivated mind and with healthy manliness.

For boy-life on the other hand, for that of those who are passing out of boyhood into the work of life, the teaching of the third school is likely to be at once strengthening and attractive. Its high ethical tone, its appeal to wide, far-reaching laws of duty as distinguished from the stress laid by others on this or that positive commandment, the extension of its sympathies beyond the limits which others have marked out, its fearlessness as to the result of critical or scientific inquiries; all these will give, as they have given it, an influence over the educated youth of England which brings with it no light responsibility. They have before them the golden opportunity of a noble work. They are exposed to many special dangers which may lead to their letting it slip.

(1.) As the first and chiefest of these perils I note once more the tendency to give an undue prominence to the merely negative aspects of their teaching. They find the minds of men bowed, as they believe, with a false reverence before the dogma of the infallibility of a Book, or that of the authority—practically treated as infallible—of the Church. They look upon that reverence as idolatrous, and they rush, as I have said, into the opposite extreme of a rabid iconoclasm. They write essays, reviews, treatises, commentaries, which seem to have but the one aim of showing that the Bible is full of erroneous statements, and the date and authorship of its books uncertain. They seem sometimes only able to assert their new-won freedom as Caliban asserted his. I do not say that this has hitherto been the characteristic of the representative men of the school, but it tends to be more and more that of the rank and file, of the more hot-headed and reckless men among the leaders. Those who wish it well, and see in its existence a ground of thankfulness and hope, must wish also that it should remember that men cannot live upon negations—that it is the work of Christian teachers to build up rather than to destroy. Let them, if they choose, assume the fallibility of the Bible and of the Church; but if they retain sufficient reverence for the former to believe that it contains the truth which is the foundation of the latter, it should be their task to bring out and to proclaim that truth, rather than to parade with an offensive ostentation, the inconsistencies in matters of fact or modes of thought, with which it seems to them to be accompanied.

(2.) Though in a less degree than is the case with others, the men

who are popularly classified as of this school are liable to the incapacity of recognising excellence in those who differ from them. Their very latitudinarianism may make them narrow; their very zeal for tolerance, intolerant. They may be tempted to catch at opportunities of party combinations, to employ the machinery of prosecutions or legislation to harass or expel the antagonists who for the time seem to them most formidable. They may fail to see that they are wanting in what gives the others a command over men's affections which they themselves as yet have but seldom gained. If they could bring themselves to sympathize, not only with efforts after moral greatness and the assertion of intellectual freedom, but with sin-stricken and contrite hearts, they might then "preach Christ and Him crucified" with a power all the more mighty and victorious, because of the freedom with which it would be associated. If they would remember that affections, imagination, even the perception of beauty of form, colour, sound, all enter into worship as well as the intellect in its cold and clear serenity, they would welcome and adopt, (so far as the Church's law and that of the nation permitted) instead of opposing, whatever has given life and beauty to the ritual which they condemn. They would accept even chants and processions, symbolic acts and symbolic colours, architecture in its noblest forms, painting and sculpture, flowers and banners, as accessories of devotion.

(3.) In the national crisis through which we are passing, there are two great questions in which they, more than members of the other schools, have it in their power to exercise an influence for good. Ignorance and pauperism, the startling forms of which reveal themselves in colossal and ever-increasing proportions whenever we look below the surface of social life, these are what we have to deal with, and they need to be dealt with, as the author of "Ecce Homo" has reminded us, on no narrow or sectarian principles, but also on no principles that are at variance with the mind of Christ. To grapple with these evils as men who neither on the one side forget the laws of all human society, nor on the other of that special society which He came to found, who can bring forth out of their treasures "things new and old," tied neither to the traditional palliatives of the two great evils, nor to the nostrums of empirics, this is the work on which they seem specially called upon to enter. If the advancing democracy, which seems, in some form or other, inevitable, is not to pass into utter and reckless anarchy, it must be Christianized, and their very sympathy with it and with its struggles may enable them to reach, through this agency, those who have proved impenetrable to more direct appeals.

Lastly, if those who are thus ticketed and labelled wish to avoid the fate of other parties in past ages or the present, let them shun,

as they would the taint of pestilence, the unclean element of party organisation. The worst enemies of the Broad Church school could not wish for it a more evil destiny than that it should attach itself to the agency of Caucuses and Committees, to an unscrupulous pagandism, to cheap "organs" in the newspaper press. In every such action, it must be repeated, the worse and not the better elements are prominent, and the worse elements of this school would probably be far more evil than those which we have already witnessed in the others; just because it would be more difficult to distinguish between the destructiveness of a cynical unbelief and that of an over-zealous display of freedom. Whatever excellence attaches to journals which are associated with this school now, belongs to them because they represent the minds of independent thinkers, not the action of a party.

What future lies before the Church of England, or before the English people, we can but dimly guess. Changes of political organization, of social order, of ecclesiastical arrangement, of religious conviction, may be impending, of the magnitude of which we can form no conception. But whatever comes, each of the parties within the Church, with all its errors, and half-truths, and passionate prepossessions, has, I believe, a work to do, and should be helped, not hindered, in doing it. The time for antagonism or recrimination is surely past. We waste our strength in fighting old battles over again, as a kingdom divided against itself. There are evils round us greater than Romanism, greater than Ritualism, greater than Rationalism, and against these "the word of the Lord" calls us to fight, even when it comes from the lips of the apostles of unbelief. The trumpet which summons us to *that* battle gives no "uncertain sound."

E. H. PLUMPTRE.



CHILLINGWORTH'S RELIGION OF PROTESTANTS.*

THE Religion of Protestants" is Chillingworth's great work, by which alone he can be said to be remembered. It sums up all his thought, and has taken its place in English literature as a monument of Christian genius. His other writings are comparatively unimportant, as they are comparatively unknown. A few sermons—nine in all; a series of tracts under the name of "Additional Discourses"—most of them mere sketches or studies for his great work; and a brief fragment, more significant than the rest, entitled, "The Apostolical Institution of Episcopacy Demonstrated"—comprise the whole. The sermons are marked by the vigour both of thought and language which is always characteristic of him, but are not in any special manner interesting or valuable. They contain nothing which would have preserved his name from oblivion; they contain even little to remind us of the bold thought of "The Religion of Protestants." In a still less degree than the few sermons of Hooker attract notice beside "The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity," do Chillingworth's sermons serve to draw attention away from the work with which his name has become identified.

The tract on Episcopacy possesses a distinct value, as showing the liberal direction of the author's mind on a subject in which his feelings, education, and the eventful turn of his life, strongly interested him. He had not only been trained an Episcopalian in

* See *Contemporary Review*, vol. vi. p. 32.

the school of Laud, but all his natural love of order and ardent affection to the Royal cause had enlisted his sympathies on behalf of the existing government of the Church. But no degree of personal prepossession is able to obscure in him the light of rational thought on this any more than on the general subject of religion. Episcopacy is to him in its essentials "no more but this"—"an appointment of one man of eminent sanctity and sufficiency to have the care of all the churches within a certain precinct or diocese, and furnishing him with authority (not absolute or arbitrary, but regulated and bounded by laws, and moderated by joining to him a convenient number of assistants), to the extent that all the Churches under him may be provided of good and able pastors, and that both of pastors and people conformity to laws and performance of their duties may be required." Such a form of government he maintains "is *not repugnant* to the government settled in and for the Church by the Epistles," nor is it incompatible "with the reformation of any evil, either in Church or State, or the introduction of any good" which it may be desirable to introduce. The brief argument of the tract is confined to the "demonstration" of the first of these propositions, and is throughout of the most moderate and reasonable character. He quotes the evidence of "two great defenders of Presbytery," Molinæus (Dumoulin) and Beza, in favour of Episcopacy being the recognised order of Church government "presently after the Apostles' times," and draws the usual inference from this admitted antiquity on behalf of its being the institution of the Apostles themselves. With the validity of such an inference we need not now concern ourselves. It appeared to Chillingworth's mind, in every respect, a fair and dispassionate one, in the light of which the anti-Episcopal dogmatism of the Puritan Presbyterian party seemed utterly unreasonable. To vindicate the institution of Episcopacy from their abuse, and show its claims to a rational historic standing, is the sole aim of his argument, in which aim he is completely successful. Any further claim for it as a positive *jus divinum* is inconsistent alike with his object in the tract and with the whole tone of his thought and reasoning.

It now remains for us to consider his chief work, "The Religion of Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation." This work presents itself to our examination in two points of view:—first, in its general intellectual and literary character; and, secondly, in its substantive argument and meaning, or, in other words, in reference to the great principles which it sets forth. It might be further considered in its controversial details, some of which are aside from the main purpose of the work, and well deserving of attention as illustrative of its logical method and force. But as our purpose in these

sketches is not to revive controversy or to adjust rivalries long since forgotten, but only to fix the significant ideas which have influenced the course of religious thought and permanently enriched it, it is unnecessary as it would be useless for us to go over the particular points in the polemic between our author and his Jesuit opponent, further than it may be important to do so for our general purpose.

I. "The Religion of Protestants" claims first to be considered by us as one of the most notable productions of English literature. What are its claims to occupy such a position? What are the distinguishing characteristics of its thought and style? In judging it from our modern standard in such matters, we are struck at first by a certain imperfection and clumsiness of form arising out of its controversial purpose. The reader is naturally anxious to get into the heart of the subject and see what a writer of such name has to say about it—what are the strong points of his argument—and how he lays them down and expounds them in relation to one another. In a modern book on the subject, of any remarkable ability, the reader would probably find himself thus carried to the centre of interest at once, and made to recognise the great lines of thought characteristic of the opposing sides, and the claims that the one rather than the other has to his following. The modern mind, whatever it may have lost, has certainly gained in organizing power—in the capacity of surveying a subject in its whole outline, and disposing of it in proportion to the relative importance of its details. In controversial literature particularly this has been a great gain. It has tended to fix attention upon the real differences of thought out of which all minor differences spring, and to deliver the reader from mazes of detailed argumentation, which, however ably conducted, have often little or no bearing upon the main points at issue.

In Chillingworth's time controversy, and especially theological controversy, was still a conflict of details. It is one of his excellences that he is superior in this respect to many of his contemporaries. Yet, with all his advance, "The Religion of Protestants" suffers greatly from being in form a detached reply to a forgotten book. The reader has to wade through, in successive chapters, the arguments of the author of "Charity Maintained,"* and in many cases also the statements of Dr. Potter, to which the Jesuit's work was a reply. The real pith of the subject is only reached sometimes after all these repeated processes of statement and reply, when the author is at liberty to follow the unembarrassed course of his own thought.

The work opens with a preface addressed to the author of "Charity

* His Jesuit opponent, Knott.—See *Contemporary Review*, vol. vi. p. 38.

Maintained," mainly in answer to a pamphlet entitled by him, "A Direction to N. N." This preface, as we formerly remarked, is full of interest for the light which it throws on the formation of Chillingworth's opinions, and is marked by great dignity and elevation of tone. Then follows the preface of the author of "Charity Maintained," and Chillingworth's reply to this, anticipatory of many points upon which he afterwards dwells more fully. Then in succession, through seven chapters, the argument of his Jesuit opponent is given first, and his answer in detail follows. Every point is carefully met, and amidst so many minute particulars of argument there is necessarily a good deal of recurrence of thought. The reader gets impatient of interruptions and of the multitude of steps by which he advances to the close of the controversy.

It is obvious that only rare attributes of thought and style could have risen above these disadvantages of form, and given unity and life to such an accumulated mass of controversy. But we have scarcely opened the book when we see evidence of these. We find ourselves in contact with an intellect of singular strength and brightness, with a clearly penetrative and powerful thoughtfulness, which grasps the whole subject, and moves unconfused amidst its details. Strength and earnestness,—genuine grasp of mind, and large intelligence,—are Chillingworth's highest characteristics. Some minds have shown more extent of scope, and certainly far more richness and glow of speculative comprehension in conducting a great argument. In these respects Hooker is incomparably superior, and Jeremy Taylor, in his "Liberty of Propheying," moves with a freer and more sustained air. But neither Hooker nor Taylor equal our author in mere mass and energy of mind, and the masculine robustness and downright honesty generally associated with such simple strength. The very height at which more imaginative writers sometimes soar gives a certain indistinctness to their thought; it gains in colouring and impressiveness at the expense of plain outline and meaning; but the meaning of Chillingworth is always plain, and always strong. He evades no difficulties, and never flinches for fear of consequences; he grapples hardily with every statement of his opponent; meets it with the pure force of reason; and brings it to the ground without any hesitation. He is ready for battle at every point, and has never any doubt of the keenness of his weapons nor the force of his blows.

Next to the strength and straightforwardness of his intellect, the most remarkable characteristic is his fairness. No fairer controversialist we believe ever entered the lists. He never takes an undue advantage of his opponent. He is tender to him personally, while unsparing to his arguments. He had himself been caught in the

toils amongst which the Jesuit was struggling, and while he pursues and unwinds the entanglements one by one, he never does so in a contemptuous spirit. His magnanimity is beautiful, considering the character of the attacks to which he was subjected by Romanists and Puritans alike. He grows warm and indignant at times, and he uses firm language, especially when he resents "the imputation of Atheism and irreligion;"* but he never smites as they sought to smite him. We know of no personality that ever escaped his pen. A half-tender, half-compassionate, "God forbid I should think the like of you," or "For God's sake free yourself from the blind zeal for a little space," † is the utmost to which he yields. Of all theologians of the seventeenth century, of any century perhaps, Chillingworth is one of the most thoroughly fair, candid, and open-minded. Temporarily a convert to Romanism, and actually for a while the inmate of a Jesuit seminary, the transparency of his manly and earnest spirit is never for a moment dimmed. The same love of the truth, and the same keenness in its search, animated him from first to last. The idea of upholding a system merely because he had embraced it, or an institution because he happened to belong to it, would have been unintelligible to him. His mind could rest in nothing short of clear and definitely reasoned convictions. He must see the truth for himself, and be able to give some reason for it—why he held to it and why he rejected the contrary. It was this that made his enemies accuse him of inconstancy in religion, and allege that, according to his principles, "a man could be *constant in no religion*."‡ As he could not understand a mere blind adherence to any system merely because he had once accepted it, so they could not understand his continual inquisitiveness and determination to see the truth more clearly. "Why constantly be asking what is the sense of Scripture? What religion is best? What church purest? Come, do not wrangle, but believe." This, which is virtually what his Puritan opponent said to him, represents the alternative state of mind. According to a commonplace of almost all religious parties, a man is supposed to be unsettled in religion if he is constantly asking questions, if his mind is restlessly moving towards what seems to him a higher light; while the religious inquirer, on the other hand, has no idea of religion which does not involve constant inquest and movement. It is to him of the very nature of religious thought to be always moving,—to be always rising, and so changing its relation to human systems. Certainly Chillingworth's mind was of this order. Truth was to him one, but its very simplicity made it all the more difficult to seize; and while

* Vol. i. p. 8, Oxford Ed. (All the references are to this Edition.)

† Letter to Mr. Lewgar, *Maisieux's Life*, p. 32.

‡ *Maisieux's Life*, p. 18.

eye steadily fixed on it, he was constantly re-adapting his
towards it, and trying to get a clearer sight of it.*

It is this earnest high-mindedness, this spirit of healthy rationality, which gives such elevation, purity, and dignity to Chillingworth's thought. He is superior to all commonplace of his church or school—all mere professionalism. And nothing perhaps more marks the great writer in any department than this superiority. A writer who is unable to rise above the level of his profession may be acute, learned, and able; he may be a great authority on his own subject, but he will never take a place in the world of thought and literature. In order to do this, he must show himself at least capable of rising above traditional or official limits, and of perceiving the truth in its own light, and vindicating it on the highest grounds of reason. In all special departments of intellectual work, and particularly in theology, the highest minds have been of this order. They have been minds thoroughly competent in their own department, but also of a healthy openness of thought in other directions. They have always recognised something higher than professional canons of opinion, and carried the breath of nature, so to speak, and of universal reason, into their work. It is this which makes the distinction between such a writer as Hooker and Andrews, for example; the latter—a man apparently of far more special ability than Hooker (he is said to have been master of fifteen languages), but infinitely inferior in breadth and capacity of thought—forgotten, except by a few theological students who turn occasionally to his sermons; while Hooker continues, and will ever continue, one of the great classics of English literature. It is this which distinguishes our author

* He thus describes his own changes in religion, very much in the spirit we have described them:—"I know of a man that of a moderate Protestant turned a Papist, and the day that he did so (as all things that are done are perfected some day or other) was convicted in conscience that his yesterday's opinion was an error; and yet, methinks, he was no schismatic for doing so, and desires to be informed by you whether or no he was mistaken. The same man afterwards, upon better consideration, became a doubting Papist, and of a doubting Papist a confirmed Protestant. Even yet this man thinks himself no more to blame for all these changes than a traveller, who, using all diligence to find the right way to some remote city, where he had never been (as this party I speak of had never been in heaven), did yet mistake it, and after find his error and amend it. Nay, he stands upon his justification so far as to maintain that his alterations were the most satisfactory actions to himself that ever he did, and the greatest victory that ever he obtained over himself and his affections to those things which in this world are most precious; as whereas for God's sake, and (as he was really persuaded) out of love to the truth, he went upon a certain expectation of these inconveniences, which to ungenerous natures are of all the most terrible; so that although there was much weakness in some of these alterations, yet certainly there was no wickedness. Neither does he yield his weakness altogether without apology, seeing his deductions were rational and out of some principles commonly received by Protestants as well as Papists, and which by his education had got possession of his understanding."—Vol. II. chap. v. p. 259.

and sets him far above most of his theological contemporaries, either Anglican or Puritan; Hammond or Sanderson, on the one side, and Owen, to take the very highest example, on the other. In contrast to such writers, Chillingworth is a man of rational and not merely of special theological culture. He shows himself capable not merely of handling particular doctrinal points after the best manner of his school, and of bringing logical skill and erudition to bear upon their support and illustration, but moreover of dealing with questions in their most generalised intellectual shape, and of bringing them to the test of the higher reason of all men. And so it is that "*The Religion of Protestants*," like "*The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*," has an unfading interest to the common educated intellect, and not merely to the theological student. It remains, although in a less degree than the great work of Hooker, a living force in general literature—a permanent monument of thought marking the advance of the human mind in the loftiest of all directions.

It is especially this higher thoughtfulness, this touch of light from the altitudes of a divine philosophy, which gives any life to theological polemics. However able, ingenious, or successful for the time an argumentative work may be, if it have nothing of this—if it never soar beyond the confines of its special subject, nor start any principles of general application—it will be found to lose hold of the succeeding generations, and gradually to pass from the ranks of literature. It may be sought after and highly prized by certain minds, but the progressive intelligence finds no meaning in it. It may have served a cause, silenced an enemy, and even gained a distinguished victory; but it has done nothing to advance the course of thought; it has opened no tracks which have been further cleared and expanded; and so it passes out of sight, and deserves to do so, great as may have been its temporary reputation. It is a distinct gain to literature that an oblivion—frequently rapid, always sure—should thus overtake the great mass of controversial writings, which contain so little that is fitted to elevate or enrich human thought. To be forgotten is their happiest fate. But let a fair, generous, and noble reason—like Hooker's or Chillingworth's—irradiate a controversy, and it acquires permanent life and interest. It becomes a mirror of higher truth, and men return to it in after-generations to study the principles which it helped to elucidate, and to refresh themselves in its light.

The style of Chillingworth is the natural expression of his thought—simple, strong, and earnest, occasionally rugged and vehement. Particularly like his thought, it is without any artifice. He is concerned with what he has to say, not with his mode of saying it; and having thrown aside almost all the scholastic pedantries which in his time still

clung to theological style, he gives fair play to his native sense and vigour. His vehemence is apt to hurry him into disorder, but also often breaks into passages of lofty and powerful eloquence. If we compare his style with that of Hooker or Bacon, it is inferior in richness, compass, and power, but superior in flexibility, rapidity, and point. It turns and doubles upon his adversary with an impetuosity and energy that carry the reader along, and serve to relieve the tedious levels of the argument. If he must be ranked, upon the whole, greatly below such writers as we have mentioned, he is yet in this, as in other respects, much above most of his contemporary divines. The pages of Laud, or of his biographer Heylin, or even of Hammond, are barren and unreadable beside those of "The Religion of Protestants;" and even the richer beauties of Taylor, embedded amidst many pedantries and affectations, pall in comparison with his robust simplicity and energy. With writers of the ordinary Westminster school, like his opponent Cheynell, it would be absurd to compare him: they are utterly without grace, life, or power; even the best Puritan writers, like Howe and Baxter, scarcely reach, in their best passages, his manly and inspiring eloquence.

II. Let us now turn to the argument of his work, and especially to the principles upon which it rests. The main question which it raises is the always vital one as to the *grounds of religious certitude*. How are we to know the Truth in religion? On what basis must faith rest? Who or what is the arbiter of religious opinion? This is the great issue between him and his Romanist opponent. It is unnecessary for us, as we have already said, to take up the successive details of assault and retort between them; but it is important, for the sake of clearness, to understand the manner in which they approach each other—the line of their controversial march towards the great principles in which the chief interest of the discussion lies.

After a detailed answer to the preface of the author of "Charity Maintained," the argument opens with the question of Charity as between the two sides. Is it uncharitable for Papists to maintain that Protestants cannot be saved? This had been the special question between Knott the Jesuit and Dr. Potter*—the one maintaining that "Protestancy unrepented destroys salvation;" the other, that "want of charity is justly charged on all Romanists" who affirm this proposition. Chillingworth takes up the controversy from this point. The first pamphlet of Knott was published in 1630; Potter's answer in 1633; and then in the following year the Jesuit returned to the charge in "Mercy, or Faith, or Charity Maintained by Catho-

* Dr. Potter, of Queen's College, with whom the controversy began. See *Contemporary Review*, vol. vi. p. 38.

lies ;" and it is to the successive chapters of this book, printed in front of his own, that Chillingworth replies.

In his opening chapter the Jesuit holds to his point, but not without the qualifications repeated to our own day by all exclusive Sacerdotalists, Anglican or Roman : " Our meaning is not that we give Protestants over to reprobation. We hope, we pray for their conversion. . . . Neither is our censure directed to particular persons. The tribunal of particular judgments is God's alone." Want of opportunity of knowing Catholic truth, want of capacity to understand it, " light declaring to men their errors or contrition, retracting them in the moment of death," are allowed as excuses. " In such particular cases," says Knott, " we wish more apparent signs of salvation, but do not give any dogmatical sentence of perdition."

In his answer, Chillingworth makes good use of the concessions of his opponent as to the salvability of Protestants. The question is no longer, he says, " simply whether Protestantism unrepented destroys salvation, as it was at first proposed, but whether Protestantism in itself, apart from ignorance and contrition, destroys salvation." Knott has admitted, in short, that a Protestant may be saved, if he be either an ignorant Protestant—not having had the means or capacity of knowing any better—or if he join with his Protestantism the " antidote of a general repentance." Though Protestants may not be saved at so easy a rate as Papists, yet (even Papists being the judges) they may obtain salvation. " Heaven is not inaccessible." " Their errors are not impracticable isthmuses between them and salvation." Nothing can be finer than the courteous sneer with which Chillingworth points his reply here ; all the more impressive that he seldom indulges in this vein :—

" For my part," he says, " such is my charity to you, that considering what great necessity you have, as much as any Christian society in the world, that the sanctuaries of ignorance and dependence should always stand open, I can hardly persuade myself, so much as in my most sacred consideration to divest you of these so needful qualifications ; but whensoever your errors, superstitions, and impieties come on to my mind, my only comfort is that the doctrine and practice too of repentance is yet remaining in your church ; and that though you put on a face of confidence of your innocence in point of doctrine, yet you will be glad to stand in the eye of many, as well as your fellows, and not be so stout as to refuse either God's pardon or the king's."

He then engages to meet his opponent on the more limited question—as he concludes it to be—as to whether Protestantism possesses so much natural malignity as to be in itself, apart from ignorance and contrition, destructive of salvation.

The combatants start with an acknowledged proposition on both sides. Chillingworth grants that there must be " a visible

church stored with all helps necessary to salvation ; " and farther, that the Church must have "sufficient means of determining all controversies in religion which are necessary to be determined ;" "sufficient " means, but not necessarily "effectual," "for that the same means may be sufficient for the compassing an end, and not effectual, you must not deny, who hold that God gives to all men sufficient means of salvation, and yet that all are not saved ;" further not for determining all controversies whatsoever, but only "*all which are necessary to be determined.*" Here, where so much of the general argument is to rest, he discriminates his ground carefully from the first. The end, he says, must be the measure of the means here and everywhere.

"If I have no need to be at London, I have no need of a horse to carry me thither. If I have no need to fly, I have no need of wings. So if I can be saved without knowing this or that definitely, I have no need to know it. The Church needs no means for determining points in which salvation is not involved. Is it necessary that all controversies in religion should be determined, or is it not ?"

The question plainly put contains its own answer even to the Romanist in whose church, as in all churches, many questions remain undetermined, or open questions.

So far, therefore, there is common ground between Chillingworth and his opponent. They advance up to a certain point on the same line of argument. There must be a visible church in possession of the means of salvation. This primary generality raises no discussion. Further, they agree that there must be within the Church an arbiter of religious truth, some "infallible" means of religious certitude. The latter expression is, with both writers, identical with the former—"means of salvation ;" and Chillingworth is content to use the word "infallible" no less than his opponent.* But here the apparent agreement between them proves to be entirely hollow. The words they use have not the same meaning. The religious truth is not the same thing to each. Their mode of reaching it is entirely different. The question, in short, of the determination of religious truth, or what is necessary to salvation, opens up their antagonism from its roots. All the other points of their argument branch off from this, and are virtually settled by the conclusions to which they come upon this. While avoiding the details of the controversy, it may be useful to exhibit in a table the course of discussion as it unfolds itself in successive chapters. This may be stated as follows, confining ourselves as much as possible to the language used by Chillingworth and his opponent.

* The "means of deciding controversies on faith and religion," he grants, "must be endued with a universal infallibility in what it propoundeth for a Divine truth."—P. I. c. i. Answer. Vol. i. p. 113.

I. The question as to religious certitude, or "the means whereby the truths of revelation are conveyed to our understanding," and controversies in faith and religion are determined.

II. The distinction of points fundamental and not fundamental, whether it is pertinent in the controversy.

III. The question whether the Apostles' Creed contains all fundamental points or "all points necessary to be believed."

IV. and V. Whether separation from the Church of Rome constitutes schism and heresy, and

VI. (which is a mere corollary from IV. and V.), whether Protestants are bound in charity to themselves to become reunited to the Roman Church.

A mere glance at this table serves to show how the whole controversy is really summed up in the twofold question as to the source of religious Truth and the character or sum of this Truth. To this question, therefore, as handled by our controversialists, we address ourselves. It assumes a very speedy and direct issue. The source of religious certitude—the infallible means of determining religious Truth—Knott says, is the Church, by which, of course, he means the Roman Catholic Church. Take away the Roman principle of infallibility, and all religion falls to the ground. "None can deny the infallible authority of the Church," are his words, "but he must abandon all inspired faith and true religion, if he but understand himself." Again, "If the infallibility of such a public authority be once impeached, what remains but that every man is given over to his own wit and discourse?" The principle of Knott, therefore, was the principle of the *Church's infallible voice*. Is any man in doubt, let him ask the Church? The Church is divinely authorized to pronounce what is true, and what every man is therefore bound to believe. This principle, whatever practical difficulties may be involved in it, is at least in its generality intelligible and consistent.

The position of Chillingworth as opposed to this principle, is the well-known Protestant adage so often quoted in his own words,* "*The Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants.*" The Bible, not the Church, is the organ of religious Truth, and the only rule of faith. This is the Protestant principle, asserted by our author and professed by all Protestant Churches in its *generality*. But the merit of Chillingworth, of course, does not consist in his having enunciated this general principle. It did not remain for him to do this. It is his interpretation of the principle which constitutes all his distinction as a religious thinker—which could alone have given him any distinction. It is plain, for example, that when it is said to a man, the voice of the Church is authoritative, or,

on the other hand, the voice of Scripture is authoritative, that the man is not greatly helped in a practical point of view. For he must then immediately ask, How am I to be sure of the voice of the Church, or how am I to be sure of the voice of Scripture? It is here that the real pinch lies. To take an illustration, there are ultra Anglo-Catholics who start from the same principle as the Roman Catholics, with both of whom (say, merely for the sake of clearness, Dr. Pusey and Dr. Newman) the *Church is always the last word*; but then the question arises, Which is the Church? and here the Anglican High Churchman and the Roman High Churchman separate. In a similar manner with the Presbyterian and Independent, or still more strikingly with the Calvinist and Arminian, and even Socinian of the old type, alike, the Bible is the last word—only the Bible. But then, not to speak of the modern question untouched by Chillingworth, What is the Bible? the further question at once arises, What is the voice of the Bible? what its true meaning? and here these several classes of Protestants separate. After having gained an apparent certainty in the assertion of a general principle, uncertainty again begins. Admitting Scripture to be the rule of faith, how are we to know the meaning of Scripture? Now it is here that Chillingworth has done real service. Here where the real difficulty lies he has cleared up the question, and settled it in the only way in which it can ever be consistently settled by Protestants. We will endeavour first to state his conclusions in our own language as briefly as possible, and then quote several passages from his work which set forth his views fully.

Chillingworth has virtually said, There is no real difficulty as to the meaning of Scripture. The great principles of religion—what we are to believe concerning God, and what duty requires of us—are clearly revealed in the Bible. All Protestant Churches have seen and acknowledged them. The Apostles' Creed embraces them. They are patent to the "right reason" (the expression is his own) and judgment of every man. The matters that separate Christians, or at least Protestant Christians, are not matters of faith,—necessary elements of religious truth pertaining to salvation—but matters of speculation on which Christians may differ safely or without any detriment to their spiritual condition. Such is the position laid down by Chillingworth. He disposes in short of the question of religious certitude by reducing it to its simplest dimensions: The proper objects—the only valid objects of religious belief—according to him, are certain great facts or principles which are plainly revealed or made known to every open intelligence in Scripture. What lies beyond these facts or principles is either in its nature uncertain, or in its bearing unimportant. Religious certitude, in

short, can be reached by every honest mind with Scripture before it. Where such certitude is impossible, it is unnecessary.

Let us now attend to Chillingworth's own statements, many of which are very significant. They are scattered over a wide surface, but we will endeavour to exhibit them in such an order as to bring out his meaning fully, and yet without exaggeration.

Speaking of Scripture in his second chapter as "the only rule whereby to judge of controversies," he says, that it is—

"Sufficiently perfect and sufficiently intelligible to all that have understanding, whether they be learned or unlearned. And my reason hereof is convincing and demonstrative, because nothing is necessary to be believed but what is plainly revealed. For to say that where a place, by reason of ambiguous terms, lies indifferent between divers senses whereof one is true and the other is false, that God obliges man under pain of damnation not to mistake through error and human frailty, is to make God a tyrant; and to say that he requires us certainly to attain that end, for the attaining whereof we have no certain means, which is to say that, like Pharaoh, he gives no straw and requires brick; that he reaps where he sows not, that he gathers where he strows not, that he will not accept of us according to that which we have, but requireth of us what we have not. . . . shall we not tremble to impute that to God which we would take as foul scorn if it were imputed to ourselves? Certainly I for my part fear I should not love God, if I should think so strangely of him." *

"Again," he continues, addressing his opponent—

"When you say 'that unlearned and ignorant men cannot understand Scripture,' I would desire you to come out of the clouds and tell us what you mean; whether that they cannot understand all Scripture, or that they cannot understand any Scripture, or that they cannot understand so much as is sufficient for their direction to heaven. If the first,—I believe the learned are in the same case. If the second,—every man's experience will confute you; for who is there who is not capable of a sufficient understanding of the story, the precepts, the promises, and the threats of the Gospel? If the third,—that they may understand something, but not enough for their salvations; I ask you, why then doth St. Paul say to Timothy, '*The Scriptures are able to make him wise unto salvation*'? Why doth St. Austin say, *Ea quæ manifeste posita sunt in Sacris Scripturis omnia continent quæ pertinent ad fidem moresque vivendi*? Why does every one of the four Evangelists entitle their book, The Gospel, if any necessary and essential part of the Gospel were left out of it? Can we imagine that either they omitted something necessary out of ignorance, not knowing it to be necessary? or, knowing it to be so, maliciously concealed it? or, out of negligence, did the work they had undertaken by halves? If none of these things can be imputed to them, then certainly it must naturally follow that every one writ the whole Gospel of Christ; I mean all the essential and necessary parts of it. So that if we had no other book of Scripture than one of them alone, we should not want anything necessary to salvation." †

Elsewhere, in a previous part of the same chapter, in reference to the statement that Scripture—admitting it to be a rule or law of

faith—"is no more fit to end controversies *without* a living judge, than the law is alone to end such," he answers—

"If the law were plain and perfect, and men honest and desirous to understand aright and obey it, he that says it were not fit to end controversies, must either want understanding himself, or think the world wants it. Now the Scriptures, we pretend, in things necessary, is plain and perfect. Such a law therefore cannot but be very fit to end all controversies necessary to be ended. For others that are not so, they will end when the world ends, and that is time enough."*

He repudiates the necessity of any judge to interpret Scripture.

"Every man is to judge for himself with the judgment of discretion." "For if the Scripture (as it is in things necessary) be plain, why should it be more necessary to have a judge to interpret it in plain places than to have a judge to interpret the meaning of a councillor's decrees, and others to interpret their interpretations, and others to interpret them, and so on for ever? And when they are not plain, then if we, using diligence to find the truth, do yet miss of it, and fall into error, there is no danger in it. *They that err and they that do not err may both be saved. So that those places which contain things necessary, and where no error was dangerous, need no infallible interpreter, because they are plain; and those that are obscure need none, because they contain not things necessary; neither is error in them dangerous.*"†

With such confidence does Chillingworth lay down the principle of the sufficiency of Scripture, and of its plainness and intelligibility in all things necessary for salvation, and therefore necessary to be believed. He adverts over and over again to the great principle that the responsibility of faith is to be measured by the clearness and simplicity of the Divine Revelation. If God has spoken plainly, and man refuse to receive the Divine testimony, he has no excuse to offer for him. This were to give God the lie, he says, and "questionless damnable."‡ "But as for other things which lie without the covenant,"§ according to his expression, that is to say, which were either obscure in themselves or capable of different interpretations, according to the variety of tempers, abilities, educations, and unavoidable prejudices whereby men's understandings are variously formed and fashioned, "to say that God will damn men for errors as to such things, who are lovers of him and lovers of truth, is to rob man of his comfort and God of his goodness; is to make man desperate and God a tyrant." "When you can show," he adds in the same place, in a passage of great emphasis,—

"When you can show that God hath interposed his testimony on one side or another, so that either they do see it and will not; or were it not for their own voluntary and avoidable fault might and should see it, and do not; let all such errors be as damnable as you please to make them." But

* Vol. ii. p. 169.

† Answer to Preface, p. 80.

‡ Do. p. 170.

§ Do. p. 80.

"if they suffer themselves neither to be betrayed into their errors, nor kept in them by any sin of their will; if they do their best endeavour to free themselves from all errors, and yet fail of it through human frailty, so well am I persuaded of the goodness of God, that if in me alone should meet a confluence of all such errors of all the Protestants of the world ~~that~~ were thus qualified, I should not be so much afraid of them all as I should be to ask pardon for them." *

Scripture on the one hand, therefore, and the free, honest, open mind on the other hand—these are, with Chillingworth, the factors, and the only factors, of religious Truth—the essential elements of religious certitude. Scripture is an open mirror in which every intelligence may see the Truth if it only look for it. There is no necessity for any medium to transfer it, or any judge to interpret it to the understanding. It lies open to all in the simple statements of the Gospels—of any one of the Gospels. It is not to be supposed that Chillingworth, in thus nakedly asserting the sufficiency of the individual judgment or reason to find the meaning of Scripture for itself, puts aside or rejects the necessity of Divine influence in reaching Divine truth. This special point was not in question between the two disputants. They alike recognised the reality of Divine revelation and the necessity of the Divine Spirit. What they differed about was as to the medium of the revelation and the organ of the Spirit. To the Jesuit the Church was both the one and the other—the revealing medium and the interpreting spirit. Scripture was merely a help to the Church. To Chillingworth Scripture and Reason were the twofold Source of the Truth—the one external, the other internal. We have seen sufficiently what he says as to the first. Let us observe now what he says as to the second.

Knott had said that if the notion of Papal infallibility were given up, every man was given over to his own wit and discourse. Chillingworth replies:—

"If you mean by *discourse* right reason grounded on Divine revelation, and common notions written by God in the hearts of all men, and deducing, according to the never-failing rules of logic, consequent deductions from them;—if this be it which you mean by discourse, it is very meet and reasonable and necessary that men, as in all their actions, so especially in that of greatest importance, the choice of their way to happiness, should be left unto it; and he that follows this in all his opinions and actions, and does not only seem to do so, follows always God." †

Again:—

"For my part, I am certain that God hath given us our reason to discern between truth and falsehood; and he that makes not this use of it, but believes things he knows not why, I say that it is by chance that he believes the truth, and not by choice; and that I cannot but fear that God will not

* Answer to Preface, p. 14.

† Do. p. 14.

accept the sacrifice of fools. But you that would not have men follow their reason, what would you have them follow?—their passions?—to pluck out their eyes and go blindfold? No; you would have them follow authority. On God's name let them. We also would have them follow authority; for it is upon the authority of universal tradition that we should have them believe Scripture. But then as for the authority which you would have them follow, you will let them see reason why they should follow it. And is not this to go a little about; to leave reason for a short time and then to come to it again, and to do that which you condemn in others?—it being, indeed, a plain improbability for any man to submit his reason but to

Every man, in short, must have some rational conviction at the root of his religion, however imperfect or concealed this conviction may be. He may accept his religion at first hand from the priest or the Church, but he must have some reason for believing the Church. He may believe that a doctrine is true because coming directly from the Spirit of God; but he must have some evidence, or, in other words, some reason, for believing that the doctrine does come from the Divine Spirit. Chillingworth is quite as much opposed to a superstitious and irrational Protestantism as to a superstitious and irrational Popery. The private judgment must not merely be “a particular reason that a doctrine is true which some men pretend, but cannot prove, to come from the Spirit of God,” but a rational judgment founded upon evidence:—

“For is there not a manifest difference between saying, ‘The Spirit of God tells me that this is the meaning of such a text’ (which no man can possibly know to be true, it being a secret thing), and between saying, ‘These and those reasons I have to show that this or that is true doctrine, or that this or that is the meaning of such a Scripture,’ reason being a public and certain thing, and exposed to all men’s trial and examination?”†

Such is the mode in which Chillingworth settles the primary question of religious certitude, or the source of religious Truth. The remaining questions scarcely admit of vital controversy after laying down such a basis. It is plain that differing here, the disputants must differ throughout—as to the sum or contents of religious Truth, for example, no less than its Source or Authority. The one question continually involves the other. Not only is the Church the authority with Knott, but all that the Church stamps with its authority is vital or fundamental. All is Truth which the Church affirms to be true. Not at all, argues Chillingworth. That is Truth only which is necessary to be believed in order to salvation. The Jesuit taunts him with the necessity of giving a catalogue of necessary or fundamental doctrines. This is not at all requisite, he says. “That may be fundamental and necessary to me which to another is

not so." The question is one of privilege and opportunity, as the case of Cornelius shows :—

"In his Gentilism he was accepted for his present state ; yet, if he had continued in it, and refused to believe in Christ after the sufficient revelation of the Gospel to him and God's will to have him believe it, he that was accepted before would not have continued accepted." *

As the Romanist, therefore, thinks it enough to say in general, "That all is fundamental which the Church has defined;" so it is enough for the Protestant to say in general, "That it is sufficient for man's salvation to believe that the Scripture is true, and contains all things necessary for salvation, and to do his best endeavour to find and believe the true sense of it." †

The Jesuit argues that "unless the Church be infallible in all things, we cannot believe her in any one." Chillingworth pours great contempt upon this argument. There is no more consequence in it, he says, than in this : "The devil is not infallible ; therefore, if he says there is one God, I cannot believe him. No geometrician is infallible in all things, therefore not in these things which he demonstrates." ‡ If it be meant, indeed, that the Church being fallible, we cannot rationally believe her simply on her own word or authority, there is no doubt of the proposition. The Church is only to be credited—everything is only credible—on fair grounds of reason and evidence presented to the crediting intelligence. That there shall be always a Church "infallible in fundamentals," he admits, for this is simply to say, "that there shall be always a Church." But that any given Church is always an infallible guide in fundamentals, is to say something quite different. This statement he entirely denies. "The true Church always shall be the teacher and maintainer of all necessary truth, for it is of the essence of the Church to be so. But a man may be still a man though he want a hand or an eye. So the Church may be still a Church though it be defective in some profitable truth." § It follows, of course, that the simplest creed is the best creed, and that which alone offers any basis of reunion among Christians. That which is known as the Apostles' Creed best answers to this description. It has been esteemed "a sufficient summary or catalogue of fundamentals by the most learned Romanists and by antiquity." "What man or church soever believes this creed, and all the evident consequences of it, sincerely and heartily, cannot possibly be in any error of simple belief offensive to God."

It appears to Chillingworth that it would be of the utmost advantage for the Christian world if men would recognise the adequacy of such a creed as this, and hold all beyond as mere

* Vol. i. p. 321.

† Do. p. 347.

‡ Do. p. 322.

§ Do. p. 340.

matters of speculation and opinion. There appears to him no other prospect of Christian union.

"For this is most certain," he says, "that to reduce Christians to unity of communion there are but two ways: the one by taking away the diversity of opinions touching matters of religion; the other by showing that the diversity of opinions which is among the several sects of Christians ought to be no hindrance to their unity in communion. Now, the former of these is not to be hoped for without a miracle. . . . What then remains but that the other way must be taken, and Christians must be taught to set a higher value upon those points of faith and obedience in which they agree than upon those matters of less moment wherein they differ; and understand that agreement in these ought to be more effectual to join them in one communion than their difference in other things of less moment? When I say in one communion, I mean in a common profession of those articles of faith wherein all consent; a joint worship of God, after such a way as all esteem lawful; and a mutual performance of all those works of charity which Christians owe one to another. And to such a communion what better inducement could be thought of than to demonstrate that what was universally believed of all Christians, if it were joined with a love of truth and of holy obedience, was sufficient to bring men to heaven? *For why should men be more rigid than God?* Why should any error exclude any man from the Church's communion which will not deprive him of eternal salvation?"*

Again, he says:—

"If men would allow that the way to heaven is not narrower now than Christ left it, his yoke no heavier than he made it; that the belief of no more difficulties is required now to salvation than was in the primitive Church; that no error is in itself destructive and exclusive from salvation now which was not then; if, instead of being zealous Papists, earnest Calvinists, rigid Lutherans, they would become themselves, and be content that others should be, plain and honest Christians; if all men would believe the Scripture, and, freeing themselves from prejudice and passion, would sincerely endeavour to find the true sense of it, and live according to it, and require no more of others than to do so; nor denying their communion to any that do so, would so order their public service of God that all which do so may, without scruple, or hypocrisy, or protestation against any part of it, join with them in it—who doth not see that, since all necessary truths are plainly and evidently set down in Scripture, there would of necessity be among all men, in all things necessary, unity of opinion? And, notwithstanding any other differences that are or could be, unity of communion, and charity, and mutual toleration, by which means all schism and heresy would be banished the world, and those wretched contentions which now rend and tear in pieces, not the coat, but the members and bowels of Christ, which mutual pride, and tyranny, and cursing, and killing, and damning, would fain make immortal, should speedily receive a most blessed catastrophe."†

The reader will notice the rising energy, the suppressed yet hurrying vehemence, which runs through this passage. This is Chillingworth's manner when fully under the influence of some great thought or feeling. His mind kindles, and his style catches the glow and impetuosity of a noble enthusiasm. There is no subject stirs him more readily or more loftily than religious freedom.

The idea of this freedom, and how miserably men grudge it to each other, and Christian Churches strive to thwart and limit it instead of seeking their strength in educating it, never fails to fire his language, and makes it move with that grand, if somewhat irregular, energy which is its highest feature. He acknowledges the authority of the Divine Word to control man's faith, and no other authority.

"Propose to me anything out of the Bible," he says, "and require whether I believe it or no, and seem it never so incomprehensible to human reason, I will subscribe it with hand and heart, as knowing no demonstration can be stronger than this: God hath said so, therefore it is true. In other things, I will take no man's liberty of judgment from him, neither shall any man take mine from me. I will think no man the worse man nor the worse Christian,—I will love no man the less for differing in opinion from me; and what measure I mete to others I expect from them again. I am fully assured that God does not, and therefore that man ought not, to require any more of any man than this—to believe the Scripture to be God's word, to endeavour to find the true sense of it, and to live according to it."*

Freedom of religious opinion was thus placed by Chillingworth on its true basis more than two centuries ago—six years before the Westminster Assembly met. If anything were needed to show the height to which he rises above the divines of the time, this simple fact was enough to show it. The principle of religious latitude had indeed been already laid down by the Remonstrant divines in Holland; but none had seized it more clearly or boldly than Chillingworth, and none had heretofore given systematic expression to it in England. It is to be observed that he announces it as a principle for the direction and government of Churches, and not merely as a barren concession to the force of philosophical and religious indifference. It derives all its interest to him from its connection with religious earnestness and its seeming to open up the way for the reconstitution and advancement of the Christian Church. The idea of religious latitude being something very good outside the Church, but an impossibility within the Church, is opposed to his whole conception. According to him, on the contrary, the only valid basis for the Church, the only hope of its ever becoming what it professes to be, *Catholic*, is the utmost freedom in the light of Scripture. Whatever tends to limit or control religious faith beyond the one controlling authority of the Divine word is evil. This is absolute when we recognise it. Whatever tends to interfere with the simplicity of this absolute spiritual authority is a source of ecclesiastical disorganization—of unchristian disorder. It is when he touches this strain that his language rises to indignant eloquence.

"This presumptuous imposing of the senses of men upon the words of God, —the special senses of men upon the general words of God, and laying them upon men's consciences together, under the equal penalty of death and dam-

nation; this vain conceit, that we can speak of the things of God better than in the words of God; this deifying our own interpretations, and tyrannous enforcing them upon others; this restraining of the word of God from that latitude and generality, and the understandings of men from that liberty wherein Christ and the Apostles left them, is and hath been the only fountain of all the schisms of the Church, and that which makes them immortal; the common incendiary of Christendom, and that which tears in pieces not the coat, but the bowels and members of Christ. *Ridente Turca nec dolente Juileo.* Take away these walls of separation, and all will quickly be one. Take away this persecuting, burning, cursing, damning of men for not subscribing to the words of men as the words of God; require of Christians only to believe Christ, and to call no man master but him only; let those leave claiming infallibility that have no title to it, and let them, that in their word disclaim it, disclaim it likewise in their actions. In a word, take away tyranny, which is the devil's instrument to support errors and superstitions, and impieties in the several parts of the world, which could not otherwise long withstand the power of truth; I say take away tyranny and restore Christians to their just and full liberty of captivating their understanding to Scripture only, and, as rivers, when they have a free passage run all to the ocean, so it may well be hoped, by God's blessing, that universal liberty, thus unrestricted, may quickly reduce Christendom to truth and unity."*

It is unnecessary to carry our exposition further. These extracts render Chillingworth's principles sufficiently apparent. They are the principles evidently neither of the Laudian school, with which he was personally associated, nor of the Puritan school, to which he was opposed. He stands aloof from both, on a higher platform. From the school of Laud he is separated by his elevation of Scripture, not only into the supreme, but into the only authority in religious opinion and controversy; and while the mere general assertion of this principle might seem to place him on the same level with the Puritan, the manner in which he maintains and interprets this principle separates him widely from it. While he recognises Scripture as the only authority in religion, he recognises at the same time the free right of the individual reason to interpret Scripture. Nor does he acknowledge this merely as a generality which Puritanism may be also said to do, but he accepts it as a living practical principle in all its consequences. The right of free individual interpretation of Scripture, for example, implies the right of religious difference. Beyond an obvious round of great facts and truths, to be found everywhere plainly revealed in Scripture,—to be found complete in any one of the Gospels,—there is no unity of religious belief possible or desirable among Christians. Beyond these facts of which the Apostles' Creed is the historical summary, he proclaims the principle of religious latitude. This is his distinction: Christianity is with him belief in Christ—the great facts of Christ's life and death for man's salvation,—without either a Sacramentarian theory, or a Calvinistic or an Arminian theory of the mode in which this salvation is made effectual to man. He requires of Christians, in his own language, "to believe

only in Christ," "and will damn no man or doctrine without express and certain warrant from God's word." He recognises the authority of God in religion, and no other authority. This authority is addressed to the individual reason, and conscience, in Scripture, so that the humblest intelligence may see and own it. There is no second authority entitled to speak for the Divine voice, or to interfere between it and the individual. The voice of the Church, the voice of creeds and of councils, should be reverently listened to, but they possess no binding authority in themselves over the Christian conscience. In so far as they express the truth of Scripture we are to be thankful for them, accept and use them; but what we acknowledge in them is not the human expressions or temporary form of doctrine, but the Divine substance and meaning which they have sought to render.

"By the 'Religion of Protestants,' I do not understand the doctrine of Luther or Calvin or Melancthon, nor the confession of Augusta or Geneva, nor the Catechism of Heidelberg, nor the Articles of the Church of England; no, nor the harmony of Protestant Confessions; but that wherein they all agree, and which they all subscribe with a greater harmony as a perfect rule of their faith and actions,—that is, the *Bible*." *

Chillingworth was thus a Protestant, not merely in name, but in truth and consistently. He recognised and, for the first time in English theological literature, fully expounded the meaning of Protestantism and its logical corollary, the principle of religious latitude, or of "agreeing to differ" in all matters of religious theory in which the varying tastes, tempers, and judgments of men necessarily create difference. He held fast to the supremacy of Scripture, the great watchword of the sixteenth century against Popery; but he appreciated, as the sixteenth century had not done, the free action of reason upon Scripture. To the cause of Protestantism and of liberal theology he has thus rendered an abiding service. There are few names, upon the whole, even in a history so fruitful in great names as that of the Church of England, which more excite our admiration, or which claim a more significant place in the development of religious thought. Chillingworth will not indeed be prized by either of the extremes of thought in our day—by those who have once more taken up the cry of priestly authority in religion, nor by those who recognise no authority save the conclusions of the scientific intellect. But the world is not yet, we trust, committed to either of these extremes—to Ritualism or to Positivism. Reason will survive the assaults of the one, and faith those of the other. Let us be assured that whatever progress yet awaits the human race will be a progress at once rational and religious, in which the rights of free thought and the instincts of a filial faith will meet and harmonize.

JOHN TULLOCH.



THE PRESENT STATE OF THE FRENCH REFORMED CHURCH.

THE revival of the Roman Church in England, and that of the Reformed Church in France, will probably rank, in the opinion of future historians, among the most remarkable religious phenomena of the nineteenth century. One hundred years ago, few persons would have ventured to prophesy that in our day the Roman communion would increase and multiply in England as it has done, and that some of the most distinguished, socially and intellectually, of English Churchmen would have become converts to the authority of the Pope. Wonderful as this revival of the Roman Church in England may be, the re-establishment of Protestantism in France is certainly more astonishing. Whatever the political disabilities that were inflicted upon the Roman Catholics from the time of Elizabeth until 1829, whatever the occasional cruelties they may have suffered, there has never been any avowed intention of utterly destroying them. There is, happily, no St. Bartholomew and no Dragonnade in the history of England; and the fact that several great families have been able to retain, at the same time, the faith of their ancestors and their earthly possessions, is a sufficient proof of the comparative leniency with which members of their communion were treated. Long before the Emancipation Act, the Roman Catholics of England had existed, not only as a scattered remnant, but with a living and

working organization; so that the Act itself, in a religious point of view, did little beyond legally consecrating a state of things which existed already. Then again, in considering the revival and progress of Romanism in England, we must not lose sight of the multitudes of Irish which constantly recruit and increase the Roman Catholic flocks. The Protestant Church in France, after suffering incomparably more in the past, has no such influx of co-religionists to augment it in the present; whatever progress it has achieved within the last seventy or eighty years, it owes exclusively to its own vitality; and those who have read M. de Félice's "*Histoire des Protestants de France*," "*L'Histoire des Réfugiés Protestants*" of M. Weiss, or "*Les Mémoires d'un Galérien Protestant*," can form some idea of what tests that vitality was put to. For more than a hundred years, from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes to the Edict of Toleration, all Protestant ministers were condemned to banishment to the galleys for life if they remained with their flocks; to death, if they presumed to preach, or otherwise officiate; all Protestant places of worship were closed, and all religious assemblies forbidden; those which took place in the woods and caves were dispersed by the sword; the men who were taken were sent to the galleys, the women to the convents; all children of Protestants were obliged to attend mass and catechism, and at seven years old admitted to become converts to the Catholic Church: if they were not sent regularly to the instructions of the priests, they were taken by force from their families, and brought up in the schools of the clergy. It must not be thought that these edicts remained a dead letter; the already powerfully centralized Government of France enabled them to be carried out with fearful efficacy. Within twenty years, seven hundred *pasteurs* and five hundred thousand members of the Reformed Church left their country. No wonder that when, at the end of the reign of Louis XVI., an "*Edict de Tolérance*" was at last granted, there no longer existed in France any visible traces of what had once been the *Eglise Réformée*; and yet now, eighty years after this edict, the French Reformed Church—exclusive of the Lutherans of Alsatia, with their four hundred clergy and their five hundred churches and schools—the old hunted and persecuted *Eglise Réformée*, numbers about eight hundred *pasteurs*, at least two thousand five hundred elders or deacons, one thousand places of worship, and more than thirteen hundred schools. Nor are free associations wanting to show the energy of the Reformed Church: Bible, Tract, and Missionary Societies, Societies for the Evangelization of disseminated Protestants or of the Roman Catholic populations, Societies for the Propagation of Sunday and Week-day Schools, &c.—altogether more than twenty associations—help each other for the support and increase of the Reformed faith. It is not only in purely

religious matters that the Protestant Church has proved herself alive; the last Exhibition in Paris has shown clearly that the Huguenots have not forgotten their old commercial and manufacturing pre-eminence; and in all the spheres of public service and social utility where, in spite of official and legal toleration, the Protestant name is still looked upon with no little jealousy and dislike by the Roman Catholic majority, Protestant doctors, lawyers, generals, admirals, and statesmen testify to the energy and intelligence of the denomination they belong to. It seems but yesterday that they were allowed to come to light, and already, like the Christians of the third century, they can boast that they are to be found everywhere.

In the following pages it is our intention to show, as completely as we can within our limits, the present state of the French Reformed Church. We shall consider, firstly, its relations to the State; secondly, its ecclesiastical condition; and shall call attention, lastly, to some recent manifestations of its religious life.

The Edit de Tolérance which, in 1787, put an end to the persecutions, granted only four things to the Protestants: the right of living in France, and of entering any trade or profession; the right of contracting legal marriages; the right of legally registering the birth of their children; the right of burying their dead without interference of the Romish priests. Small as these concessions were, they proved an immense boon to the scattered remains of the Reformed Churches; but times were changing rapidly, and, when the First Consul re-established the Christian religion, he at once recognised the legal status of the Reformed Church. In 1802 he went further, and granted the support of the State to the Protestant worship, in the same manner and proportion as it was already given to the Roman Catholic establishment. Ever since that date the Reformed Church has become a national institution in France, the ministers being paid, and the churches built and maintained, by the Government. It is easy to imagine with what joy these new arrangements were received by the Protestants. Thenceforward they were sure of obtaining protection, and of being, at least legally, on a footing of perfect equality with the Roman Catholics. In their enthusiasm they compared themselves to the Israelites who took possession of the promised land which their fathers had long sought, and only seen from far. No doubt it was an inestimable benefit for the descendants of the Huguenots to be assured that they could henceforth live and worship in peace, and they were justified in thanking warmly the Government which put an end to their trials; but now at all fear of bloodshed and persecution has disappeared, it is not to perceive that many of the troubles which disturb the

Church and hinder its moral and spiritual progress, are to be traced to this alliance, at first so welcome, between the *Eglise Réformée* and the government of Buonaparte.

The old Reformed Church, the church of Théodore de Bèze, of Duplessis Mornay, Coligny, and Jeanne d'Albret, was a purely Presbyterian organization, having in its National Synods (or General Assemblies), composed of lay and clerical representatives, the head and fountain of all secondary powers. The hundred years of persecution having entirely broken up this ancient order, and no traces of the old organization remaining, it was necessary to establish an entirely new state of things,—to build up, as it were, the Church from its foundations. Now there were two ways of doing this: either the Government, having really at heart the welfare of the institution it desired to reconstitute, might have sought out what were the lines and plans of the old edifice, and, by consulting with the representatives of French Protestantism, who could still have been found here and there, helped them freely to establish a new Reformed Church; or else the Government, finding the ancient order totally overthrown, could take advantage of this circumstance to arrange the new institutions in such a way as to place the Reformed Church as completely as possible in the dependence of the State. It is easy to imagine which of these two methods proved the more agreeable to Buonaparte. No confession of faith, no law, no document, no assembly or institution of any kind was acknowledged by the First Consul as representing the principles or interests of the Reformed Church. Buonaparte mapped out the whole of France into *consistoires*, or districts, each containing about six thousand Protestants. In these districts the Protestants who paid the highest taxes were called together, and instructed to elect ministers—their nomination being of course subject to the ratification of the State: The object of these *consistoires* was to represent, before the Government and in concert with the clergy they had elected, the interests, chiefly pecuniary, of the district they presided over. When a vacancy occurred in their ranks, these *consistoires* were allowed to recruit their numbers by choosing new members among the richest and most influential men of the district. Thus reconstituted, the Reformed Church became naturally much more a department of the State than an independent body, having for its chief object the spiritual welfare of its members.

Notwithstanding many complaints of the Protestants, who regretted the old Presbyterian organization of the Church of their ancestors, this state of things lasted from 1802 to 1852. This last-mentioned year, which saw such great changes in every part of the French government and administration, brought with it very considerable alterations, amounting in fact to a revolution, in the economy of the

Reformed Church ; and it is curious to observe how the same combination, or rather, coincidence of political and religious interests, which had enabled the first Buonaparte to reconstitute the Reformed Church, made it possible for a new Napoleon to work out deep and organic changes in its constitution. There is little doubt that Napoleon I.'s real reason for giving the support of the State to the Reformed Church was his desire of preventing the Protestants from ever becoming an *imperium in imperio* ; and the reason which made the Protestants of 1802 accept this arrangement was the desire of escaping, once for all, from any danger of being persecuted afresh. In 1852 the present Emperor's interest was evidently to break up the old consistoires, composed as they were of the highest *bourgeoisie*, proud of having M. Guizot for prime minister, and deeply attached to the excellent Hélène de Mecklembourg, the Protestant mother of the Count of Paris, heir to the throne. These consistoires were, in a political point of view, so many centres of deep and zealous Orleanism throughout France. This alone was enough to condemn them in the eyes of Napoleon. Moreover, it must be acknowledged that, in a religious point of view, the old consistorial arrangements had proved very cumbrous and inefficient, and the best judges of the interests of the Church had long desired a return to something like the old historical constitution of the *Eglise Réformée*. This is precisely what the decree of March, 1852, seemed to guarantee. The first article of this decree ordered the re-establishment of parishes properly so called ; that is, of flocks having at their head an incumbent, or *pasteur en titre*. Each of these parishes has now, as it had before the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, its own council or vestry, composed, firstly, of the pasteur, and, secondly, of a certain number of laymen, or elders, elected by the parochial vote. These local councils govern the parish under the authority of the consistoire. This last-named body is composed of all the pasteurs of a certain circumscription, and of a certain number of lay elders, delegated by the different parishes. The consistoire is always presided over by a pasteur. These consistoires meet twice a year at least, and watch over the regular celebration of public worship, the administration of the sacraments, &c.

So far the organization of 1852 is a faithful return to the state of affairs previous to the persecutions ; but, for this re-establishment to have been complete, there were two other bodies which the decree then issued should have reinstated,—the Provincial and National Synods or Assemblies. The Provincial Synods were composed of lay and clerical delegates from the various consistoires, and had to decide all difficulties which might arise in any of the churches within their provinces. If any cases presented themselves which the Provincial Synod was unable to determine, they were carried before the National

Synod, or General Assembly, which, meeting only every three or four years, and also composed of lay and clerical members delegated by the Synods of each province, constituted the highest authority in the Church in all matters of doctrine and discipline. A moment's reflection will show how necessary to the well-being of the Church these two superior courts must have been. In them alone could be found the authority and impartiality requisite to decide local difficulties and disputes. The re-establishment of these higher ecclesiastical bodies was the more to be desired in 1852, as the new decree granted to the laity in each parish more and greater privileges than they had ever enjoyed under the old constitution. The Church of France, being strictly Presbyterian, had always recognised the right of the flock to elect its own pasteurs; but these elections could only take place according to strict rules, and were only carried out by the recognised members of the Church. Who these were, the Church alone had the right and power to determine. The new decree gave the right of voting to all Protestants aged thirty who could prove that they had been received into the Church; and, if married, had been married according to Protestant rites; in other words, any man who, once in his life, had received the communion in the Reformed Church, and had been present once or twice at Divine worship, was made a church member. The new law gave the right of voting, not only to those who by their lives proved the interest they took in religious matters, but to almost any one who chose to declare himself a Protestant. Practically, therefore, the new law amounted to the introduction of universal suffrage into church matters. No doubt in all this the Government was acting consistently enough, since it carried into the spiritual society the democratic principle of the supreme authority of numbers, which, at the same period, had become the foundation of all political organization; yet it is open to doubt whether in so doing the chief desire of the State was to promote the welfare of the Church.

We have dwelt at some length upon the constitution the Reformed Church has received from the Imperial Government, because it is impossible to understand the present condition of that Church, its inward life, the problems it has to solve, and the difficulties it must grapple with, unless its position with regard to the State be clearly realized.

II.

The consequences of the new order inaugurated by the decree of 1852 were not long in making themselves felt, and it would be far from the truth to say that these consequences were altogether bad. One of the first effects of the new constitution was a general awakening of ecclesiastical, not to say religious life throughout the

Church. Everywhere, since the above-mentioned date, a new interest, a new importance, has attached to church affairs, and we could name many a parish in various parts of France which, during the reign of the old consistoires, slept in profound indifference and ignorance about church matters, which has awakened as it were to a new existence, and shows by unmistakable signs its zeal for the parochial and general affairs of the Church. It is true this newly-aroused zeal is not always exercised in favour of the best causes, but, whatever the errors may be into which many parishes have fallen, it is certainly a good thing that, throughout the French Protestant populations, a lively interest in the affairs of their communion should have been excited.

As might have been expected, the church in which the advantages and disadvantages of the new system have appeared with the greatest evidence is that of Paris; and as what has taken place there can serve as an illustration of the difficulties of French Protestantism, we will give a somewhat detailed account of these events.

In 1856 the general election of elders had taken place with perfect order; and as, at that time, those only who interested themselves in religious matters had taken the trouble to vote, all the lay representatives of the Church were religious and Christian men, and clergy and laity worked together in harmony for the good of their common object, the welfare of the flock. Not many years elapsed, however, before this fruitful peace was disturbed.

A young man of talent, M. Athanase Coquerel, had for several years, and, by a special arrangement, at intervals of two years each, been elected by the church council as curate of one of the incumbents of the Paris church. M. Coquerel was known as belonging to the liberal—as opposed to the Pietistic or Methodistic—section of the Protestant clergy, but he had given no cause of offence; on the contrary, his personal character and attractive preaching made him a useful as well as a brilliant ornament of his profession. As time rolled on, however, a change became visible in his sermons, and in the articles he frequently contributed to one of the religious papers. Gradually his personal views became more and more different from those of his brethren, more and more antagonistic to the doctrines of the Church he professed to serve, until at last he openly declared that it was not a little differently, but altogether differently, that he understood and accepted the doctrines of Christianity: “Ce n’est pas un peu autrement, mais tout autrement que les orthodoxes que nous entendons les questions de la Trinité, du péché originel, de l’expiation, de l’inspiration, et autres dogmes que l’on appelle fondamentaux.” The consequence of this manifesto was that, when the term of two years then running came to an end, another suffragant was invited to take his place. This very simple and perfectly legal proceeding

was the occasion or pretext of a violent opposition raised against the *conseil presbytéral*; it was accused of narrowness, of showing a persecuting and inquisitorial spirit. All the freethinkers and unbelievers among the Protestants declared that the rights of conscience were outraged in the person of M. Coquerel, and, what is worse, they asked and obtained the help of the antichristian public press, the *Siècle*, the *Opinion Nationale*, the *Temps*, to assert and defend the threatened rights of free thought. M. Coquerel thought it right to accept the dangerous alliance thus offered to him, and, by the time the next election of elders took place, two years after his deposition, he found himself, as he thought, strong enough to fill the council of the church with his friends, and thus regain the situation he had lost. In this he was, happily, mistaken; a sufficient majority of the Paris church laymen remained true to re-elect all the members of the presbytery who had deposed M. Coquerel; but the victory was very hardly won. The furious attacks of the *Siècle* and other Radical papers brought to the poll, besides the personal admirers and adherents of M. Coquerel, a multitude of so-called Protestants who never came to church or took any interest in religious matters, but who, imagining the rights of conscience were in danger, flocked, as they thought, to the rescue of Protestant principles: they never stopped to consider that, if every clergyman were allowed to preach what he liked, the freedom of the laity would be the first sacrificed, since they would have either to go altogether without worship, or else accept for their spiritual guides irresponsible and uncontrollable directors. As an example of the severity of the contest at the last Paris elections, we may state that M. Guizot, altogether the most distinguished representative of French Protestantism, had to undergo a "second tour de scrutin." It is true that he had rendered himself particularly obnoxious to many by his public defence of the temporal power of the Pope.

Many events of the same kind have taken place in various Protestant churches; but it is useless to detail them, as the facts above related show sufficiently the dangers which the Church is exposed to in consequence of its present organization. Had the last election of the Paris presbytery been won by the Radical party,—and, with universal suffrage in church matters, there is no reason why this should not have happened,—it is easy to imagine what disorder the church of Paris would have been thrown into; the wise and faithful decision taken by the presbytery would have been reversed; a clergyman who openly declared himself no longer in communion with his brethren on the cardinal articles of the Christian faith would, in all probability, have been, before long, reinstated; and as, in the present state of things, there is no appeal to a higher jurisdiction, the scandalous triumph of unbelief would have remained unchecked, unless indeed

some future election of elders had set things right by placing once more, and even then, perhaps, only for a time, faithful men at the head of the Church.

The obvious remedy for this confusion is the re-establishment of the two higher ecclesiastical courts, the Provincial and National Synods, which existed in the old *Eglise Réformée*; for if these assemblies now existed, any local and accidental quarrel or difficulty that might arise in the Church could be carried at once before a body whose members, having no direct or personal interest in the question before them, would judge and decide with complete authority and perfect impartiality. If, for instance, a National Synod had ratified the deposition of M. Coquerel, no success of his partisans in the local elections of Paris could have brought him back to the position he had lost; and if, on the contrary, M. Coquerel could have shown, before a National Synod, that he had given no just cause of offence, the Synod would have broken the decision taken against him by the council of his parish, and honourably reinstated him in his charge. Thus a Synod would act not only as the guardian of the authority of local courts, but also of the just liberty of individuals.

The necessity of re-establishing the Synods as the only means of checking the evil effects of universal suffrage in church matters, and of bringing some order into the affairs of the Reformed Church, is becoming daily more and more generally felt throughout the Protestant world in France.—But how is this re-establishment to be brought about? It is true the law which reorganized Protestant worship in 1802, expressly recognises the Synods as one of the constitutive elements of the Reformed Church; and the right of the French Protestants to assemble together, in order to settle their own affairs, has never been officially denied; yet it is certain that the Government has never, from 1802 until this day, allowed a General Synod to take place. The reason of this conduct in the French Government is hard to account for. It is not to be thought that the State has any serious fear of the Huguenots again becoming, in the nineteenth century, as they were in the sixteenth, a dangerous political power in the nation. Weakened and dispersed as they are, surrounded on every side by an overwhelming majority of Roman Catholics, they could never pretend to exercise, as Protestants, any powerful influence on the affairs of the country. Another, and probably better, reason for the constant refusal of the Government to authorize the Synods is that, if it allowed perfect and complete liberty to the Reformed Church, it would be forced to give the same latitude to the Church of Rome, and this is what no French statesman has hitherto dared to do, the political power of the priests and bishops being a constant subject of dread on the part of the Government; and

thus, strangely enough, Protestant liberty is made to suffer, because unfettered Romanism might be dangerous to the State.

The necessity of the Synods for the welfare of the Church becoming more and more evident, the Protestants have, for several years, endeavoured by various means to obtain from the State the right of holding General Assemblies. Ever since 1852 the most influential consistoires have year after year pressed upon the Government the necessity of completing the reorganization of the Reformed Church, and year after year the Minister of Public Worship has refused to listen to these petitions. But the requests of the consistoires to the Minister of Public Worship are not the only means by which the wished-for organization might be obtained. According to the constitution of the empire, the Senate is the guardian of the laws, and, as the French law clearly recognises the right of the Reformed Church to her historical, that is, synodal organization, another means of acting upon the decisions of the State is to call the attention of the Senate to the non-observance of the law in the present case. This work was undertaken by a gentleman of Hâvre, one of the elders of the consistoire of that town, M. de Coninck, whose name will hereafter be associated with all the good works of French Protestantism. Two years ago he sent his first petition to the Senate, showing that the dangers of the Protestant Church would go on increasing unless the whole constitution of the Church were brought into activity again. He asked for no new favour, but only that the existing law should be applied. In due time the petition was laid before the Senate; the Senate referred it to a committee, the committee reported on the petition, and concluded "que le Sénat passe à l'ordre du jour;" that is, that no notice of M. de Coninck's petition should be taken. But the Hâvre elder was not to be silenced so easily. The following year (1866) he sent up a new petition; and this time he made sure of having it strongly supported in the Senate itself. No less a person than M. Rouland, who was for many years Minister of Public Worship, undertook to impress upon the Senate the truth of M. de Coninck's petition, and the necessity of at last doing justice to the old Church of the Huguenots. This he accordingly did, and in a long and very able speech showed that, if there were many disorders in the Protestant Church, it was not fair to charge the Protestants with these disturbances, since, in the present state of things, owing to the non-observance of the law by the Government, the Reformed Church was deprived of the full benefit of its own organization. This speech was answered, and a regular debate ensued. It was painful for good Protestants to see the shortcomings and difficulties of their Church laid bare and probed before a political body, the members of which had certainly very little sympathy with, or tenderness for, their faith. The result of the debate was that the petition was sent back to the

Minister of Public Worship for further consideration. This may appear little; but in reality it was a considerable gain, for henceforward the question of the complete organization of the Reformed Church was made a State affair, and the importance of the subject recognised in the highest quarter.

While M. de Coninck was thus perseveringly carrying the question before the Senate, other members of the Reformed Church were preparing a yet more direct, and, under the present Government, a more efficacious means of obtaining the rights of the Church; that is, an appeal to the Emperor. In the month of May last year (1867) a number of gentlemen, laymen, and pastors, and among them the venerable Général de Chabaud-Latour, President of the Artillery Committee of the French Army, and M. de Félice, Dean of the Protestant College of Montauban, asked for and obtained an interview with Napoleon. They were most courteously received by the Emperor, who, however, as might have been expected, showed he knew very little about Protestant affairs. He had been told, apparently by M. Baroche, the present Minister of Public Worship, that no General Synod had ever taken place! Whereupon M. de Félice stepped forward. "Sire," he said, "allow the historian of the Synods to recall to your Majesty that there have been no less than thirty-seven General Assemblies of our Church."—"But," said the Emperor, "if I am not mistaken, these General Synods were very numerous, and, therefore, rather unruly assemblies."—"I am obliged to conclude," rejoined the other, "that your Majesty has been misinformed on this subject. The General Synods, elected according to the rules of our Church, can never have been composed of many more than one hundred members, supposing they all attended. I have found no trace, in all the documents I have read, of any disorder having taken place at these meetings; and moreover, as a representative of the Government was always present, the State could be sure that nothing contrary to its interests was ever enacted." Napoleon showed no displeasure at being thus set right; and, after some more conversation on the subject, dismissed the deputation with an assurance that he would take care to see that justice was done to their petition. Several months have elapsed since this interview, and though nothing has yet come of it,—even Napoleon's wishes in matters of administration must go through an interminable series of "Bureaux" before they can take effect,—those who are best able to know what is going on behind the scenes are assured that measures are being taken which will prepare the way for a General Assembly. However, it must be added that, as long as certain high officials, among whom M. Baroche, who is known to be extremely adverse to the complete organization of the Protestant Church, retain their places, it is very

unlikely that any considerable progress should be made in the wished-for direction.

Before we leave our present subject, we should mention some local, irregular, but characteristic efforts made by certain churches or presbyteries to take the law into their own hands, and either to do without the co-operation of the State, or oblige the Government to grant complete liberty. In several churches, as, for instance, at Vauvert, in the south, and at Bischwiller in the east of France, a division had sprung up between two sections of the flock. It would be too long to go into particulars; but, as usual with religious and ecclesiastical discussions, the disagreement waxed sore and deep. Things went so far among these hot-headed southerners and head-strong Alsatians, that, in each of the parishes we have named, the two sections of the same congregation decided they would not assemble together, and that they must worship in different places. Accordingly, the malcontents sought out a room or building, and, with their own minister at their head, set up, in opposition to the official church, what must have seemed very like a dissenting establishment. Anywhere else than in France such a proceeding would probably have brought about the foundation of independent churches; but the bands which unite the Church to the State are, in France, supple as well as strong, and the Minister of Public Worship, instead of breaking off all relations with those who had constituted a flock within the flock, a church within the Church, simply granted them an authorization to act as they had done, thus legalizing what would otherwise have been a breach of the law!

What took place in the presbytery of Caen was more serious, both on account of the official character of the proceeding, and of the consequences which, if it had been successfully carried out, would have flowed from it. This consistoire has for many years been among the most consistent advocates of the reorganization of the Reformed Church. Year after year, and at each meeting of the Church delegates of Lower Normandy (Calvados, Orne, and Manche) which this consistoire represents, the same petition has been sent up to Paris, praying for the re-establishment of the Synods; but, as the minister seemed determined never to pay any attention to the demands thus pressed upon him, and as every year showed more and more plainly the necessity for some restraint to be put upon the exercise of universal suffrage in religious matters, the consistoire of Caen resolved to try whether it could not, within its own limits, exercise that discrimination of members without which the control of the Church can, at any time, fall into the hands of irreligious persons. The consistoire, therefore, resolved unanimously that henceforth no one should be inscribed as a church member who did not make a public profession of his attachment to the doctrines of the Reformed Church

as they are enounced in its liturgy, and especially in the Apostles' Creed. This was a bold step, and would have been clearly illegal, if the organic laws or constitutive decrees of 1852 did not expressly declare that the consistoires are the guardians of the religious interests of the Church. It was to be expected that such an important decision could not be taken without some opposition being made to it. Accordingly, a memorial was presented by a certain number of laymen, affirming their attachment to the faith of the Church, and belief in its formularies, but at the same time declaring that, in their opinion, the consistoire had overstepped the limits of its authority, and, in doing so, exposed the Church to great dangers. This memorial was at once forwarded to the minister, who, of course, immediately "annulled" the decision of the consistoire. The answer of the consistoire was a protest against the interference of the minister, and an appeal to the Council of State. This learned and powerful body has not yet returned its verdict; but whether it be favourable or not, the bold decision taken by the consistoire of Caen will have had the advantage of showing once more in high places the absolute necessity of giving back to the Protestant Church its complete historical constitution.

Many readers, after seeing the account we have just given of some of the difficulties of the French Reformed Church, will very probably think that, since most of these difficulties arise from its connection with the State, the remedy is easily found: let this connection be broken, and its consequences will be destroyed. It is indeed very possible, nay, probable, that if the concordat between the Reformed Church and the French Government had never existed, many of the present evils would not have occurred; but now that the alliance between the Church and the State has lasted more than half a century, the question, "How is it to be got rid of,—how is the Church to be organized independently of some such connection?" becomes a very difficult one indeed. It is true the experiment of a free church has been tried, and not altogether without success. A small section of the Reformed Church, making it a matter of conscience not to receive money from the State, and desirous of keeping the control of church matters exclusively in the hands of professors of religion and living members of the Church, have, for upwards of twenty years, constituted a religious association, under the name of Union Évangélique. We desire to speak with every respect of a body which is in full communion with the National Church, and has at its head such men as M. E. de Pressensé and M. Bersier; but what we know of the existence and history of the Union Évangélique is not such as to warrant the belief that the Reformed Church, if separated from the State, would at once get rid of all its difficulties, and begin a course of unchequered prosperity. To speak only of pecuniary matters, it is

well known that, though the Union is a small body, having about twenty-five ministers, and though a comparatively large proportion of their Church members are rich, their finances are usually low. If voluntary subscriptions are insufficient, so that to maintain their small staff of clergy they are obliged to receive heavy subsidies from their English and American friends, how could the eight hundred pastors of the Reformed Church be supported with their families? Moreover, in this separation between Church and State there are two parties to be consulted; and though the French Government has not hindered the establishment of such a small independent body as the Union Evangélique, there is no proof that it would witness with the same equanimity the constitution of a Reformed Church considerable in its numbers and influence, and over which it would have no control. It should never be forgotten that it is very difficult to have a really free Church in a country where the State is not free. Then, again, it must be confessed that the great majority of French Protestants do not feel the evils we have spoken of so strongly as to be ready to make any great sacrifice in order to get rid of them. Under the present arrangements the Protestants are unmolested, and at liberty to worship according to their faith; their churches are built and kept in repair, and their ministers maintained by the Government; and if, here and there, certain difficulties arise in consequence of the concordat, these little troubles are not to be compared, as they think, with the advantages to be derived from it. It is true these advantages are not to be despised. The alliance with the State brings with it not only the pecuniary aid, but also the effectual protection, of the State. As long as the Reformed Church is connected with the Government, its members enjoy an amount of liberty they would certainly not possess if their faith was not "*un des cultes reconnus par l'état.*" They are able freely to open schools and churches in places where, as experience has amply proved, local influences, the bigotry of priests and *maires*, would certainly not allow them to be established; and whenever the rights of conscience are infringed by such local powers, the Protestants are sure to find redress by an appeal to the higher authorities. The recent case of M. Authier, a schoolmaster converted from Romanism, which our readers may have seen in the daily papers, is a sufficient proof of this.

Nevertheless, it must not be thought that the connection between the Reformed Church and the State is considered by the Protestants as the best possible state of things; the most enlightened among them hope and long for the day when this connection will be broken, not, however, by the Church separating from the State, but by the State giving up freely all control over Church affairs; and this may happen sooner than most people imagine. A powerful party, daily growing in influence, warmly advocates the withdrawal of the State from all

the troubles and embarrassments the various concordats have entailed upon it; and it is not rare to hear the political combination spoken of which would certainly bring about this desired consummation. Whenever this takes place, whenever the protection and help of the State having been taken away equally from all religious bodies, each of them will be thrown on its own resources, then, confident in the force of truth, many Protestants believe their Church will obtain such triumphs as have not been witnessed since the Reformation.

III.

Nothing is more difficult than to form a correct opinion concerning religious progress. Spiritual life, in societies as in individuals, is such a hidden thing that it can only be guessed at from outward and necessarily uncertain signs. Among the proofs of the inward activity of any religious body the most reliable are, probably, the increase of the works undertaken by that body, the multiplication of its places of worship and its schools, and, lastly, the quantity and quality of its literary productions. In all these directions the advancement made of late by the French Protestant Church is satisfactory. Without inflicting on our readers the figures and statistics which show this progress, we will briefly state that within the last few years the receipts of the French societies have shown a steady increase; and, where this has not been the case, any diminution incurred by any particular society has been more than made up by the subdivision of its work among new associations pursuing the same end. If we consider the increase in the schools and places of worship, we shall find it equally gratifying. Within the last five years a great number of schools and churches have been founded in connection with the *Eglise Réformée*; but what is more significant is, that within the same period fifteen new congregations have been added to the churches already existing. These new parishes are formed either by the multiplication, through immigration or otherwise, of Protestants in places where there were few or none before, or else by the conversion from Romanism of a number of persons sufficient to form a flock. To several of these last-named parishes, wholly composed of converts from the Roman Church, the State has granted a Government-paid *pasteur*, thus recognising—a thing the State never does without long delays and careful consideration—the reality and stability of the change which had taken place in the faith of these proselytes.

Direct proselytism is not, however, the only way in which the Reformed Church makes its presence felt as a witness to the Gospel in France. While the *colporteurs* and agents of various societies, by carrying tracts and Bibles into places where pure Christianity was

not known before, prepare the way for a more direct preaching of the Reformed faith, an increasing number of well-qualified writers exert their influence in defence of the truth among the educated classes of French society. We have, of course, no wish to attempt anything like a review of the literature of the Reformed Church; but, among the manifestations of its modern spiritual life, we cannot omit speaking of one or two books which have produced, and are now producing, a marked effect on the religious mind of the country. Among these characteristic volumes we will mention, in the first place, the "*Adieux*" of Adolphe Monod, which, having been published ten years ago, could hardly be spoken of in connection with the present condition of French Protestantism if it had not been the occasion, within the last few months, of a little episode which gives a pleasant glimpse of what relations may sometimes exist between the best representatives of the Roman and Reformed Churches. A celebrated Dominican, the greatest living orator of his order, le Père Hyacinthe, having read the "*Farewell*," and desiring to know something more about the author of such an excellent book, went to visit the widow of the great preacher. There he accidentally met a pasteur and Christian layman connected with the Monod family. The monk and the two Protestants talked long and earnestly together on matters of religion, not of their differences, but of the deeper points held in common by all who call and profess themselves Christians. As they spoke their hearts warmed within them, and as they were about to separate, "Since we have been able to commune together in conversation," said the minister, "why should we not do so in worship?"—"I will do so with all my heart," answered the monk. So then and there the three read the words of their common Lord, and knelt together to Him in prayer.

Another book, the influence of which has been felt far beyond the limits of the Reformed Church, is the volume of M. de Pressensé on the "*Life and Work of our Lord*." This book is not unknown to the readers of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, and we may state that it is not only by members of the Anglican Church that it has been welcomed, for the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Darboy, after perusing it, thought so highly of its contents that he went personally to visit M. de Pressensé, and thank him for having brought out such an important contribution to the defence of the Catholic faith. In speaking of this apologetical activity of the Reformed Church in France, we must not forget the "*Méditations*" of M. Guizot. Though it be easy to see that this book was not written by a professed theologian, it has had, perhaps for that very reason, a deeper and wider influence on the mind of the general public.

Our object in recalling these works (and many others might be joined to them) is to point out, as a characteristic of French Pro-

testantism, the prominent part it takes in the defence of the Christian faith. It is worthy of remark that while Proudhon and Renan, as well as, in earlier times, Voltaire, were brought up under the direct influence of the Roman priesthood, the ablest apologists of the Gospel are found among those whom too many Roman Catholic writers would have us believe are only inconsistent rationalists. We may add that there is, happily, no sign of the Reformed Church giving up the position it has thus occupied. A recent fact, which took place at Montauban, gives a good insight into the spirit in which the clergy of the Reformed Church prepare for the battle with unbelief. Among the Protestants who have lost their faith, none are more able and more thoroughly respectable than M. Pécaut, an ordained minister, who gave up his charge some years ago, and has been ever since one of the most steady and zealous supporters of advanced Rationalism. The students of Montauban, all preparing for the ministry, asked and obtained from their director and professors the permission to invite M. Pécaut to come and lecture to them, in order that he might have the best opportunity of propounding his arguments against Revelation. He came and lectured, one of the professors sitting near; and when he had done his best, or his worst, the professor, M. Bois—than whom few men are better fitted for that particular work—went over his arguments and took them to pieces. The conduct of the University authorities on this occasion has been severely commented upon; and it is, indeed, natural that opinion should be divided as to the expediency of bringing the minds of young theological students in immediate contact with a man like M. Pécaut; but on one point there can be no doubt. This little episode shows, in both students and professors, a hearty faith in the force of truth, and a manly desire to face the difficulties of the modern religious mind, and to meet them in fair and open discussion.

We had brought together many other facts which might have helped to judge of the inward state of French Protestantism, but our narrowing space warns us to conclude.

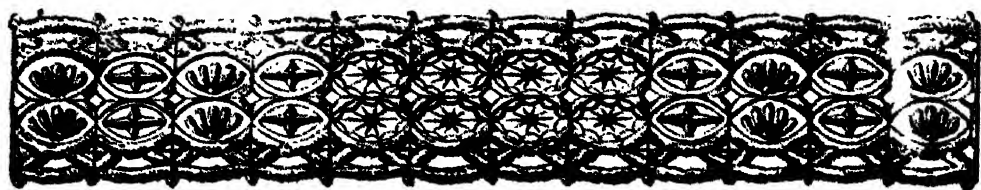
It will be seen from the facts we have stated that the present condition of the Church of the Huguenots is very much what might have been expected from its previous history, its original organization, and the changed circumstances in which it now exists. What Théodoro de Bèze said of the Church in general is eminently applicable to the Church he helped to found: "It is an anvil that has worn out many hammers." From 1524, when Jean Leclerc, protomartyr of the French Reformation, was burnt to death, until 1762, when François Rochette, last martyr of the Reformed faith in Europe, was broken on the wheel at Toulouse, two hundred and thirty-eight years elapsed, during which the Reformed Church hardly enjoyed ten years of real rest. Placed

since the Great Revolution in altogether different circumstances, it has had new dangers to encounter: what persecution could not destroy, peace and plenty might corrupt. On the whole, however, and notwithstanding many errors, shortcomings, and imperfections, it may be said that the Reformed Church has not failed in the work to which it seems providentially appointed—that of representing the Christian faith in the midst of incredulity, and rational belief in the midst of superstition. Nor have the fruits of its double protest been wanting. It would be easy to bring forth a goodly list of priests and nobles, of lawyers, doctors, and professors, as well as of artisans and peasants, who to this day owe their faith in Christ to the witnessing of the Reformed Church in their country. If, however, we were to ask the best representatives of French Protestantism, they would tell us that it is more profitable to think of what remains to be done than of what has already been accomplished; for it is one of the most hopeful signs of the future that while they see clearly the work they have to do, they are deeply conscious of all they lack in faith, in science, in zeal, and in organization, to carry it out successfully. What the future of the Reformed Church of France may be none can tell. Some, frightened at the levity of the French, and their apparently increasing indifference to all serious things, fear it will never be possible for the Gospel to make an impression on the mind of the nation at large, and that it must continue to sway indefinitely from Loyola to Voltaire, and from Voltaire to Loyola. Others believe that, under this apparent carelessness, there still live those imperishable religious wants which the Roman priesthood have, on the whole, so lamentably failed to satisfy; and that the time must come—nay, that it is perhaps at hand—when the whole country will turn to those it has so long persecuted and despised, to receive from them, with a purer faith, the blessings of liberty and order. Whichever of these surmises may be true, all those who take an interest in the French people, and in the progress of the Gospel, will heartily join in the words of one of the most distinguished members of the Reformed communion, himself a convert from Romanism:—"Notre dernier vœu pour cette France que nous aimons plus et mieux qu'elle ne s'aime elle-même, c'est que Dieu l'éclaire dans ce choix si grave, d'où dépend ici-bas son avenir de peuple et là-haut, pour chaque âme immortelle, l'éternité qui l'attend."*

F. G. WHEATCROFT, *Pasteur*.

P.S.—Since the preceding article was written, the triennial elections for the presbytery of the Paris Church have taken place, and the orthodox candidates have been re-elected by a considerable majority.—F. G. W.

* "Ce qu'il faut à la France." Par Rousseau St. Hilaire, Professeur à la Sorbonne. Librairie Dentu, Paris.



THE EDUCATION QUESTION IN HOLLAND.

BY A DUTCH CLERGYMAN.

I.

IF it be true that experience is the best teacher, a paper on the history of school instruction in Holland may perhaps be of service in England at the present time, now that the education question is being once more stirred. Much has been and is still being said about State education, Government grants, and the voluntary system. Should secular teaching only be given at public schools? Are denominational schools desirable? Is religious teaching, with a conscience clause, commendable? These are questions which are now being eagerly asked and debated. They have, however, received such various answers from theorists, that it is no wonder the *hiri practici* feel somewhat bewildered. It cannot be denied, however, that the general feeling more and more inclines towards the principle of State support. We even hear of a whole denomination, which has hitherto stood forward as the champions of voluntarism, being about to change colours, and, partly, at least, put on State regimentals. Perhaps they are wise; but a little calm, quiet reflection, before the resolution is taken, can do no harm. A proverb says of governments, that, having got hold of a man's little finger, they will not rest till they have got the whole man; and that, when they

have got the whole man, they can scarce be prevailed upon to allow free action even to this little finger. As to the measure of truth in this saying, history is the best witness, and perhaps no history gives a clearer answer than that of school education in Holland.

But to understand that history properly, it is necessary to have a correct idea of the strength and influence of the various sects or denominations into which the three millions of the Dutch people are divided. Those who think that Protestantism is the religion of the Dutch nation are right, if by "nation" the majority and the most influential part of the people are meant. They are mistaken, however, if they suppose that the term Protestant is applicable to Holland to the same extent as it is to England or Scotland. In more than one respect, it is true, there is a great similarity between the Dutch and the Scotch. Not only are the two countries about equal in number of inhabitants, but their geographical areas are all but equal in circumference. The Protestantism of both, too, is thoroughly Calvinistic, and the organization of their Churches is Presbyterian. But there are also points of great dissimilarity. Of Scotland it may be said without extravagance, that it is the Presbyterian Canaan, the Roman Catholics only dwelling there like strangers. Their number is very small, and their influence upon the political, ecclesiastical, and social condition of the nation is almost inappreciable. In Holland, on the contrary, the Roman Catholics, although they mostly belong to the middle and lower classes, form *two-fifths* of the whole population, and in two of the southern provinces, bordering upon Belgium, they form the majority. Accordingly, they return members to Parliament in proportion to their number. It may therefore be imagined that when there is a division amongst the Protestant members, the votes of the Catholics often throw a decisive weight into the scale. A not over-conscientious political party will thus very easily be tempted to allow the Catholic party certain concessions under the formula, *hodie tibi, cras mihi*. Again, in Scotland, Presbyterianism, especially since the disruption in 1843, owing to the predominance of the voluntary idea, has been maintained in a democratic spirit. The Dutch Protestant Church, on the other hand, has always continued dependent upon the State—till 1795 as a rigid State Church, from that date till now as a State-paid Church—and consequently has never been able to shake off the guardianship of the Government, which, through the medium of a self-electing oligarchical body in the Church, has ruled it in an almost Erastian spirit. The consequence of this was that the people—*i.e.*, the members of the Church—not having been trained to take any part in the management of Church affairs, left them altogether to those who had the power in their hands. To a considerable extent this

is still the case even with the management of the public affairs of the State. It was not till the year 1840 that Holland got a constitution with a responsible ministry. Before that date the people seldom or never even cared to know what was going on in the sham Parliament which King William I. only convoked to carry out his own resolutions. After 1840, when that monarch abdicated in favour of his son, William II., new life sprang up among the members of Parliament ; but the *ris inertia* of indifference to political questions carried the people along very much the same as if nothing of the kind had happened. Besides, the heavy stamp duty on the daily press, on placarding, advertising, and the like, greatly obstructed, and still obstructs, the publication of news, both political and ecclesiastical. It is true matters have much improved since 1848, when the present king, William III., succeeded his father ; but still the difficulty with which the leaders of parties often have to contend in getting the electors to come to the poll, proves that the public spirit is not yet quite awake ; and the comparative scarcity of daily papers makes it all but impossible to ascertain public opinion—if, indeed, there is such a thing in Holland.

It is necessary to know these particulars to understand many strange phenomena in the history of education among the Dutch, and to comprehend how it comes about, for instance, that a comparatively small party, both in the State and in the Church, could for years maintain a state of things which, if tested by the opinions and desires of the people, was as anti-national as could be imagined ; or how it happens that very often the most able and eloquent champions of truth and justice and liberty in Parliament were like voices crying in the wilderness, because the Dutch people, —unlike those of Scotland or England, who would have risen as one man in their support,—from habitual indifference and the absence of an energetic public press, scarcely got to know what the advocates of their highest concerns had said and done on their behalf.

In addition to all this, it should be mentioned further, that in Scotland the Protestant Church is divided into three almost equal denominations. The great bulk of the Protestants of Holland, on the contrary, form only *one* Church, called the Netherland Reformed Church, which numbers one million and a half of people ; the other Protestant bodies, as the Lutherans, the Arminians, and the Mennonites, numbering together scarcely one hundred thousand. These small denominations are of old date, and have in the lapse of time got into such amicable fellowship with their "big sister," that the spirit which at any given period characterizes the latter may safely be taken as the spirit which is also predominant among them. In this respect the Separatists, a Presbyterian body of some sixty to seventy

thousand people, who left the Church in 1830 on account of its sceptical tendencies, form an exception. Their influence in a political sense, however, is nought, as, with only a few exceptions, they are operatives and country people.

The school education in Holland has always rested on religion as its basis. It is true that in the seventeenth century, after the deliverance of the Dutch from the Popish yoke and the Spanish tyranny, the schools appear to be State institutions, but the Dutch Republic, owing its existence to the influence of the Reformation, was in those days a thoroughly religious and Protestant State. The decrees of the Government on the schools, and the instructions given to the schoolmasters of that time, all urge "the youth being well taught and trained in the fear of God." Among these mandates that of 1612 contains even a detailed description of what is meant by "education in the true knowledge and fear of God." It is essential that the children be taught to pray to God morning and evening; that they be made to go to church on Sundays and on Church festivals; that they be brought to hear the Word of God with due devotion, attention, and reverence, and be instructed from God's Word in the chief articles of the Christian faith, according to their age and understanding. After 1619, when through the Synod of Dordt the Church, in the most rigid sense of the word, was formally united to the State as a State Church, the Government left to the Church the supervision and direction of the schools. That Synod devoted a portion of its seventeenth session especially to the care for the schools. It urgently enjoined the schoolmasters to see that the children "understood well all they learned." It admonished the clergy "to keep an accurate survey of the schools, and to visit both the public and the private schools, if needs be accompanied by a magistrate, in order to incite the schoolmasters and the children to zeal and godliness." It appears from this quotation that even private schools were under the control of the Church.

But in this school survey there was one fundamental fault. It was not committed to any special board or committee. No person was appointed and held responsible for the schools being duly inspected. The care of the schools was only one of many duties which the magistrate or the clergyman had to discharge, and was often neglected among countless official occupations. The consequences were that the secular teaching in the schools was all but sacrificed to the religious, and that, in the lapse of years, the religious teaching mostly degenerated into dry, dead, orthodox formalism.

Then came the eighteenth century, with its bleak, spiritless moderation, its want of enthusiasm, and its tendency towards heathenish forms both in thought and practice, but also with its awakening

sense of liberty, of equity, and of justice. The revolution in religion prepared for the political and social revolution. People had lost all interest in the old doctrines and dogmas, which unhappily had for long been presented to them in anything but attractive forms. A craving for new theories, like a fever, became epidemic. They were given by Rousseau, Voltaire, the Encyclopædists, and their friends. Those who are no strangers to the history of that period of transition and fermentation also know what, during that time, became of the religion of the peoples of Europe.

The Dutch school was not exempt from the revolution which struck every popular institution in those days. Rousseau's humanistic theory, enthusiastically proclaimed by Basedow in Germany, found also its admirers among the leading men in Holland. That theory, if consistently applied, could not but lead to the expulsion of the Christian religion from the schools. It denied the very foundation of that religion—the fall of the human race through sin. It proclaimed the doctrine of the undepraved condition of the human heart. On this doctrine there was raised an educational system which had no room for the doctrine of Atonement, nor for such lessons, commandments, and warnings as Christian teachers hold necessary to prepare for a renewal of the heart. All education had to do was just to develop the good innate in the child by means of moral teaching, especially by placing before its mind patterns of human virtue, and by making it look reverentially at the visible creation as the mirror of the virtues of the Creator.

This emancipation from the authority of revelation was most welcome at a time when the ruling spirit of the nations desired emancipation from all and every authority. Things which for centuries had been closely kept in union were all at once forced asunder. Many of those divorces were very cruel and unreasonable; many, also, were dictated at once by common sense and human feeling, and afterwards proved sources of great benefit to human society. In 1795, when the Stadhouder, the Prince of Orange, was compelled to take refuge in this country, the Church was disconnected from the State, and all through the new republic perfect equality of all denominations was proclaimed. In the National Assembly, the Protestant, the Roman Catholic, and the Israelite took their places next to each other on the cushion.

But what about the school? Was it to be considered as an institution of the Church or of the State? Of course the latter. Religion having ceased to be the basis of education, the school, of course, could no longer have anything to do with the Church, except in so far as the Church might found so-called "deacon-schools" for the

children of its poor members. Of such deacon-schools there were, in those days, a great number. As by decree of the National Assembly every school was subjected to the supervision of the Government, these deacon-schools had also to submit; but since they were purely denominational schools, their religious teaching was not interfered with.

The "Heidelberg Catechism," one of the books which constitute the formulas of concordance of the Netherland Reformed Church, had for upwards of two centuries been a regular school-book used in all the schools, whether public or private. Of course it was at once condemned, and rightly so. The book was certainly never intended to be a school-book, and was totally unfit for being used as such. Still, unfit though it was, it certainly was infinitely preferable to another catechism which it was now proposed should take its place. This was called the "Republican Catechism." Happily it never was adopted by the National Assembly; but a glance at its contents and history may give a correct idea of the educational notions which were then cherished by many.

About this time a society was founded, the principles of which were so well adapted to the spirit then prevalent, that it took an amazing start, and spread, within a comparatively short time, its branches all over the country. It is called—for it is still by far the largest society in Holland—the "Society for the Use of the Public." Its object is to promote virtue and morality among the nation by spreading useful knowledge and encouraging noble deeds. It professes to be a Christian institution, and excludes Jews from its membership. In the days of its origin, however, it meant by the term Christianity little more than Rousseau's natural religion, of which Jesus was held up as the perfect pattern. It was especially the promoter of the national school education, which it took to heart, and it must be admitted that its operations have greatly contributed towards raising the Dutch popular schools to their present excellent condition, so far as organization and secular teaching are concerned. It founded normal and other schools to set the example of judicious school instruction. It published various school-books, and awarded prizes for essays on matters relating to education. Nor was it averse to religion being introduced into the schools and recommended in the school-books. What sort of religion was meant, however, may be gathered from an address which, in 1796, was sent to the National Assembly. "In our opinion," the memorialists say, "it is desirable that the instruction in the national religion should consist in a simple exposition of natural religion, unmingled with any dogmatic system. Since every member of society . . . ought to know the duties of a good citizen, he also ought to be taught them. It is consequently

desirable that a system of the rights, and especially of the duties, of a citizen should be inculcated upon the children." Accordingly, the "Republican Catechism" came into existence, in which, among other curiosities, we find the following:—

"OF RELIGION.

"Q. What do you mean by religion? A. By religion I mean the sublime idea man has of his existence, and the gratitude which he owes to the Highest Being for its benefits. Q. What is one of the main duties prescribed by religion? A. That of being an honest man. Q. What public worship is most pleasing to the Deity? A. Labour, for idleness is of all vices the most disagreeable to the Highest Being. Q. What religion is the most suitable to man? A. All religions are alike in the eyes of the Wise One, provided that their doctrines and moral principles agree with the laws of the State."

Flushed with the fever of revolution as the National Assembly then was, most of its members yet shrank from applying such radical principles to the schools. It was well known that the "people" were still attached to the religion of their fathers. Even among the leading men there were many who, notwithstanding their liberalism in politics, were very conservative in their religious opinions. The Bible, no less than the "Heidelberg Catechism," was the most common school-book. In most private schools, which were for the middle and higher classes in the towns, it, together with the catechism, was excluded; but the Government had not the courage to banish it at once from the public schools. Now these were the very schools of the people, since they were attended by the children of the lower middle class. It was only gradually that the Bible could be excluded from the public schools.

It was not until the year 1799 that the Government succeeded in appointing a Minister, or, as the title of that office was then, an Agent for Public Education. The professor of theology at the University of Leyden, the Rev. Dr. J. H. Van der Palm, at once a learned Oriental scholar, an eloquent orator, and a most classical writer, was appointed to it. That the Government should place a clergyman at the head of the schools was a remarkable sign. It showed that the separation of the school from the Church was not meant in any hostile spirit. Van der Palm was known as a man of pliable character and of liberal principles. He was inclined towards rationalism, but with a strong tincture of supernaturalism. Bound by the laws of the State, which prohibited any doctrinal teaching whatever in the schools, he tried to make the best he could of them. This, however, was not much. It was under his ministry that one of the Government School Inspectors recommended to the school-masters a school-book which had been recently published, en-

titled, "First Rudiments of Religion for Children from Seven to Ten Years old." In his preface the author plumes himself upon his having succeeded in "composing the book in such a style as to make it available even for Jewish children, since it contains not a word about Jesus Christ and his doctrine."

I mentioned the Government school inspectors. There were thirty-one of these, and fourteen of them were clergymen. It was clear that the Government still desired to maintain a certain connection between the school and the Church. This, too, was evident from the fact that the post of assistant to the Minister for Public Education, especially for the popular schools, was committed to a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Van den Ende, an honest, able, and active man, who continued at the head of the school department many years after the suppression of the short-lived Ministry for Public Education, and who became the soul of the present school system in Holland, of which he was the originator. He, at all events, it was who composed the famous school-law of 1806, which, with a few alterations, may still be said to be the school-law of that country.

It was a law exclusively for the popular schools, having nothing to do with classical schools, universities, &c. It may be called a masterpiece of organizing skill. As much as possible it abstained from creating anything new, but it brought order into the confused mass. It distinguished schools into *public* and *private*. The former were such as were either totally or partially supported from the public funds. The private schools again were divided into two classes. The first comprised such as were the property of a society or corporation, and the teachers of which were salaried by such society or corporation. The second class contained all such schools as were the property of the teachers and the source of their livelihood. No one was permitted to keep a school or to teach in public unless he had passed the Government examination. In each province a school commission was appointed, which had to examine the candidates. Each province was divided into two or three districts, and in each district an inspector was appointed, whose duty it was regularly to visit the schools belonging to his district, to question the children, to see that the regulations of the Government were observed, and to report about the state of school instruction in his department. Of these inspectors there were fifty-eight. The branches of instruction were distinctly prescribed, and after some years a list of school-books was drawn up, to which the teachers had to limit their choice, &c., &c.

So much for the organization of the schools. As to the spirit of the law, it professed to be decidedly Christian. It bore, as it were, on its forehead the article which afterwards became the bone of the

fiercest and most wearying contention—viz., that which required that the children should “*be trained in all social and Christian virtues*,” with a strict prohibition to the teachers, however, from “giving any instruction in the doctrines of any of the denominations.” As to the latter, the Government invited the various denominations themselves to look after this. The law also tried to provide that the religious opinions and the inward disposition of the teachers were truly Christian and strictly moral. In the eighth article of the Regulations on the Examinations the commission was bound, “before the beginning of the examination, to enter into a familiar conversation with the candidates, and to ascertain their moral and religious principles.” Nor should the school bear an altogether irreligious aspect. The sixth article of the general rules about the order to be observed in the schools prescribed that each day the work should commence and finish with “a short and suitable Christian prayer, which ought to be uttered in a reverential manner.”

All this looked fair on paper, though it was difficult to see how Christian virtues could be taught without something of Christian doctrine being taught at the same time. Still more difficult was it to perceive how the poor schoolmaster, if a Christian man, and consequently with doctrinal convictions himself, could, under this law, offer up a *Christian* prayer without to some extent either expressing or forsaking these convictions. However, the law contained much which, in the confusion of those days, satisfied not a few, who trusted that these well-sounding, Christian-like precepts would also be carried out in a truly Christian spirit. Mixed schools being quite a novelty, the people did not fully realize the fact that, in the presence of a number of Protestant and Roman Catholic children, strict justice and equality must of necessity exactly exclude that which either party would single out as the “truly Christian.” There were some clear heads and honest hearts, however, who perceived the absurdity of the system, and expressed their serious misgivings as to the success of the law. It nourished discord in its own bowels. It admitted a distinction between “social” and “Christian virtues,” thus implicitly asserting that Christian virtues were not necessarily social, and that social virtues might truly deserve that name without being truly Christian.

It was not long before the people became aware that the spirit in which the law was being carried out had a strong tendency towards slighting and depreciating the “Christian element.” It was observed with displeasure, and in some quarters even with a feeling of alarm, that the Bible gradually disappeared from the public schools to make

room for books in which Christ was not mentioned, except merely as a pattern of "social" virtues. Still the hopes of many parents of the middle class were directed to the private schools, in which the religious teaching was left free, as the Government inspectors had only the right to control the secular teaching in them. But the law prohibited the establishing of any private school, except with the permission of the Government, and that permission was only granted to deacons, to orphanages, and to the "Society for the Use of the Public." Indeed, this society, while preserving its character as a private company, was available as a sort of agent of the Government for bringing the existing private schools into harmony with the law, and for organizing new ones in its spirit. I have already mentioned that, as far as the construction, organization, and administration of the schools and the secular teaching were concerned, the operations of this society deserved all praise. But its religious spirit went little above the low level of Deism. One of the Government school inspectors, a clergyman, who was an enthusiastic admirer of that society, wrote a book entitled, "Instructions for School-teachers," which may be fairly quoted as a tolerably correct expression of the spirit of that society. On p. 32, for instance, he admonishes the schoolmasters to make the children "attentive to the First and Almighty Giver of all things," not, however, by "dry reasonings and sermonizing," but in this way:—

"While talking with the children, make them observe the evil consequences of an excessive drought, or of too abundant rain; show them that it is in no man's power to produce even so much as a drop of rain, and that we are all dependent upon God, &c. In this way, it appears to me, God and his virtues ought to be made known first and above all. This is the right religious teaching which should be given in the schools, since it is suitable for all children, to whatever Christian denomination their parents may belong. *Revere God and be virtuous* is a specimen of the maxims in use."

Certainly this sounds "social" enough, but where is the "Christianity?" With the exception of the African "rainmakers," there is no man on earth, whether Mohammedan, Brahmin, or Fetish-worshipper, who could have any objections to such religious teaching.

But, meanwhile, Napoleon raised Holland to the rank of a kingdom, and placed his brother Louis on its throne. The king approved of the law; indeed, it was during his reign that the system was carried out to the full. The originator of the law, Mr. Van den Ende himself, was appointed as Inspector-General of the popular schools. But the king was a Roman Catholic, and his co-religionists did not neglect to influence him. In 1808 a royal decree declared

that henceforth clergymen should be no longer eligible as members of the school commissions. The object of this decree could not be a mystery to any one. Hitherto, in all the provinces, with the exception only of the thoroughly Catholic province of North Brabant, the Protestant clergymen had formed the majority in all the school commissions. No wonder, then, that this decree was received with painful feelings by the leading men, both in State and Church. It was on this occasion that Mr. Van den Ende's hobby came clearly to light. He had ceased to be a clergyman, but he continued a staunch Protestant. Nor was he an irreligious man. On the contrary, he wished to see the Christian element as much expressed in the schools as was at all compatible with the law. But, above all this, the love of centralization ruled in him, and he was possessed by the desire of one day seeing all the schools of the country, whether private or public, rendered dependent upon the Government. It was during this year that he proposed to the State Council an elaborate plan for establishing a general school-fund, and more especially for improving the generally low salaries of the schoolmasters. He proposed that the salaries should be raised by local rates. Those who were neglectful in sending their children to school should be punished by their rates being raised. Teachers of private schools might also draw from this general fund, provided, of course, that they placed their schools under the unlimited control of the Government. Unfortunately for Mr. Van den Ende's bill, the head of the Government was at that time a Romanist; but what was a misfortune for the bill was a fortune for the schools. The State Council, if not from genuine Protestant feeling, at least from decided No-Poperyism, twice rejected the bill. Had the king been a Protestant, it is all but certain that private schools would have become white ravens in Holland, for the doctrine of the "omnipotence of the all-wise State,"—which in our days, in the opinion of many, is about to ripen into a truism—was then in the ascendant.

Still Mr. Van den Ende, clinging to the expression "Christian virtues" in his law, strongly insisted on the teaching being Christian. Nor, indeed, was this impossible in schools where the teacher was of the same mind, and which were attended by children whose parents made no objection. It is true, direct dogmatic or doctrinal teaching was prohibited, but the master of such a school had many opportunities of bringing the main Christian truths home to the hearts of the children. He was in a position similar to that of an organist who has got to play a very meagre tune to the people, but who at the same time has full scope for filling up the voids by voluntary additions. It is clear, however, that the poor schoolmaster's liberty in this respect might at any moment be limited and fenced in. Every

day he was liable to be accused by some parent who might choose to brand his teaching as "doctrinal."

But Mr. Van den Ende, in his enthusiasm for centralization, could not be brought to see how anything evil could issue from his system. His plan of the school-fund having failed, he tried another scheme for bringing the private schools more under the grasp of the Government. Hitherto the societies or corporations which owned private schools had chosen and appointed the teachers according to their own pleasure. Of course only such teachers could be appointed as had, by passing the Government examination, obtained the required license, but from the numerous band of licensed teachers, societies were at liberty to pick out the man they deemed most likely to suit their school. Mr. Van den Ende succeeded in getting a bill passed by which this elective liberty of the societies was greatly limited. They were compelled henceforth to invite the licensed teachers to a competitive examination, and to take the one who got the greatest number of marks. The bill also enacted that the examination *must* be conducted by the inspector of the district. Thus the Government acquired considerable influence over the appointment of teachers in the private schools. To the societies the law often became a source of tyrannical vexation. It not seldom happened that they were prevented from appointing the man whom they unanimously desired, because, unfortunately, he had not turned out number one at the competitive examination, or because the inspector refused to sanction his call.

In 1815 Holland was united with Belgium under the sceptre of William I. of Orange. He confirmed the school-law of 1806, and also Mr. Van den Ende in his office of Inspector-General. It may easily be imagined that the connection of a thoroughly Romanist country with a Protestant kingdom—a country which surpassed it by a little in the number of inhabitants—caused great difficulties, especially with reference to the educational question. It was thought that the only way to prevent collision, and to keep "the ox and the ass peaceful under the same yoke," was to make the school as colourless as possible. The Bible, which hitherto had always been more or less used in the schools, not as a school-book, but as a book to read from to the children, now altogether disappeared from the teacher's desk. It is true no legal decree compelled this change, but the inspectors suggested it as being very advisable in present circumstances. And it need not be said that, after so many years of utter confusion and misery, people were willing to accept advice tending to prevent a disruption of the newly-established union of the two kingdoms. Still, signs of reaction manifested themselves here and there. Thus, in January, 1821, the governor of the province of North Holland issued

a decree, enacting "that in all the schools of the province a portion of the Bible should, for half an hour, be read at least once or twice a week." A sort of conscience clause prescribed "that in schools in which there were children whose parents objected to Bible-reading, the reading should take place after those children had departed."

Still this was an exceptional case. To please the Romanists, the palladium of the Protestants was more and more removed from the schools. Very blamable indeed was the conduct of the Synod and the clergy of the Reformed Church when they became aware of these proceedings. They behaved like dumb dogs. It is scarcely possible to use too strong expressions to describe the miserable lukewarmness and despicable cowardice which, on the whole, have characterized that State-paid body even up to the present time. Nothing whatever was tried on their part to keep the schools in which the children of their Church were trained in anything like a Protestant atmosphere. One may imagine how welcome their sheepish apathy was to the Government. The Government perfectly perceived that the schools, even more than the churches, are the fountain-heads of the nation. It cunningly put the clergy to sleep by allowing them full liberty to preach any doctrine they pleased in their churches, and by regularly paying them their salaries. Thus having, as it were, drugged the clergy by the comforts and privileges of the Church, the Government took unlimited possession of the school, where it could train the future Church in its own spirit.

Strong protests were made, however, by members of the Reformed Church. Among these the most prominent were Dr. Bilderdijk and his friend and disciple, Dr. da Costa. The latter, then a newly-converted proselyte from Israel, wrote a pamphlet entitled, "Objections against the Spirit of the Age." In it he emphatically pointed to the popular education as the sphere in which "the evil spirit of the age had particularly concentrated itself." Against two abuses the young Christian author turned all the vehemence of his powerful eloquence—"the excessive stimulation of the ambition of the children," and "the multitude of unnecessary half-sciences, by which the capacities of the children were overwhelmed, and thus actually stunted and blighted." The pamphlet caused an extraordinary stir throughout the country. The leaders of the liberal party cried out, "Crucify the man!" The clergy were in a rage because he disturbed their slumbers. The people, however, felt that there was much truth in the little book, though its tone was somewhat harsh and dogmatic. But of the people there were few who had the power, and fewer still who had the courage, to follow up the piercing blast of this clangorous bugle.

Together with the introduction of these and other abuses, some

good practices had gradually fallen into abeyance. Among others, the article of the law by which the members of the school commission were bound to examine the candidates as to their moral and religious principles, had altogether become obsolete. So much was this the case, that when, at a competitive examination in 1827, the inspector was requested to apply that article, the answer was given, "That it was not permitted to the teacher of a Netherland school to tell what religion he professed; that it was all the same whether he was a Turk, a Jew, or a Christian, provided only he was possessed of the required knowledge, combined with ability to train the children up to brotherly love and tolerance."

But the strongest opposition was manifested by the Roman Catholics. As early as the year 1819—*i.e.*, four years after the union with Belgium—one of their periodicals, called *The Friend of Religion*, began to complain of the "injury which was being done to the poor Catholic youth." The Romanists certainly desired no Protestant teaching, but neither did they desire heathenish teaching. The law of 1806 was a perfect abomination in the eyes of the Belgian clergy. The king tried as much as was in his power to take away the most offensive features of it. At length, in 1829, he went even so far as to offer a new School Law to Parliament. It met with so much opposition, however, both inside the House of Commons and without, that it was repealed. Next year, 1830, the king issued a decree by which considerable alterations were introduced into the law of 1806. But it came too late to appease the resentment of his Belgian subjects. On the 24th of August the revolution broke out at Brussels, which again disunited the two countries.

* The alterations which the royal decree of 1830 introduced into the law of 1806 were not very important. They allowed a little more liberty for establishing private schools. Hitherto the license could only be obtained from the Home Department. The new decree placed the power of giving licenses in the hands of the local magistrates, which measure, however, in most cases only proved a shorter way to obtain a refusal. A more considerable modification of the law was the power given to the governors of the provinces of dispensing with the competitive examination in the case of such parties as they should deem it proper to favour with this privilege. To secure the universal character of the school, the sixth article of the decree prohibited the use of books in which anything offensive to any denomination should occur. A few years after the proclamation of this decree one of the most celebrated schoolmasters, a Mr. Rijkens, at Groningen, in his preface to a school-book, gave the following testimony about his teaching:—

"In my school the children of Reformed, Catholic, Lutheran, Mennonite, and Jewish parents are united. I have never ceased to pray with them, neither have they ceased to pray with me. All of them have permanently enjoyed my religious instruction, and never has any member of any denomination found fault with it. But I have always tried also to avoid everything that even in the most indirect way might be offensive to any denomination, and I have strictly abstained from even so much as slightly touching on dogma."

It follows from this description that the religion of the "happy family" gathered together in this school cannot have been either Roman Catholic, Protestant, or Christian. Then *what* was it? It was a sort of religion with which the great bulk of thoughtless, indifferent people were well pleased. Still many began to see that this was the way gradually to un-Christianize the nation. Of these there were not a few even among the liberals and sceptics. They would have been startled at the idea of seeing the nation brought back to orthodoxy, but they would not have been less startled at the prospect of a heathen Holland. In those days—it was about the year 1833—a theological school was springing up at Groningen, one of the three university cities of the kingdom. Professor Hofstede de Groot, a man whose religious sense was as much developed as his theological knowledge was ripe and extensive, was its head. Its philosophico-theological system was a mixture of Platonism and Schleiermacherism. It was a brisk, vivid reaction against dead orthodoxy on the one hand, and flat rationalism on the other. Unfortunately, however, it took its stand on Arian and semi-Pelagian ground. It regarded the Christian religion exclusively as an educational system. Christ only came to train men, not to atone for their sins. The exemplary life and not the death of Jesus was to be looked at as a means of reconciling men with God. Accordingly the active, well-intentioned, and, on the whole, able members of this rapidly-increasing party, threw heart and soul into the popular schools. They desired to see the children trained up after the pattern of Jesus. They desired to see the New Testament read and explained to the children. The New Testament, especially the four Gospels, was in their opinion *the* educational book of God given to man. The influence of this party on the school education, especially in the north of the kingdom, near and round about Groningen, became very great. Professor de Groot and many of his friends were appointed as inspectors. The schoolmasters in their districts soon imbibed the principles of the system. It was urgently desired that the New Testament should be readmitted as a school-book, with permission for such children to withdraw as might object to hearing it read.

(To be continued.)



THE ANNOTATED BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER ON THE COMMUNION SERVICE.

*The Annotated Book of Common Prayer. Part II. (Introduction to the
Liturgy: Order for the Holy Communion.) London: Rivingtons.
1866.**

THERE are few things, it seems to me, by which theologians can do better service than by commenting carefully and judiciously on our doctrinal formularies. While we have doctrinal standards, questions will constantly arise about the compatibility of particular opinions, held by individuals or sections of the Church, with the true meaning of those standards; and there can be no better way of ascertaining that meaning than by close and scrupulous commentaries, drawing out the sense of the original by the same rigorous method of interpretation which is daily being applied with success to the study of ancient literature. Such works, so executed, would be of the highest use with reference to the legal decision of questions like those which are now vexing the Church: not only would they be quoted by advocates, but they might materially assist lay judges; nay, it is scarcely too much to say that they might contribute greatly to remove the unsatisfactoriness which even persons least inclined to underrate the advantages of lay courts of appeal will admit to be

* I have not been able to collate the first edition (that which I have had before me) with the second; but so far as I have glanced at the latter, it seems (at least in the part with which I am concerned) substantially unaltered.

inherent in the decision of theological issues by unprofessional authority. And, putting controversy out of sight, I may be allowed to say that no class of books would be more interesting to students like myself, who know by experience the value of accurate exposition, and desire to see the work which they are attempting to do for others in one department done for themselves in another.

Accordingly, it was with much pleasure that I noticed the appearance of the "Annotated Prayer-Book." From the names associated with it, I presumed that I should find in it many points ruled otherwise than I should myself be likely to rule them; but I felt that this, if fairly and candidly done, need not interfere with my deriving much valuable instruction, and I reflected that interpreters of a different school might not have had that sustaining enthusiasm for the subject which is the best guarantee for work being performed well and thoroughly. I naturally turned to that part of the work which may be said to be the keystone of the whole, the Communion Office. I can scarcely say how much I have been disappointed. I have as little title as I have wish to dispute the learning there displayed; but it seems to me to be applied almost throughout, not to candid exposition, but to polemical pleading. I propose to establish this by an examination of this portion of the commentary in detail; and I am anxious to appeal to my friend, Mr. Medd, who is one of the authors of it, on behalf of those principles of just criticism which I cannot believe that he himself undervalues.

The fault of the commentary (here, as elsewhere, I am speaking exclusively of the commentary on the Communion Office) appears to me to be that it is written on a theory. Now, there is scarcely any subject in which, as I venture to think, the intrusion of theory requires to be so jealously watched as in that of interpretation. We come to our work as learners, expecting to find out from the words of the document what the meaning of the document is; and it is only when the words have quite failed to give us light that we can have any right to resort to hypothesis. Of course I do not mean to say that there will not be some cases where the use of hypothesis is justifiable and necessary; but they will be comparatively few, unless, which is not likely to occur, the general language of the document is confessedly perplexed and difficult. In such cases, no doubt, collateral considerations, involving more or less of theory, will come in. But to view the whole subject in the light of theory is simply to prejudice it; to profess to institute an examination, yet to take the most effectual means of rendering that examination nugatory.

The theory of the annotators, which appears, I think, plainly in the Introduction to the Communion Office, is the substantial identity of the Eucharistic doctrine contained in the English office with that

of the various liturgies which it superseded. No one will dispute the right to hold such an opinion if it is supported by facts. But it is evident that one chief class of facts on which it must rest is that furnished by the Communion Office itself, and that therefore those facts must not be explained by the theory. Yet that this is what is attempted will, I think, be plain as we go on to examine the commentary in detail. One conspicuous instance meets us in the Introduction itself (p. 154):—

“Although, however, the change in the position of the words of oblation has tended to obscure the meaning of the service, it cannot for a moment be supposed that the revisers of our Liturgy in 1552 were so exceedingly and profanely presumptuous as to wish to suppress the doctrine of the Eucharistic sacrifice. There were probably some unfortunate temporary reasons (such as the unscrupulous tyranny of ignorant and biassed rulers) which induced them to make such a change as would save the doctrine, while it left the statement of it more open than before; and they probably thought it better to consult expediency to a certain extent than to run the risk of such an interference as would have taken the Prayer-Book out of the hands of the Church, and moulded it to the meagre faith of Calvinistic Puritans.”

The writer then goes on to mention that some eminent divines, such as Andrewes and Overall, used to alter the order *proprio motu*, and to express, if I understand him rightly, his regret that this unauthorized mode of redressing what is conceived to be wrong has not been practised since the last revision. Now, without stopping to remark on the want of moderation shown in speaking of a course which, whether it was historically adopted or not, would have accorded with the belief of many of the writer's fellow-churchmen at the present day, as “exceedingly and profanely presumptuous,” I think there can be no doubt that we have here an illegitimate use of hypothesis. We are told that a certain thing cannot have been intended, because the writer feels that it ought not to have been intended. This, it is obvious, can only be a legitimate consequence on the supposition that the framers of the Liturgy of 1552 would certainly have agreed with the writer in repudiating that interpretation of their action which he deprecates. Yet we know that Cranmer was one of the principal agents in framing that Liturgy, and it is admitted that at the time of framing it he had already, as Dr. Pusey has expressed it in his book on the Real Presence, “gone over to the Swiss school.” I do not allege this fact as proving that the alteration made by the framers is to be interpreted in a certain way, but as showing that to interpret it in that particular way would not be in itself monstrous. It is still open to contend that Cranmer did not impress his own view on the Liturgy, but that can only be supported by an examination of the formulary itself. The writer, it is true, goes on to give posi-

tive reasons why the alteration cannot have the effect imputed to it. These I shall have substantially to deal with afterwards; at present, I will only say that they would have lost nothing in the estimation of candid men if they had not been preceded by an attempt to put opponents summarily out of court.

I proceed to the commentary.

The first note, one of several on the title, runs thus:—

“The title of this office in the Prayer-Book of 1549 was ‘The Supper of the Lord, and the Holy Communion, commonly called the Mass.’ It is evident that the Reformers did not see any reason why this sacrament should not still be commonly called ‘the mass,’ but the name soon dropped out of use after the introduction of the vernacular into Divine service, and it was not printed as a third title in 1552, or in any subsequent Prayer-Books.”

The “evidence” I suppose depends on the assumption that the Reformers, having once used the word “mass” after breaking with Rome, are not likely to have seen any objection to it subsequently. The more ordinary argument would be that as they dropped the word they saw some objection to it. Nor does it appear why the mere adoption of the vernacular in the service should have led to the disuse of the old name. The word “mass” was, to all intents and purposes, a thoroughly vernacular word, and continued so. But it had become associated with the ante-Reformation service, from which, rightly or wrongly, the reformed one was supposed essentially to differ; and this will sufficiently account for its coming to be abandoned as a popular term in connection with the new Liturgy. It may at least be said that if the framers of 1552 had been more anxious than those of 1549 to separate themselves from the ante-Reformation use (whether or not this be conceded as a fact), the abandonment of the word “mass” would have been as important a step in that direction as any that was likely to occur to them.

The next note begins, “As the name ‘mass’ was used after the introduction of the Reformed office, so that of ‘Lord’s Supper’ was used before,” a fact of which proofs are then adduced. This is of course intended to leave the notion on the reader’s mind that the two words were considered to be perfectly indifferent so far as the issues of the Reformation were concerned. I will merely ask, *Is this fair?*

We now come to a very important and indeed cardinal point; the entire omission of the word “altar” in the Liturgy of 1552 and the subsequent revisions. The fact is of course frankly admitted by the annotator, who endeavours to account for it:—

“The motive was the necessity of (1) disabusing minds of the people of the gross and superstitious notions with reference to the Eucharistic sacrifice which had gradually grown up during the latter

centuries of the mediæval period, and (2) of bringing back into its due prominence the truth of the doctrine of communion. The consequence of this," it is added, "has been the partial obscuration of the sacrificial aspect of the Holy Eucharist, and the almost exclusive concentration of popular belief on its communion aspect."

Here it is implied, if not expressly intimated, that though the Reformers abandoned the word "altar," they did so for merely temporary reasons, and did not abandon the thing. It may be so; yet surely candour ought to have admitted that the abandonment furnishes a formidably strong argument to the supporters of the opposite view, and that so serious a change in language could not be made without committing the church that accepted it. Far from allowing this, the annotator simply concerns himself to prove, from the Bible and from general theological considerations, that the table *is* an altar, prefacing his argument by saying that "only those ignorant of theology can maintain that there is any contradiction between the two." The answer, of course, is that many persons (rightly or wrongly) have thought otherwise, that the framers of the Liturgy seem to agree with them, and that it is the sense of the Liturgy which is the question at issue. Two other statements are made with the intention of proving that the Church of England holds the doctrine of the altar; that the word is still retained throughout in the form for the Coronation of the Kings and Queens of England in Westminster Abbey, and is used throughout the office of Institution of Ministers into Parishes or Churches, set forth in the General Convention of the American branch of the English Church in 1804 and 1808. It is difficult to see what argument can be based on the language of a formulary which does not appear to have been ever accepted either by Parliament or by Convocation, and which, being used only four or five times in a century, would naturally escape a thorough controversial revision, or on the words of a document adopted by a sister, but independent church.

The next note, on the "fair white linen cloth," is much more satisfactory in its mode of argumentation, though its conclusion is, I think, a doubtful one. It remarks justly that to understand the force of a law, we must understand the meaning which was given to its words at the time when it was imposed; says that "fayre" is translated "pulcher, venustus, decorus, bellus," in the "Promptorium Parvulorum," and that of the seventeen meanings assigned to the word in Johnson's Dictionary, only one, that answering to "pulcher," is found in the English Bible, the notion of cleanliness being expressed by "clean" or "pure;" and concludes that "a fair white linen cloth" must mean a white linen cloth rendered beautiful by ornamentation. It is somewhat singular that in examining the

use of the word in the English Bible the annotator should have passed over one passage, Zechariah iii. 5: "Let them set a fair mitre on his head." I am no Hebraist, and cannot say what the force of the word in the original may be; but when I find the LXX. rendering *κίθαριν καθάρην*, the Vulgate "*cidarim mundam*," and a writer so unlikely to be swayed by LXX. or Vulgate traditions as De Wette, "*einen reinen Bund*," I can have little doubt what our translators meant. It seems to me also that an annotator trained in a stricter school of interpretation would have selected, as crucial instances of the use of "fair," passages where it might conceivably mean "clean," but as a matter of fact does not, not combinations like "fair colours" and "fair jewels," where the meaning "clean" is out of the question. No one doubts that "fair" can mean "beautiful," and in connection with colours and jewels it can scarcely mean anything else. On the other hand, such an annotator would probably have remarked that "fair" in the sixteenth century as well as our own day was constantly used in antithesis to "dark," so that "fair white" may well be an intensified expression like "spotless white;" and again, that it has also been for centuries contrasted with "foul," which then, as now, had a technical sense in connection with linen. I am only indicating such considerations as happen to occur to me, and such as would have been in place, in default of better, in commenting on an ancient author; but of course what is wanted is to adduce passages from authors of the sixteenth century where the words "fair white" are found together, especially in connection with an article like linen; and the only book which is at hand to supply the defects of my reading, Clarke's "*Concordance to Shakspeare*," furnishes me with none such.*

Passing over one or two other notes on the rubric, where the expression "north side" is made the occasion for introducing facts and directions about altar curtains, and also the whole of the commentary on the early part of the Communion Service, in which, as was to be expected, not much controvertible matter occurs, I come to the Offertory. Here the annotator quotes the rubric of 1549, which runs as follows:—

"Then shall the minister take so much bread and wine as shall suffice for the persons appointed to receive the Holy Communion, laying the bread upon the corporas, or else in the paten, or in some other comely thing prepared for that purpose; and putting the wine into the chalice, or else

* Since writing the above, I have met with a passage which confirms one of my surmises. Queen Elizabeth, in a letter to Parker and others dated Jan. 22, 1560-1, speaks of "the unclean or negligent order and spare-keeping of the house of prayer . . . by appointing unmeet and unseemly tables with foul cloths for the communion of the sacraments." (*Correspondence of Parker, Parker Society*, p. 133.)

in some fair or convenient cup prepared for that use (if the chalice will not serve), putting thereto a little pure and clean water, and setting both the bread and wine upon the altar."

He then proceeds :—

"The substance of this rubric is retained in that which immediately precedes the Prayer for the Church Militant, and its significance was heightened in the revision of 1661 by the introduction of the word 'oblations' into that prayer. The rubric and the words of the prayer together now give to our Liturgy as complete an oblation of the elements as is found in the ancient offices."

Now, considering that the existing rubric merely says, "And when there is a communion, the priest shall then place on the table so much bread and wine as he shall think sufficient," we may fairly argue that whatever special significance there may be in its words is due, not to the words themselves, but to the prayer which follows them. It would be perfectly open to a church which knew nothing of any sacrificial doctrine to direct that the elements should be placed on the table by the priest, and at that particular time of the service. The fact that from 1552 to 1661 no direction existed on the subject, does not show that the direction had any higher object than decency or supposed convenience. Hickeys, who agrees with the annotator in his view of its significance, complains that it had been "almost never observed in cathedral or parochial churches:" "I say almost never, because I never knew or heard but of two or three persons, which is a very small number, who observed it;" a fact scarcely to be accounted for, if it had been recognised from the first as having a doctrinal bearing. The meaning of the word "oblations" is certainly a very difficult and doubtful question. No one can deny that, taken in connection with liturgical history, the word itself naturally suggests the notion of an offering of the elements; nor would I wish to give anything short of its due weight to the consideration that the Caroline divines who introduced it are likely to have wished to enforce that view. Yet there is at least equal force, I think, in the considerations adduced by Canon Robertson ("How shall we Conform to the Liturgy?" pp. 206, foll., second edition),* that the distinction between alms for the poor and offerings for church purposes was a common one in the seventeenth century, and that other alterations

* To the instances there quoted add Bishop Wren's Orders and Directions, No. XVIII. (Cardwell's "Documentary Annals," vol. ii. p. 205): "That the holy oblations, in such places where it pleaseth God at any time to put into the hearts of His people by that holy action to acknowledge His gift of all they have to them, and their tenure of all from Him, and their debt of all to Him, be received by the minister standing before the table at their coming up to make the said oblation, and then by him to be reverently presented before the Lord, and set upon the table till the service be ended." Wren was an intimate friend of Laud, and in perfect accordance with him, as Dr. Cardwell says, in matters of faith and discipline.

corresponding to this distinction were made by the same Caroline revisers in several of the rubrics. It might be added that had Eucharistic oblation been intended, we should have expected it to be made a more prominent feature in the prayer, though to this it may be replied that the revisers, under all the circumstances, would naturally be content with a minimum of alteration. On the whole, it is perhaps safest to conclude with Canon Robertson that both senses were intended, if indeed it be not nearer the truth to say that a word was chosen in which various parties might unite, though attaching different senses to it. It is scarcely necessary to observe that, even if Eucharistic oblations alone be intended, this does not close the question of doctrine, as many persons not agreeing with the annotators in their full sacrificial view have nevertheless held that the elements may be offered to God as His gifts. I will only add an expression of regret that no trace of any attempt to compare antagonistic views on this very difficult point should be found in the notes before us.

The next note I have to notice is that which deals with the commemoration of the faithful departed at the end of the Church Militant Prayer. The annotator first says:—"In commemorating the departed at the time of celebrating the Holy Eucharist, the Church of England simply does as every known church has done from the earliest age in which its liturgical customs can be traced." He then quotes or refers to the Liturgies of St. James, St. Mark, St. Clement, and St. Chrysostom, in each of which prayers are distinctly made for the dead. He concludes as follows:—

"It will thus be seen how great a deviation it would be from primitive Christianity to omit all mention of the deceased members of Christ, at the time when celebrating the great sacrament of love by which the whole Church is bonded together. And it must be considered as a great matter for thankfulness that in all the assaults made on the Liturgy of the Church of England by persons holding a more meagre belief in things unseen, the providence of God has preserved the prayer for the whole Church, departed as well as living, in the Prayer for the Church Militant."

The meaning of these sentences, as may be gathered by comparing them with a passage in the Introduction, p. 156, is this: The mention of the dead is made in the sentence at the conclusion of the prayer, where we bless God's name for the departed, and pray that we may follow their good examples; but this is linked on to the actual prayers for the dead contained in the earlier Liturgies, by the expression occurring afterwards in what is sometimes called the Prayer of Oblation (the Prayer for the Church Militant is mentioned by mistake), "that we and all Thy whole Church may obtain remission of our sins, and all other benefits of His passion." In the note on the passage in the Prayer of Oblation it is said:—

"The double supplication is here to be noticed. The prayer is that (1) *we* and (2) *all Thy whole Church*, and it is also that we may obtain remission of our sins, and that all Thy whole Church may receive *all other benefits* of His passion. The latter phrase looks towards the ancient theory of the Church, that the blessed sacrament was of use to the departed as well as to the living. It is a general term used by men who were fearful of losing all such commemoration, if inserted broadly and openly, but yet feared lest no gate should be left open by which the intention of such commemoration could enter."

Now, if the two prayers are to be taken in connection with each other, there is one important point to be noted. In 1549 the Prayer for the Whole State of Christ's Church was not limited to the Church militant on earth, but contained petitions for the dead as well as for the living. This fact would naturally govern the sense of the words, "Thy whole Church," occurring in the Prayer of Oblation. But with the alteration in the Prayer for the Whole State of Christ's Church the case is altered. The sense of the words in the Prayer of Oblation, if not governed differently, is at any rate left ungoverned. In themselves the words "whole Church" have no determinate meaning. Whether they are taken in the widest possible sense, or in a more or less restricted one, must depend on the nature of the case. In the Authorized Version of the New Testament, where they occur three times,* their sense is more or less restricted. The question, then, whether or not in the Prayer of Oblation they apply to the dead, depends on the previous question whether the use of the Church of England recognises prayers for the dead. They do not interpret that use, but are interpreted by it. Meantime it is curious that the annotators, who refer in their Introduction to the words in the Prayer for the Sovereign, "have mercy on the whole Church," do not quote a passage from another prayer where the parallel is more complete, the conclusion of the Prayer for the Parliament. That prayer, as is shown in the first part of the present work, is based on a fast-day prayer, perhaps by Laud, where, as in our form, "these and all other necessities" are asked "for them, for us, and Thy whole Church." Laud's private opinions of course are of no value in authoritative interpretation; but if he was the author of the Fast-day Prayer, it is likely enough that he intended his words to convey a sense which, as the annotator shows, Cosin, following Andrewes, wished to fix on the words now in question. But whether or not this sense be under the circumstances an admissible one in the present case, it is, as the annotator allows, rather latent than patent in the words as they stand in the present service; and it is rather surprising that the writer of the Introduction to the Liturgy, taking this passage in connection with that in the Prayer for the Church Militant, should say that "if the language used is more concise than

* Acts xv. 22; Rom. xvi. 23; 1 Cor. xiv. 23.

formerly," when the dead were distinctly prayed for, "it cannot be said to be less comprehensive."

The Exhortations open the question whether the formularies of the Church of England contemplate frequent or infrequent communions. So far as cathedrals, collegiate churches, and colleges go, the question is settled by the rubric at the end of the Communion Service, which enjoins celebration at least every Sunday. The writer of the Introduction goes further, and (it is difficult to say on what evidence, except the practice of the unreformed Church and some notices in the Liturgy of 1549) pronounces "regular Sunday celebrations of the Holy Communion" to be "the undoubted rule for every Church." The annotator admits that "the tone of the rubric and the Exhortations is plainly fitted to a time of infrequent communions," but contends that this probably was owing to temporary reasons. There is more plausibility in this argument here than in other cases where it is applied to prove that the framers of the Liturgy held doctrines the expression of which they chose to omit, as the rubrics at the end of the service evidently imply that what the framers feared was the paucity of communicants. Yet it would have been better if the view had not been enforced by a questionable piece of interpretation. "The rubric does not seem to enjoin their constant use, but to require this form of exhortation to be used at those times when the minister thinks it necessary to 'give warning,' that is, to exhort his people, respecting 'the celebration of the Holy Communion.'" It would not be easy to persuade an ordinary reader that "to give warning" is likely to mean anything else than "to give notice;" and if he happens to be a student of Shakspeare, he will know that the expression in this sense was as familiar in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as it is now. Yet this sense is not even named in the note. Turning back, however, to a note on the earlier rubric before the sermon, I find the word "warning" quoted apparently in its ordinary sense, so that there may be a difference of opinion on the matter between the annotators themselves.

In the note on the Prayer of Humble Access the hypothesis of "some temporary influence or danger" is again employed to account for the change in the position of the prayer, which the annotator, in common with Archbishop Laud, whom he quotes, appears to regret. My chief object, however, in referring to this prayer, is to make an admission which, it seems to me, candour requires, though the annotator himself has forbore to claim it explicitly. I believe it to be the one part of our present Communion Office where words occur which, understood in their natural and obvious sense, not only admit, but assert the doctrine of an objective presence. When we pray that we may "so eat the flesh of Christ and drink His blood that our

sinful bodies may be made pure and our souls washed," we necessarily imply that we might eat the flesh and drink the blood with a different result. We imply, in short, what is contended for by Archdeacon Denison and Dr. Pusey with reference to the Twenty-ninth Article. And this was doubtless the intention of the original authors of the prayer, which is substantially the same as that in the Liturgy of 1549. Why the revisers of 1552, altering the prayer in one or two verbal points, left it intact in this respect, though in other parts of the service they seem to have wished to remove the traces of the doctrine in question, is a point on which I do not seek to offer an hypothesis. It is of more importance to estimate what consequences are involved in the admission which, as I have said, I feel bound to make. That the more definite and dogmatic part of the formularies ought to interpret (for purposes of church conformity) the less definite and dogmatic seems only reasonable, though I am of course aware that it has been much questioned. Looking to Art. XXIX., I will only say, without entering into the question in detail, for which this is hardly the place, that its natural meaning seems to me to deny that our Lord is present in the elements to the good and the wicked alike. On the other hand, apart from controversy, there appears to me nothing in the words of the prayer which need jar on the feelings of a worshipper who believes that the presence is confined to the faithful. "*Lex supplicandi, lex credendi*," so far as it is true, surely applies to the general character of our prayers, not to the logical implication of each expression. Still, when a dogmatic issue is raised, I feel that the words I speak of ought to be allowed their full weight in determining what is the mind of the Church of England on the subject; nor should I think it just if a divine of an opposite school to that of the annotators were simply to dismiss the question by saying that the words were doubtless retained merely for temporary reasons, and that consequently they need not be taken into account in forming a conclusion. If we wish (as for purposes of church conformity we must wish) to form a conception of the general doctrine of the Church of England on a given point, we cannot avoid the responsibility of deciding which of two apparently antagonistic statements must give way to the other; but it is not the less incumbent on us, before making the decision, to give each its distinct force, as explained according to the natural rules of language.

With regard to the precise force of the words used by the priest in delivering the elements, there will of course be difference of opinion, according to the view taken of the effect of the act of consecration. The effect of the substitution of the words "take and eat," &c., for "the Body," &c., made by the revisers of 1552, can scarcely be misunderstood. The Elizabethan Reformers joined the two forms of

delivery together, for which they are commended by L'Estrange, whom the annotator quotes, and apparently by the annotator himself. But it will hardly be contended that the combination does not leave it open to those whose convictions so require to understand the first part of the words of delivery as a prayer that through the medium of the elements about to be received the spiritual blessing of communion may be conferred, without being committed to any belief in a change having passed on the elements by virtue of the prayer of consecration. We must remember, what the annotator does not bring out with sufficient definiteness in his text and notes, though by printing the Liturgy of 1549 in an Appendix he enables the reader to verify the matter, that the most important words in the prayer of consecration do not stand now as they did in 1549. Then the prayer was that the bread and wine might be sanctified so as to become to the recipients the Body and Blood; now it is that the congregation, receiving the bread and wine, may be partakers of the Body and Blood, words which, it is evident, admit a wider latitude of dogmatic belief.

I now come to one or two notes on minor points.

The direction in the rubric to deliver the elements to the people "in order" is explained: "*i.e.*, first to the men and then to the women, according to the practice in the best-ordered churches." This is an endeavour, of which there are many in the book, to combine the office of a Directorium with that of a Commentary, a union of functions which I think does not conduce to scrupulous care in commenting. So the words "in their hands" are explained in accordance with a direction of St. Cyril, that the bread is to be taken, not in the fingers, but in the palm of the right hand; no mention being made of the fact, which a commentator would naturally have thought more germane to his province, that the words are a substitute for a direction in a rubric of 1549, according to which the communicants were to receive the sacrament of Christ's body in their mouths.

In commenting on the direction to "place what remaineth of the consecrated elements reverently on the Lord's table," the annotator argues that the word "reverently," occurring as it does among a number of rubrics which have been greatly cut down from their original fulness, must point to a belief in an actual change of the elements. "Were the elements sacred only so far as they were partaken of, there could be no reason for specially directing the priest to place what remaineth *reverently* on the Lord's table, for no more reverence to them would be needed than that respect which is shown for everything used at the Holy Communion." I should have thought that a church just emerging from the Puritan period (the rubric was added in 1661) might naturally have used the word without neces-

sarily implying any such further meaning as is supposed. The annotator himself in the Appendix reprints the Presbyterian Office with reluctance, calling it a "presumptuous and irreverent parody of the Liturgy;" and whether or not the Caroline bishops would have expressed themselves as strongly about that particular form of ritual, they must have been cognizant of much undoubted irreverence which might well call for a single word of warning even from men disposed to be sparing in their injunctions.

I have already adverted to the remarks in the Introduction on the alteration of the position of the Prayer of Oblation. It is now time to speak of that part of the argument which depends not on general presumption, but on a consideration of the service itself. The first assertion in the Introduction, that the act of consecration, apart from any express words of oblation, is itself an act of sacrifice, is felt by the annotator not to be absolutely conclusive: in fact, it begs the question. A further reason for regarding the scope of the prayer as not substantially altered by its change of position is that the remainder of the consecrated elements has just been replaced on the table, so that of them at any rate an oblation may be made.* Yet, to one looking at the question dispassionately, it would seem strange that a church that wished to enforce the doctrine of Eucharistic oblation should solemnly offer, not the elements as a whole, but that part of them which may happen to be left over in the event of the priest having consecrated more than is sufficient. Accordingly, the change is regretted; and we are told, as in the Preface, that Bishop Overall disregarded it, and Bishop Cosin thought it accidental. This last supposition the annotator regards with some favour, though it would seem in the last degree unlikely that the revisers of 1552, or any other period, would acquiesce, in a matter of such importance, in what they must have known to be a printer's error.† Would not a commentator on an ordinary text have thought it worth his while to mention that there was another interpretation which at any rate had the merit of taking the prayer as it stands, to the effect that by the Eucharistic sacrifice is meant the whole act of worship, and by the oblation an oblation of ourselves? It is not pretended that this would have exhausted the meaning of the words as they were originally used in the Liturgy of 1549; but the question is whether the change in the position of the prayer does not naturally limit and modify the meaning.

I have now only to notice the note about the Declaration on Kneeling. It lays stress, justly enough, on the fact that the revisers

* I have taken this argument as it stands in the Introduction; whether it is quite identical with that in the note, which is somewhat less definitely expressed, I am not sure.

† We know as a fact that Cranmer was ordered to correct such printer's errors as actually occurred. (Introduction to "Annotated Prayer-Book," p. 31.)

of 1661, in reviving it after a century of disuse, did so with a change in the wording of one part, "corporal presence" being substituted for "real and essential presence." I quite agree with Dr. Pusey* that "it is a paradox to say that while the reformers of the rubric deliberately ejected what its framers deliberately inserted, it is all one as if they had not ejected it and substituted another word:" that indeed is precisely what I have been urging throughout with respect to the changes introduced in the successive revisions. The change of the words no doubt removes the denial of a real and essential presence. Whether it affects the declaration in any way is a different question. For we are told in the declaration not only what kneeling does not import, but what it does import. The order to kneel, it is said, "is well meant, for a signification of our humble and grateful acknowledgment of the benefits therein" (in the sacrament) "given to all worthy receivers, and for the avoiding of such profanation and disorder in the Holy Communion as might otherwise ensue." This, however, touches a question which the annotator does not raise, the question of Eucharistic adoration. Meanwhile I would only observe that in accepting Mr. Perry's view that the original declaration of 1552 was probably intended merely as a protest against the doctrine of transubstantiation, and the low notion of a carnal presence which had come to be the interpretation too commonly put on the phrase "real and essential presence," the annotator differs from Dr. Pusey, who says,† "They who first framed the sentence moulded it carefully to exclude the Real Presence altogether."

I have ventured to maintain that the radical fault of this commentary is its having been written under the influence of a theory, that theory being the substantial identity of the Eucharistic doctrine, as contained in the present Liturgy, with that of its various predecessors. It may be said, however, that we have distinct warrant for assuming this identity at the very point where the breach of continuity has been alleged to be most patent, the substitution of the Liturgy of 1552 for that of 1549. The Act of Parliament establishing Edward's Second Prayer-Book declares the first to be "a very godly order, agreeable to the Word of God and the primitive Church, very comfortable to all Christian people desiring to live in Christian conversation, and most profitable to the state of this realm;" and speaks of the doubts about the manner of using it as having arisen "rather by the curiosity of the ministers and mistakers than of any other worthy cause." Such an argument, however, if it proves anything, proves too much. The Elizabethan Act of Uniformity endorses the Second Prayer-Book of Edward, minimizing the changes made in it, and saying in particular of the Liturgy that two sentences only are added: but would it be fair to contend from this mode of speech that

* "Real Presence the Doctrine of English Church," p. 322.

† Ibid.

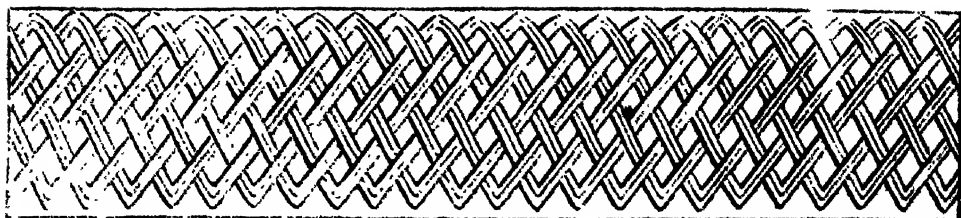
the two sentences in question, those added in the form of the delivery of the elements, are of no importance? If it be said that the words in Edward's Act of Uniformity are stronger, it may be replied that the charges then made were much more extensive. "*Qui s'excuse, s'accuso:*" the Parliament which issued the Second Book was the same that had issued the First Book, and it would scarcely have proclaimed the fact that the two books seriously differed from each other. Besides, the argument is two-edged: while some use it to prove that the Second Book means no less than the First, others use it to prove that the First Book means no more than the Second, which is indeed said in this very Act of Parliament to "explain and make it fully perfect."* After all, the question is not what may be inferred about the meaning of our formularies from the brief and general words of an Act of Parliament, but what the formularies, naturally interpreted, witness about themselves. Whatever the Parliament of 1552 thought about the First Book weighs but little against the fact that they superseded it.† *Ἐν τῷ λέγειν καινήν, πεπαλαίωκεν τὴν πρώτην.*

My object in making these remarks has been to register a protest—a temperate one, I would hope—against what I cannot but regard as an unsatisfactory mode of commenting on the Prayer-Book. I admit readily that there is room in the Church of England for more doctrinal schools than one; and that being so, it is necessary that each school should have a theory for reconciling its own belief with the formularies. But this, it seems to me, is a separate question from the interpretation of the formularies, and ought to be kept distinct. Let us first interpret the formularies according to the strict rules of interpretation; let us then consider what degree of license may be fairly claimed in each particular case by members of a church which has never been without parties, and has passed at different times under the more especial influence of one or other of them. Even as interpreters we might often disagree; but we should profit increasingly by each other's labours, and we should learn to recognise more thoroughly the common ground on which we stand.

J. CONINGTON.

* The case appears to stand thus. As a question of reason, it would seem that the more explicit document should interpret the less explicit. As a question of authority, the later ought to interpret the earlier. But it is only the presumed authority of the Parliament of 1552 which would lead us to interpret either document by the other; therefore, if we are to entertain such considerations at all, we must go by authority, not by reason.

† If Parliament were to enact that certain formularies, imposed by its authority, were to be understood in a certain sense, that sense would be imperative, even if it did not happen to be the natural one. But a legislature is hardly likely to go to this length; and nothing short of it would interfere with the original duty of ascertaining what the formularies mean from what they say.



THE REVOLUTION IN A FRENCH COUNTRY TOWN.

A WALK through a few French villages dispels very simply all preconceived notions of the extinction of provincial life in France. There is, no doubt, a certain political truth in the statement that Norman, and Poitevin, and Gascon are losing every day their separate individuality, that the darling aim of the provincial is to become, what to a wonderful extent he has succeeded in becoming, simply Parisian and French. A revolution, it is said, is flashed along the telegraph wires from the capital to the frontier with as much ease and as simple a reproduction as the most trivial message, and the village innkeeper—as in Charles de Bernard's charming story—grumbles only at the expense, as he changes the Cap of Liberty to the Cheval Blanc, or the Cheval Blanc to the Cap of Liberty again. To the innkeeper, no doubt, a change of government is of little importance when it tells, as French changes always tell, simply on the *personnel*, and not on the system of administration, and when the prefecture remains as before, though the prefect be changed. Constitutional Monarchy, Republic, or Empire, are all much the same to the peasant, who cannot repair his fence without an official authorization of as annoying a kind under the one rule as under the other. In the machinery of administration there is, no doubt, a certain perfection of mechanical uniformity; but what one wonders at as one strolls from village to village, is not the passion

of a great people for centralization, but rather the strange contrast of all this centralization with the local and provincial temper of the people. The heart of the peasant farmer clings as firmly as of old to the little lane of thatched hovels, the church, and the manor-house, amongst which he was born. His life lies, as Michelet has so vividly painted it, in the one little square patch which constitutes his patrimony among the many little square patches dotted over the bare monotonous plains; he retains his local patois, his provincial traditions, his provincial name. Nor is this local feeling confined to the peasant or the priest. It shows itself in the new archæological interest displayed by the higher and more refined classes in the preservation of their local monuments, in the records of their provincial history. It was only the other day that the gentry of Anjou rose almost as one man to resist the transfer of the tombs of the Plantagenets from their resting-place in the great Angevin cloister of Fontevraud, to the general lumber-dépôt of Paris. In the west M. de Villemarque and the squires of Brittany and Poitou were labouring zealously in the cause of Celtic poetry, ere they were crushed by the mean jealousy of the Imperial rule. It would be difficult to find a parallel in any country to the number and excellence of the monographs on points of Norman history and topography that issue every day from the presses of Rouen and Caen, and the example of Normandy finds imitators in every French province.

The abundance, indeed, of these local publications has caused them to be viewed with some feelings of uneasiness and dread by many of the most eminent of the historic scholars of France. "If we go on at this rate," cried an illustrious academician, some twenty years ago, "we shall end by printing the archives of our villages, and a whole life-time will not be long enough for the study of even the minutest fraction of our history." The twenty years that have elapsed since this prediction have undoubtedly done much to verify it, and a glance at the publishing list of M. Gost Clerisse shows us numerous reprints of the very village archives which M. de Sacy despised. His apprehensions, however, admit of a very simple reply. The office of the local antiquary is of a kind very different from that of the national historian; but he may assert with some truth that history was never so impossible without him as now. It is only since history passed from a mere record of successive events into an attempt to construct a practical philosophy of man, that it has perceived the importance of a class of facts which it is his business to supply. A right appreciation of the social conditions, the economic changes, the intellectual phases of an age, can be founded only on a large induction from a varied series of minute details, from a mass of incidents to be found, for the most part, in the common and

domestic life of men, and to discover and record which, with a view to such an induction, is the legitimate business of local research. It was in this spirit of what we may venture to call social induction, that M. de Tocqueville approached the subject of the French Revolution. He was the first to reveal the true character of that great event, just because he looked for it not in the streets of Paris, but in the minute local incidents of the *ancien régime*. It was from the dusty documents of provincial archives that he was enabled to construct his wonderful picture of an aristocracy wrecked, of local franchises destroyed, of the worst vices of the Revolution already in full play before the name of Revolution was heard. It is in this spirit that we ask our readers to follow, as it were, in the path of De Tocqueville, and to view, if but in glimpses, the Revolution itself, stripped of its heroisms as of its butcheries, of its Charlotte Cordays as of its Marats, in the streets of a Norman country town.

The very absence of incident in such a story is one of its most notable features. To the reader of Thiers or Alison, the Revolution appears almost incredible; it seems impossible that a great country should surrender itself to the transitions of feeling, as violent as they were rapid, which swept along the streets of Paris; or should have been maddened into the drunkenness of blood which horrifies us in the butchers of the Tenth of August. The story of the Revolution in Andelis shows us how feebly in point of fact the nation shared in the excitement of the capital, how faintly the blows even of the terror told on a town at no great distance from Paris, and how powerful a part was played in the provinces by the religious changes which occupy such an inferior position in the history of the Revolution as it is usually written. The impulse which had been strong enough to crush the château broke down before the pilgrimage and the sacred well. It met in fact in these with a popular sentiment, as deep and earnest as its own sentiment of democracy, a religious sentiment which was destined, by accumulating round it the elements of order and property, for a time to check, under the Empire, the progress of the Revolution itself. The history of France has been for half a century past the jostling of the democratic and the religious principles, and in spite of the attempts of men like Lamennais to reconcile them, they are destined to jostle still. Behind the hatred of the clergy as a class lay a tendency to devotion which the men of the Revolution failed to see, as they failed to see what a regard for those of the noblesse who vindicated their claim to be leaders of men, lay behind the contempt for the noblesse as a class, when their general claim to leadership was so thoroughly belied by experience. Even in the hour of unpopularity, the Mirabeau whose "grand treason" the newspapers hawked beneath his window, was still Count Mirabeau; and when the storm of the Revolution had stripped the seigneur of

Andelis of the outer advantages of lineage and rank, the nobility of his nature received a noble recognition in the loyalty of the Norman peasantry.

Few among the French noblesse were more distinguished by birth and position, none more conspicuous for virtue and benevolence, than the Duc de Penthièvre. Grandson of Louis Quatorze, and heir of a magnificent fortune, his life was spent in works of charity, above all in the erection of hospitals for the sick; and it was with the purpose of dedicating a chapel in one of the finest of these buildings, that the Duc prepared, four years before the opening of the Revolution, to visit his good town of Andelis. Andelis lies in the heart of the Norman Vexin, the tract of wooded border country running northward from Seine to Aumale, a little country town now-a-days with nothing to break the dulness of its common life but the annual pilgrimage of the whole country side to its wonder-working well, and with but a few fragments of broken wall, and here and there the trace of a half-filled trench, to tell the tale of its historic past. Like the obscurest sites of Normandy, however, it had its history; the little borough boasted of an origin as early as that of Rouen itself, and of the charters of dukes and kings preserved in its municipal archives. The bell of its commune had swung out its summons to the burgesses of Andelis till the suppression of all free civic life under Louis Quatorze; and the eve of the Revolution saw the town stirred to new life by the industrial energy which the reforms of Turgot had awakened in the West. The linen manufacture which had long existed there had doubled in the years immediately preceding the visit of the Duc, and Andelis boasted of its forty looms, and a thousand workmen. A few years later the spinning jenny was introduced by an Englishman, Laurance Bennet, who had settled in Andelis, and soon superseded the ruder processes which formed the staple trade of the neighbourhood. Without the town the same awakening of the industrial spirit was displaying itself in the passion for *defrèchement*, and the peasants of the valley of the Gambon were busy bringing under cultivation the waste and wooded ground which formed about one-tenth of the area of their commune. Year by year the last relics of the vast forest through whose glades Richard the Lion-hearted had led the chase were vanishing before the spade and plough, till the little stream rolled on through a reach of bare fields edged in to the eastward by barer chalk heights to its union with the Seine. At the point where the great river bending in a vast northern sweep from its western course receives the waters of its tributary, the huge castle walls of Château Gaillard, the grandest of Norman fortresses, frown down upon a street of cottages with steep brown roofs, and on a church whose tiny *flèche* cuts sharply across the sky. This is "Little Andelis," younger and weaker rival of Andelis the Great,

and whose children had for ages maintained the honour of their borough in combat against the children of the larger township on the slopes beneath the castle walls. At the moment, however, at which our story opens, all rivalry was hushed in a common desire to welcome the lord and benefactor of both, and the boatmen of Little Andelis stood side by side with the artizans of Andelis the Great in their reception of the Duc de Penthièvre. The lanes of tidy houses with a look of thrift and comfort about them, broken by hotels of a certain grandeur, which make up the little town, were illuminated for the solemn entry of the prince. The bells rang out as he passed under the arch of triumph, and a burst of fireworks commemorated his arrival at the market-place, where the mayor and the clergy waited to receive him. There is something startling, if one remembers the overthrow of all which was so near at hand, in the little group thus gathered in the square of Andelis, amidst the clang of bells and the boom of the cannon which the municipality of Rouen had been good enough to lend for the occasion. Clerk and *ecclerins* in their velvet caps and silk mantles, officers of the commune in their black cloaks, sergeants in tunics of blue velvet emblazoned with the arms of the town, were drawn up round the stately red-robed figure of the mayor. The strange costumes of the municipal group represented a past soon to be swept away, but out of that destruction the very burghers now bending low before their lord, were to be lifted to the government of the state. The group which fronted them were the representatives of a class for which no future was reserved. All the princesses of his house were believed on this occasion to have encircled the Duc. "Chartres, Conti, Lamballe," were honoured in the mellifluous verses of the Prioress of St. Jean. But the poetic laurels of the prioress were far eclipsed by those of the mayor; at his suggestion, ten of the fairest girls in the town advanced to meet the princely train, each with her appropriate gift of fruit or flowers, of fish or thread, the last leading a lamb. The duc listened patiently to the mayor's poetry, and rewarding each songstress with the present of a magnificent fan, visited the two religious houses of the town, the Priory of St. John, and the school conducted by the Ursuline nuns, and finally retired under fresh arches of triumph, and amidst fresh salvoes of artillery peaceably to bed.

Eight years after this pretty exchange of fans and pastorals, the hero of the day lay dying in his château of Bizi, near Vernon. Of the princes of his house he was almost the only one now left on the soil of France. His daughter, the Princess of Conti, "la Beauté" of Andelisian verse, was in exile over Rhine. The head of the Princess de Lamballe had been borne on a pike through the streets of Paris and before the prison-windows of the Queen. It was only an act unexampled in the history of the revolution, that saved the

Duc himself from chains and the guillotine. The order for his arrest was met by the determined resistance of the people of Normandy. The inhabitants of Andelis, of Vernon, and of Eu leagued together to prevent his removal, and to offer themselves as bail for his patriotism. The effort was successful, and the old man, alone of his house, was suffered to die at home and in peace.

Between that death and the reception of 1795 lay the French revolution. No event in the history of the world has produced results so utterly strange either to the hopes or to the fears of those who witnessed its birth. The wishes of the great bulk of the French people, if we may gather them from the provincial *cahiers*, pointed to a moderate measure of constitutional reform. Equality of taxation was to provide for the immediate claims of the national debt, a reform of the civil and criminal code was to sweep away privilege and render all Frenchmen equal before the law, the regular convocation of the States-General was to invest the national institutions with a parliamentary character. Not one of the petitioners seems to have dreamt that the changes proposed were incompatible with the existing state of society, or destructive of the existing form of government. Least of all was this the expectation of the burghers of Andelis. The thriving fortunes of the town, indeed, left little ground for discontent; its inhabitants had long been famous throughout Normandy for their gaiety and love of good cheer. "Dancing, gambling, eating, and drinking," these, according to an official report of slightly earlier date, were the chief Andelisian characteristics; and something of the local good humour shows itself in the tone of the demands addressed to the States-General when the royal ordonnance of 1789 assembled the electors in their various districts for the choice of representatives to that assembly. Whatever hostility might be entertained elsewhere towards the noblesse, it is plain from the Norman *cahiers* that little was felt in the west. The lord of the commune of Andelis was, as we have seen, endeared to the neighbourhood by his virtue and benevolence; and justice, which lay entirely in the hands of his officers, seems on the whole to have been fairly administered. The need, however, for a judicial system of a larger and more national type had long been felt, and the electors of Andelis pressed temperately enough for the suppression of seignorial jurisdictions as well as of seignorial rights. Small indeed as was the sum derived by the noblesse from the latter, the development of industry must have rendered them more and more annoying to the people, and the good-humoured citizen of Andelis may fairly have grumbled as he paid ferry-toll to the Duc, or market-toll to M. de Belleisle, or fair-toll to the brethren of the Lazar-house. The only subject on which we can trace in these *cahiers* any bitterness of feeling toward the landed proprietors, is that of game. "We shall never be quiet at home,"

say the farmers of Radeval, "till the hares and pigeons be destroyed. If the landlords want them, let them keep them in their own preserves and let our land alone." On this topic the various districts are unanimous; but, with this one exception, earnestness of feeling is simply displayed on local and industrial topics. The two townships are bitterly opposed to the commercial treaty concluded with England. The rural hamlets toss back the cry of Protection, and demand a legislative prohibition of the machinery which is destroying the manufacture of thread by hand in the cottages of the country. Little Andelis, whose *cahier* is adopted by its greater neighbour, exhorts the States-General to devote themselves to the removal of all restrictions on agriculture, to prevent the vexatious interference of officials with the farmer, and to encourage the improvement of breed in horses and cattle.

The farmers and cotton-spinners of Andelis knew little of the golden dreams of social equality and political freedom which were turning every head at Paris, of the harangues of Count Mirabeau or the pamphlets of Abbé Sièyes. In a few months the commune, anxious only for higher price-lists and fatter cattle, was being whirled along in the current of the Revolution. The close of the year saw all local jurisdictions swept away, and the valley with its two little boroughs united under an elected magistracy and a judicial bench of its own. The financial arrangements of the canton were equally changed, and a commission of citizens undertook the duties of local self-government in the place of the nominated delegates of the provincial intendant. Ferry, and fair, and market were freed from their hereditary tolls by the famous night of the Fourth of August. On these changes, universal as they were throughout France, there is no need to dwell here: a voluntary offering of 4,000 livres to the constituent assembly shows us that the inhabitants of Andelis were well-satisfied with them and their constitution. A *fête Fédérative* celebrated the triumph of the nation over its past: in the great square, the scene of the Duc's reception, rose an altar, on which the mayor solemnly deposited the book of the Constitution, while the clergy in tri-coloured scarves celebrated mass. A patriotic hymn preluded the general oath of fidelity to the Nation, the King, and the Law; and the ceremony ended with a *Te Deum* and a distribution of bread to the poor. Already, however, there were signs, even in quiet Andelis, of fiercer weather. One Antoine Lemoine and his boys had killed and flayed the ass of Dame Marguerite-Françoise Ruellon at Easter-tide, 1792, and had replied to all remonstrance by the threat that they would "flay what noble beast they pleased, and its noble master, too, into the bargain, perhaps." A fine of 40 livres avenged the *bête noble*, but the menace remained. Emigrants and Prussians on the frontier, Girondins at home, made peace every day

more difficult. Funeral honours rendered to the heroes of Nancy were soon followed by a general distribution of pikes, and the national guard was hardly organized before fifty of its number were summoned to guard Evreux against a troop of malcontents. Vernon was threatened by Girondins in arms against the Convention, and a hundred citizens had to march to the rescue. The very municipality was suspected of Federal sentiments, and strove to prove its loyalty to the Republic by requiring the village notary to deliver up all charters and feudal documents in his possession, and by burning them in the town square. The municipality, however, had already given place in all matters of actual government to a body of whose republicanism no doubt whatever could be entertained. The Club of Andelis, a branch of the terrible Jacobins of Paris, had already inaugurated from the depths of their dark and gloomy hall the Reign of Terror. The three local heroes who had led their fellow-citizens to the relief of Vernon and Evreux placed themselves at the head of the "Société Populaire;" and the satirical verses of their opponents commemorated after their overthrow the stupid ferocity of the cotton-merchant Grimoult and the clockmaker Mellon, and the more subtle cruelty of the real director of the Club, the miller Boulloche. La Lumiere, the tanner, conspicuous among his comrades for his forbidding countenance and unkempt locks, received the office of mayor as the reward of his incessant denunciations; while Gay, a stranger from Scotland, figured as their secretary. The Scotch secretary seems to have stood alone among his fellows in the perpetual mirth which none of the horrors of the Terror could disturb, and in his insatiable rapacity. The bulk of the Jacobins piqued themselves at Andelis, as elsewhere, on their incorruptibility. The registers of the commune carefully record how one of the administrators flings on the table to be sold for the benefit of the poor a pike and a trout which had been sent him as a present. Citizen Mazurier makes a similar present to the municipality of a packet of game left for him by a person unknown. Incorruptible or no, the Jacobin rulers soon communicated their own zeal to the flagging patriotism of the town. The streets took republican names in place of the denominations of saints and kings; and the example of this local rechristening encouraged citizen Wolff to demand the change of his old name of Peter to that of Betmendi. On learning that the last designation meant "happiness" in the Persian tongue, the officers of the commune gave their hearty adhesion to the change. "Nous lui avons délivré acte de son prenom de Betmendi à la place de celui de Pierre," say the municipal registers, "étant persuadés qu'il vaut autant ouvrir en ce monde la route du bonheur que de l'ouvrir au monde futur par les clefs de son ancien patron." These lighter occupations, however, were far from delaying the Club in the pursuit of more

serious business; denunciations multiplied, rumours of royalist expressions subjected the inns and shops of the town to domiciliary visits, suspected letters were seized at the post-office, and suspected persons were lodged in a prison which had formerly served as the Capucin convent of the town. Their religious reforms were yet more sweeping than their secular. The first burst of the Revolution, while it left untouched the hospital founded by the Duc de Penthièvre, had swept away the priory of St. Leonard and the houses of the Penitents and Capucins. The Priory of St. Jean gave it a little more trouble. A commissary, armed with the decrees of the National Assembly, penetrated to the chapter-house, and read them to the assembled nuns. "Citoyennes," he ended, "you are free." No one stirred. "You are free," repeated the commissary, but with the same result. "For the third time," cried the officer, "I announce to you that you are free. Do you not understand me?"

"Perfectly," replied the superior.

"If so, then, will you be good enough to retire?"

"We are not free then—to remain?"

Wit, however, could not save the priory, and in twenty-four hours the fatal words "national property" appeared over the gate of St. Jean. The suppression of the religious houses was a purely administrative measure of the Central Government, and one of the local traditions shows how completely popular sympathy was enlisted on the side of the suppressed. The confiscation of the estate called "Le Chapitre," in the valley, a possession of the Canons of Andelis, was regarded as a sacrilege, and it was believed that whatever crossed the fields was accompanied by two white doves, which uttered plaintive cries as they wheeled around—the souls (so men whispered) of the plundered priests demanding the restitution of their lands. Two years, indeed, after the Revolution had begun, the magistrates were still striving to enforce attendance at religious services by the old system of penal compulsion. In December, 1790, the priest of Petit Andelis, turning to bless the congregation, found the church empty, and the very sexton quitting the charge of the bell. The chief gain of the villagers was derived from hauling boats along the Seine, and the approach of a vessel had drawn away the congregation *en masse*. The scandal was great, and a fine imposed upon all boats mounting the river during the time of Divine Service showed that the orthodoxy of the municipal authorities remained unimpaired. The attitude of the clergy, however, became daily more hostile to the Republic. The Curé of Andelis publicly refused the oath to the Constitution; the Curé of Mesnil-Verclives was found circulating the Papal brief forbidding its acceptance. One by one, recusant priests found their way into the prisons of the commune, and the religious strife left the field open to the avowed atheists of

the Jacobin Club. The crosses with which the town was studded, the sacred images in their niches along the wall were torn down in the winter of 1793. "By the following spring, fifty-five churches of the district round had been robbed of their ornaments and plate, the silver sent to be melted down at Paris, while the buildings themselves were turned into halls for the popular assemblies, magazines of saltpetre, or temples of the Goddess of Reason. It was this last crowning degradation that was reserved for the beautiful church of St. Clotilde, around which the burgh of Andelis had grown up. "This Temple is dedicated to Reason and to Philosophy" was inscribed over its principal entrance, and a tree of Liberty planted beside the porch. The church itself, cleared of verger and priest, was now ready for the "culte républicain," and the next morning saw the "agent of the nation" reading solemnly from the book of the laws to a devoted group whose patriotic songs alone accompanied the recitation. It is no wonder that religion retired from this wonderful ritual to the asylum offered by the Dame Ruellon, the old lady whose *bête noble* we saw flayed just now, a person very devout and very royalist, whose house served as a point of union for all the partisans of the *ancien régime*. A priest, free from all taint of adhesion to the Republic, had found refuge within its walls, and mass was celebrated in a little temporary chapel, where the sole altar was a chest of drawers, covered with a bed-curtain and adorned with a couple of tin candlesticks. For some time the extreme caution of those who frequented it shrouded the service from the vigilant eyes of the Jacobin Committee, and it was not till the Christmas night of 1794 that the hammer of the police agent was heard thundering at the door. The whole of the little congregation were at once arrested and removed to prison, two officials being left in charge of the priest, who continued quietly his celebration of the mass. A scene of quaint politeness followed. Weary of his persistence in his office, the officials were about to lay hands on their prisoner, when the priest addressed them in a quiet remonstrance on the difficulty in which he was placed. Having got so far in the course of the mass, the law of the Church made it mortal sin in him to cease without concluding the act of consecration. Their duty was to remove him, he urged, to prison, but not to involve him in guilt which he should regard as worse than death.

"Finish, then!" said the men, moved by the logic of the request.

"But how?" replied the priest. "I see no one to make the responses."

"Never mind," observed his captors, after a moment's hesitation over this new difficulty, "we will make them ourselves."

They knelt; acted as choristers till the close of the mass; and then carried off their logical captive to the Capucins.

Daring as was the defiance which the Jacobins hurled, in their war upon religion, against all that was most sacred in the eyes of nine-tenths of the people round them, it is a sign of the spell which the Terror had cast over men's minds that, menacing as the tone of the peasantry appeared at the outset of those proceedings, no real resistance was ever attempted. The gatherings of women and farmers that scared the municipality made little impression on the small knot of resolute fanatics, whose will was now law for the town. There was but one cry that terror itself could not stifle, and that was the famine cry for bread. Month after month the cry deepened, in spite of the compulsion exercised over the farmers, the forced sale of their produce in the market at prices fixed by the committee, and the delivery of rations to the most distressed. "Strike," ran a placard at last, nailed over the very gate of the Tribunal de Paix, "strike; it is time: we are without bread." But the blow was already struck at a more decisive point than Andelis. The fall of Robespierre swept away the Jacobins there as elsewhere. Gai, Boulloche, and their fellows, vanish into space; for in the quiet little Norman town—crowded as were its prisons—no blood had been shed, and there was no temptation to a bloody retaliation. The reaction vented itself in a general prison delivery, in insults of a very harmless kind on the humbled Jacobins, and in repeated cuttings down of the Tree of Liberty. But though the terror was over, the successors of Robespierre were far at first from fully comprehending the change which his fall had wrought. The aim of the Directorate was simply to fall back on the old maxims of the revolution, and, above all, to carry on the warfare, which Robespierre had at last discountenanced, against religion and the priests. The municipal administration echoed faithfully the views of the new rulers; it devoted itself to the crusade against Sunday, and invited the ministers of religion to transfer their sacred rites to the official decades. Sunday was saved, for Andelis, at least, by the national passion for the dance. The inhabitants of the commune, renowned for their skill in this accomplishment, refused to transfer their dance from the accustomed day; and in spite of the imprisonment of the two town fiddlers for contumacy, fashion, as usual, proved too strong for law, and the decade passed into disuse.

The administration were destined, however, to sustain a far more disastrous defeat in their attack on a religious rite, which had struck deeper roots in the heart of the people than the Sunday. The great glory of Andelis lay in the well of St. Clotilde. The whole neighbourhood, indeed, was studded with sacred spots, haunts of pious votaries long before Christianity had penetrated the forests of Gaul, but hallowed by ages of Christian devotion, and by the annual concourse of pilgrims and devotees; crosses; sacred trees—like the elm of

St. Roche; chapels of St. Leonard, where mothers girded themselves with the iron chain that insured safety amid the perils of childbirth; springs, like that of St. Martin, over whose waters the "White Lady" hovered before the eyes of pious votaries. Solitaries had left their memorials in the recesses of the chalk rocks, and through the storms of revolution a lonely woman tenanted unharmed the cave beneath the ruins of Château Gaillard. But none of these pious resorts could vie in sanctity or fame with the well of Andelis.

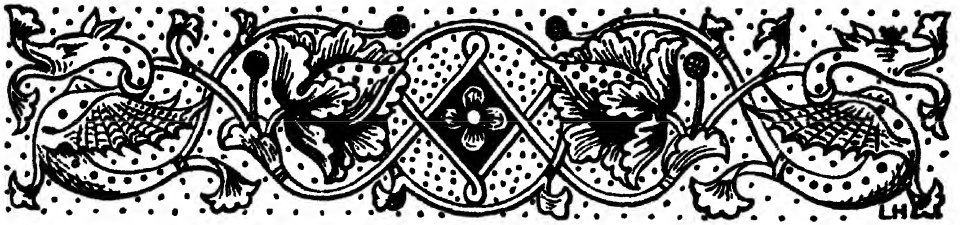
Within a little walled enclosure, just without the town, beside a dolmen of Druidic age overshadowed by a huge plane-tree, flowed the wonder-working waters of the fountain of St. Clotilde. A double miracle had linked the spring with her name: it had sprung up for the refreshment of the workmen engaged in the erection of her nunnery, and when they clamoured for stronger drink it had changed for them, as they drank from the saint's cup, into wine. The statue of Clotilde, surrounded with ex-votos and offerings, was placed in a niche of the enclosure; and the yearly pilgrimage took place on the second day of June, the anniversary of her death. From break of day the roads were covered with thousands of votaries, some in huge waggons, some in rude country carts, the bulk on foot, the more devout chanting rough couplets in honour of the saint. The number of pilgrims, arriving oftentimes from considerable distances, from Chartres and the Beauvaisin, was estimated to have sometimes reached twenty thousand; and the motley mass was accompanied by a considerable fringe of beggars and pickpockets. The road, in fact, was lined with these mendicants, with singers chanting appropriate ballads, with sellers of charms and images of the saint, and with flower-girls from whom every pilgrim purchased a bouquet which he tied to his hat. At five o'clock the procession advanced from the church to the sacred well, the canons of the chapter followed by the clergy and religious orders, and preceded by the dean bearing the relics of the saint. By his side marched two stalwart porters, each bearing a huge bottle of wine. Edging its way through the mob of pilgrims, the procession at last reached the brink of the fountain; and at the close of a short hymn the sacred image was plunged by the dean beneath the water, while his attendants, in parody of the miracle, poured into it their wine. A scene of wild confusion followed. While the priests returned to the church, the mass of votaries plunged into the sacred well, and gathered its waters in small phials provided for the purpose. The sick and infirm were aided by their friends to descend into the spring, and mothers dipped their children to preserve them from future ailments. The bouquets of flowers, which had been piled during the service on the huge stone of the dolmen, were now reclaimed and carried off as memorials of the

occasion. The pilgrims flocked from the fountain to the church, which was brilliantly illuminated, and lay in weary groups on the pavement till the call of the priest roused them for the midnight mass. It was "la messe des partants," and at the final benediction the crowd made its way from the porch. By daybreak the next morning not a pilgrim was left in the town.

It was against this superstition that the Directory directed its agent at Andelis to declare war in 1798, on the singular ground of humanity. The cries of the infants as they were plunged beneath the wonder-working waters filled the official mind with indignation, and the report of the agent required the members of the municipality to suppress at once "an abuse contrary to the health of so interesting a class of society." Two commissaries of police, escorted by four national guards, were at once despatched to the spot, but the close was already filled with a thousand pilgrims, and a sharp shower of stones warned the six assailants to withdraw. The festival was celebrated in the usual way: and the authorities, indignant at their defeat, took every precaution against the coming year by walling and barricading the sacred well. Wall and barricade, however, yielded before the mob of devotees who thronged to the enclosure, and the one national guard who acted as sentinel was compelled to look on helplessly at the demolition. There can be little doubt that the local authorities connived at the resistance; but a sharp lecture from the central administration decided them to cover the troublesome well with solid masonry. Masonry, however, gave way as easily as barricades before the zeal of the pilgrims; and the next festival of St. Clotilde found the sacred fountain as crowded with bathers as of old. It was in vain that the magistrates called out the national guard with a view of clearing the enclosure; the peasants showed their intention of resisting, and the townsmen of the national guard entertained no serious intention of compelling them. From that hour the pilgrimage has taken place without any administrative obstacles.

The first act of the Revolution was in fact at an end, and France, whirled past her real aims by the current of human passion, strove to garner up the little that remained under the strong hand of the victor of Marengo. Peace and security returned again to the little Norman town as it returned everywhere to France. But few could look back on a past so calm and so unsullied as the citizens of Andelis. "It is as glorious for you, my fellow-citizens," said their mayor as he celebrated the fête of his country's union and tranquillity, "to have escaped, encircled as you were, from the dangers that threatened you, and though placed in the centre of so many agitations to have avoided their toils, as it is satisfactory to me to be able to assure you to-day 'the happiness which you are purposing to enjoy is a happiness without remorse.'"

JOHN RICHARD GREEN.



THE IRISH CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.

A REPLY TO PROFESSOR MAURICE.

THE announcement of an article on the Irish Church Establishment, by Professor Maurice, was one which many of us Irish Churchmen received with very different feelings from those with which, for the most part, we hear of forthcoming articles on our Church. The usual anti-Irish-Church article is a thing with which we are now wearily familiar. We have read it, and the answers to it, so often, that we scarcely care to cut the leaves which we are assured contain the last "profound," or "original," or "statesman-like" utterance on the Irish Church question. We know it will be only the old story over again. The same oft-refuted "facts" and oft-corrected figures; the same multiplication of our revenues and division of our congregations; the same suppression of all that tells for us and exaggeration of all that tells against us; the same distortions of our past history; the same windy prophecies of the Irish Millennium that is to follow on our abolition. Some slight variety there is in the plans suggested for disposing of our revenues, or the date at which we should be deprived of them. But all our critics are agreed that, sooner or later, we are to be abolished. Our amateur cooks are sometimes kind enough to offer us the choice, said to have been offered by their French prototype to the ducks he had devoted to the spit, "*Avec quelle sauce voulez-vous être mangés ?*" But

should we venture, as his victims are said to have done, to offer some reasons why we should not be eaten at all, the only answer vouchsafed us is, "Vous vous écarterez de la question !"

From Mr. Maurice, however, we hoped for something different and better. It was not that we expected from him any minute acquaintance with the details of Irish Church history, or with those circumstances of our social and religious life of which he candidly confesses his ignorance. We rather looked to see him deal with the subject on the ground of those great principles of natural justice and morality which he has so often taught us to see underlying and shaping all human history. We were confident that he would ask, not whether it would be expedient to abolish the Irish Establishment, but, first and above all things, whether it would be just. We were sure, too, that he would conduct this inquiry into the justice of our case justly. He who has so often defied and denounced, for himself and others, the injustice of popular clamour and party cries, would, we thought, be careful to judge us, not by the clamorous accusations of unscrupulous assailants, but by evidence which he had himself carefully examined, and by principles the application of which he had himself fully tested.

There is much in Mr. Maurice's article to justify these anticipations. There is much to disappoint them. He has dealt with this question as one, not of expediency, but of principle. He has gone fairly to the root of the matter by asking, not whether our Establishment be too rich or too poor, but whether we ought to have an Establishment at all. And this question he has evidently intended to discuss in a spirit of the most perfect impartiality, applying to the Irish Church no principle which he is not perfectly willing should be applied to the English, wishing only that justice should be done to both. Nevertheless, I must confess myself grievously disappointed with his decision; and that not merely because it is against us, but because it appears to me both an unjust and a hasty one. Hasty, I think, I can show it to be, in its acceptance as fact of more than one of those distortions of our history against which we protest. Unjust I am persuaded it is, even on the principles which Mr. Maurice himself has laid down for the judging of these facts. Indeed, the more I read this article, the more I feel how hard it would be to find another instance of a judgment, on the whole, so unfair as this on the Irish Church Establishment, by a judge so manifestly upright as Mr. Maurice.

Before, however, I attempt to make good this assertion, let me thank Mr. Maurice for having put forward so prominently the moral aspect of this question. Strange as it may seem to him, it is this view of it which we Irish Churchmen think the very strength of

our case. It is on the ground of justice, and not on that of expediency, that we earnestly desire our fate may be decided. It is on that ground that I for one believe it will ultimately be decided by the English nation. Shifty and cowardly as all modern statesmanship is becoming, I do not believe that the great mass of the English people are so cowardly as to consent to sacrifice us for reasons of mere expediency. Even if our case on these grounds were less strong than it really is; even if it were not, day by day, becoming more clear that the abolition of our Establishment would not win over one Celtic rebel, or conciliate one Roman Catholic priest, but would merely add Protestant discontent to Roman Catholic disaffection; even if those difficulties as to the disposal of our revenues for which Mr. Maurice can find no solution were solved to-morrow, and our spoliation were seen to be as safe and simple as it is now confessedly difficult; even then I am confident that the English nation would not consent to our overthrow, unless they clearly saw that it would be just. On the other hand, we neither expect nor wish that our Establishment should be maintained one hour after it shall have been fairly proved to be unjust. We repudiate the position assumed for our Church by some of our well-meaning friends—that of an irremediable wrong—a great political mistake, committed long ago, and only not corrected now because the remedy would be so difficult or so dangerous. We hold, as strongly as Mr. Maurice does, that what is unjust can never be expedient. We do not say, Support us, because you will gain more or risk less by supporting than by abolishing us; because we keep up British interests in Ireland; or because our fall will involve the fall of the Church in England. All this may be true and important to consider, when you have first decided that it is morally right to support us. We do not ask you to consider it until then. “*Fiat justitia ruat cælum*” is our motto as well as yours in this matter. We only ask you to remember that it has a twofold application. We are willing that you should abolish our Establishment, whatever be the consequences, provided you are satisfied it is unjust. Are you prepared to maintain it, whatever be the consequences, provided you are satisfied that it is just?

And now let us examine the reasons which Mr. Maurice has given for consenting at least to our overthrow. They may be summed up in two words,—Injustice and Inefficiency. We are, he declares, a failure; and we cannot but be a failure, because we were originally a wrong. The theory of Irish Church history which Mr. Maurice propounds in support of his sentence is briefly as follows. The Anglo-Irish Establishment was, he asserts, “set up by the English sovereign and Parliament for the furtherance of the Protestant

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Ireland." It was "the Anglican religion, established by of the Anglican Government, to counteract the influences of the Celtic priesthood." Its special mission was "to fuse into one" the two races of Celt and Saxon, just as the English Church fused into "a common England" the warring tribes of Saxons, and the "warring races" of Saxon and Norman. This, however, the Irish Establishment "has entirely failed to do;" it has, therefore, "accomplished no end which would justify its existence." The reason for its failure is, it seems, one, and one only,—the original injustice of its constitution. "It was not and is not national." "It is an attempt of the English National Church to extend itself beyond the limits of the English nation, and to impose itself upon another race." As such "it has no foundation in the nature of things and the order of God, and by whatever power upheld, will come to nought." What is to come in its place Mr. Maurice is not quite sure, nor does he greatly care to guess. Its destruction, he knows, will be the undoing of a great wrong, and can therefore be productive only of some great good. What that good will be, time will show; meanwhile the fall of the Establishment is inevitable, and not to be regretted. This is, I think, a fair summary of Mr. Maurice's views respecting us. Let us consider his assertions one by one.

I. And let us consider the assertion that we are not a National Church. Whether we are so or not depends, of course, on what a "National Church" is defined to be. If by National Church be meant a church which is accepted by the majority of the nation, it is plain we are not national, any more than the Established Church is national in Wales or in Scotland, in both of which places it is at this moment in a minority. In this sense of the word, of the four Establishments which, properly speaking, are maintained by the British Government, viz., the English, the Welsh, the Scotch, and the Irish, one only, the English, can now be said to be national. But is this the only meaning of the word "national" as applied to a church? Is it the only meaning which Mr. Maurice gives to it in his article? On the contrary, he uses it nearly all through that article in quite another sense. When he tells us that "the protest of the sixteenth century" was "a protest for the sacredness of national languages," "a protest for German, English, and Scotch life," "a fight for the existence of nations," "an appeal against a system of foreign tyranny," he gives us quite another idea of nationality in a church. In this point of view a National Church is one which asserts the idea of free national life as against the anti-national despotism of the Papacy. In this sense of the word the religious tenets of a church have, as Mr. Maurice reminds us, little, if anything, to do with its title of National. The protest

of such a National Church is not dogmatic, it is secular. Whatever be its doctrines, if it only protest against a foreign religious sovereignty—if it be not in fact ultramontane—it is national. The Gallican Church was, in this sense of the word, as truly national as the Anglican. Nay, the Church in Rome, ultramontane as it is, would, if the Romans accepted the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, become national. The head of the Church and the head of the Nation would then be one; and this I apprehend is really Mr. Maurice's idea of a National Church.

But it is clear that a nation, so long as it asserts its religious nationality, can never consent to establish any church which is not, in this sense of the word, national; which does not, that is to say, assert the religious freedom of the people, and admit the supremacy of the ruler. No nation could be guilty of the suicidal folly of establishing as one of the estates of its realm, clothed with its authority and speaking in its name, a church which trained its members in the belief that a nation should never be what this very nation was determined it should ever be—religiously free. Whether under any circumstances it might be wise for such a State to *endorse* the teachers of such a faith is another question. To *establish* it would be simply impossible.

Of course, then, it follows that the Roman Catholic, or, to speak more correctly, the Papal Church (for a Roman Catholic Church need not necessarily be Papal) is in this sense of the word utterly anti-national. It can never be established by a State which protests against the dominion of any foreign prelate or potentate. It was this instinctive Protestantism of the English nation which led it, under Roman Catholic kings, and in Roman Catholic times, to do battle against the usurpations of the Papacy. The religious history of England, from the Council of Clarendon to the Reformation, was a series of such battles between the English kings, who strove to make the English Church national, and the Roman Popes, who strove to make it anti-national. The principle of nationality triumphed at the Reformation, and to it the English people have ever since steadfastly adhered, and that quite regardless of the religious tenets of those to whom it was applied. Roman Catholics under Elizabeth, Nonconformists under the Stuarts, Non-Jurors under William, Free Kirk men under Queen Victoria, have all in turn suffered from the rigorous and consistent application of this rule—that whatever be the religion of the Church which the English people establish, that Establishment shall be national; and that those who are not content that it should be so, must be content to forego their share in its privileges and endowments.

Now, before we change the venue of this question from England to Ireland, I should like to ask Mr. Maurice whether he considers

that in any of the cases I have named any injustice was done to those who were thus deprived of a Church Establishment ; and if not, why not ? Suppose that the English Roman Catholics or the members of the Scotch Free Kirk were to demand the restoration of their Establishment as a right, what answer would Mr. Maurice make ? Would he say, You shall not have it because you are a minority of the nation ; that is to say, because you are weak, and we who differ from you are strong ? Or would he say, You are deprived of a religious establishment simply because you will neither of you accept it on the one only condition on which the English people will consent to grant it, namely, that it shall acknowledge the supremacy of the English sovereign ? Or suppose that instead of demanding an establishment, these Dissenters were to demand the disestablishment of the Church they had left. Suppose they were to say, We do not ask, and would not consent to be established or endowed by the State ; but on the ground of religious equality, we demand that no other Church shall be so. What would Mr. Maurice say ? He would answer, I hope, that a National Church is inseparable from the idea of a Christian nation, and that there is no injustice in such inequality as results from its establishment, unless all religions, as such, have a natural and equal right to be established ; for that if they have not, the State must be allowed to choose that one it deems either the best in itself, or the best possible under the circumstances of each case.

Now let us turn to Ireland, and see how the case really stands there. It is clear, as I have said, that the Church at present established there is not national in the sense that its religion is that of the majority of the nation. But it is equally clear that the Church whose religion is that of the majority of the nation is not, and never can be, a National Church in that sense which can alone entitle it to be established. In this sense it is we who are the National Church, and the Church of Rome that is not. It is we who, as Mr. Maurice would say, are protesting for Irish life against the anti-national despotism of Rome. It is to the Romish Church in its modern ultramontaniam that Mr. Maurice's description of us far more truly applies : " No one would venture to speak of this as a National Church." And it is here, in fact, that the real difficulty of the Irish Church question seems to me to lie. The Church of the majority with us is not national. The Church which is national is not the Church of the majority. If either of the conditions of this problem could be changed ; if the Church of the majority could ever become truly and heartily national ; if it could ever honestly accept the supremacy of the English sovereign, it might certainly make a strong case for its establishment ; or if the Church of the minority, which is

national, could only grow into the Church of the majority, its case would be stronger still. But as it is, each seems to have something which the other wants ; each furnishes the extreme case which sorely tries, though in opposite ways, the rule which the English nation has always acted on for its establishments, viz., that the one essential condition of their being established shall be nationality. And here lies the immense difference between our case and that of the Scotch Establishment which Mr. Maurice cites against us. The English nation established Presbyterianism in Scotland because the majority of the Scotch nation preferred it to Episcopacy. Why should not the English nation establish in like manner Romanism in Ireland, inasmuch as the majority of the Irish nation prefers it to Protestantism ? Because, I answer, Presbyterianism is a national religion, and is capable therefore of being established. It could enter into and keep a compact with the State quite as well as Episcopacy could. How would it have been if the Scotch had demanded the establishment of Romanism ? Could the English nation have consented to this ? Would Mr. Maurice say they ought to have consented ?

I contend then that there is no injustice done by the establishing in Ireland of that one of two rival Churches which alone will accept this essential condition, more especially if these two facts be borne in mind : firstly, that its endowments are almost entirely derived from its own members, in which respect it contrasts advantageously with the Established Church of the minority in Scotland, which is mainly supported by those who reject its teaching ; and, secondly, that the Church of Rome in this country has positively refused to be established, which is more than some at least of the Dissenting bodies in Wales, who outnumber the Established Church there, have yet done. On Mr. Maurice's principles, therefore, it seems to me that if there is to be an Established Church in Ireland at all, the Church of Rome cannot be, and ours ought to be that Church.

II. But ought there to be an Established Church in Ireland at all ? What right, Mr. Maurice would say, had the English nation ever to establish their Church there ? What right had the English Church thus to attempt "to impose itself upon another race ?" What business, in fact, has the English Church Establishment anywhere out of England ? Now, granting for a moment that the English people ever did this, the answer to this question, I suppose, would be, What business have the English *people* anywhere out of England ? What right had Henry II. and his successors to conquer Ireland ? If the English nation had no right to impose their Church upon the Irish race, simply because these were Irish and not English, had they any right to impose their government ? If they had no right to take possession of one-tenth of the Irish soil for the use of Anglo-

Norman priests, what right had they to seize upon the other nine parts for the use of Anglo-Norman laymen? This is a very fertile principle which Mr. Maurice lays down as to the sacredness of nationalities. It will carry him very far—further, doubtless, than he would care to go—but not a step further than most of those who are clamouring for the overthrow of the Irish Establishment would insist upon his going. They roundly declare that they object to that Establishment on precisely the same ground on which they object to the Irish Territorial Settlement, to the Act of Union, and to the sovereignty of Queen Victoria. These are one and all “badges of conquest” against which they protest, and against some of which they protest far more loudly than they do against the Irish Establishment. They will tell Mr. Maurice that the entire British rule over the Irish nationality is one of those things which are “not grounded in the nature of things or the order of God, and are sure to come to nought.”* They are logical and consistent enough in their views, and so the English people will one day discover should they sacrifice our Church in the hope of satisfying them. I cannot myself see how, if our Church Establishment is overthrown on this principle, the grants of lands to Irish landlords can possibly be maintained. The Irish landlord, in many cases, obtained his land from the confiscated estate of some Irish chieftain; that land was charged with the support of an Anglican priest, and remains so to this day. The English nation are called upon, in the name of justice, to deprive the priest of his share, now reduced from a tenth to a fortieth. If they do so, how can they continue the landlord in his? The claimants are quite ready in his case to show their descent from the original owners. Their pedigrees, it is well known in Ireland, are carefully preserved with this view. They are willing, too—many of them, at least—to assent to the condition on which the landlord now holds it, and for refusing which their ancestors lost it, namely, submission to the civil authority of the English sovereign; while the Roman Catholic priest is not ready to submit to the condition on which the Anglican holds his share, namely, submission to the ecclesiastical authority of the same sovereign. Of the two, the lay claimant has positively the better claim.

III. We deny, however, that the English sovereign and Parliament ever did “set up an Establishment” in Ireland for the furtherance of Protestantism. The assertion that they did is just one of those marvellous Irish-Church myths with which we are all so familiar. But the form in which it appears in Mr. Maurice’s article is the

* They have, I see, already done so. The *Nation* newspaper, quoting Mr. Maurice’s article, tells him exactly what I have written above, and assures him that “the entire Irish nation say amen to *this* conclusion” from his teaching.

most marvellous I have yet seen. The statesmen in Queen Elizabeth's day, he tells us in p. 57, struck with the success of Presbyterian teaching in Scotland, conceived the happy thought of founding a splendid Establishment for Protestant teaching in Ireland. The "impressible" Celt was to be "won over to English law" by the "preaching" of Protestant ministers, and by the effect of "an imposing form of Protestantism" on "his imagination" and "his covetousness;" and so "settlers and natives were at last to become one people." "Beautiful calculation!" exclaims Mr. Maurice, "irresistible arithmetic" of "wise men who believed in money as the lord of the universe!" The answer to all this is simply that the arithmetic and the calculation and the splendid Establishment exist only in the imagination of Mr. Maurice. Plain prosaic history tells us a very different tale. It tells us what we should never have guessed from Mr. Maurice's article, that so far from "setting up" an Establishment in Ireland, Elizabeth and her ministers found an Anglican Establishment already in existence there, and which had existed "side by side with the Anglican Government" for centuries. It tells us, too, of some facts in the history of that Church before the Reformation which ought not, I think, to have been ignored by Mr. Maurice, when inquiring into the causes of her alleged failure after the Reformation. I propose to supply his omission as briefly as possible. I will commence my sketch of Irish Church history where I think Mr. Maurice should have commenced his, with the introduction into Ireland of the second of those two races which the Irish Church ought, it seems, to have fused into one.

When Henry II. obtained from Pope Adrian a grant of Ireland, upon condition of civilizing those whom the Pope and he were pleased to call "the beastly Irish," he found there a Church already established and endowed—a Church which had been national, but which, even before his arrival, was becoming, like the rest of Christendom in that day, anti-national—owning the supremacy, to some extent at least, of the Pope, and likely to do so more and more. This Church accepted the supremacy of King Henry in the memorable Council of Cashel, A.D. 1172. Whether, on the whole, this was the wisest or most patriotic course for the Irish Church of that day to have taken; whether it should not rather have sided with Celtic barbarism and freedom against Anglo-Italian civilization, is a question into which we need not enter. There is a good deal to be said on both sides. The native Christians of India, for instance, have been loudly praised for accepting so fully the blessings of English rule, and for siding with their English rulers against their native rebel princes.

But, be this as it may, the Irish Established Church of that day accepted English rule, and was confirmed in its revenues by English

authority; and this, the nearest approach to the "setting up of an Establishment" in Ireland, was certainly not done "for the furtherance of Protestantism." During the period which elapsed between the conquest of Henry II. and the Reformation there was in Ireland one Established Church and one religion only. There were, however, two nations—the Anglo-Irish of the pale and the yet unconquered Celt. To the Church of this period, far more than to the Church of the Reformation, was given the mission of "fusing into one" these two nations, then separated by race only and not by creed also. It failed to do so. The reign of Elizabeth found the two races more widely separated, more bitterly hostile, than the reign of Henry II. had left them. Why so? Was it the Church that was in fault here too? Did it, too, after its "trial of three centuries," fail "to justify its existence" by "making one nation out of these warring elements?" If so, it certainly was not its Protestantism which caused its failure. What was it that did cause it? I answer, unhesitatingly, the short-sighted policy of the English Government towards its Celtic subjects. Instead of pursuing with these the wise and statesmanlike policy of amalgamation, which the Norman kings ere long adopted towards their Saxon subjects, the English Government in Ireland adopted a policy of separation. With that pride of race which has proved at once the strength and the weakness of English colonization, the English settlers in Ireland treated the Celt much as English settlers have treated the Red Indian in America, and the "nigger" in India. Too proud to conciliate, and too brave to fear the race they had subdued—not cruel enough to exterminate them—they simply ignored, so far as possible, their existence. Within the English pale, Celtic language and dress and customs were forbidden, under pain of death. If the Celt kept outside this pale, and gave no trouble, well and good. If he did not, he was to be killed or driven back to his lair, in bog or in mountain, like any other beast of prey. The idea of civilizing him was one that little troubled the settlers of the pale. And as for any attempt at imposing their religion upon the Celt, they were as guiltless of it as the East India Company were of attempting to impose theirs upon the Hindoo. Of course, under such a *régime*, the most zealous of missionary churches could have done but little for the fusing into one of the conquering and the conquered races. The Anglo-Irish Church failed to do what no church could have done in its place. It preserved, indeed, the religion and the civilization of the Anglo-Irish colony; it did and could have done but little more.

When the Reformation commenced with the rejection of the Papal supremacy by Henry VIII., the Anglo-Irish race asserted the religious supremacy of their sovereign. The same Anglo-Irish race,

under Elizabeth, accepted, quite as readily as her English subjects did, the Reformed ritual. There were, of course, "Popish recusants" amongst them, as there were in England, and apparent conformists too, Episcopal and others, who secretly cherished their old faith, and returned to it as far and as often as they dared. But there is no reason to suppose that the English in Ireland were, as a body, more opposed to the Reformation than they were in England. Assuredly, in "imposing" on them the new ritual by the vote of their own Parliament, the English nation were not imposing their religion "upon another race." It was by men of their own race, speaking their language, observing their laws and customs, following, in fact, their lead in religion and in politics, that the Reformed faith was adopted. Instead of being established because it was Protestant, it would be nearer the truth to say that the Anglo-Irish Church became Protestant because it was established.

IV. And now let us ask—How ought Queen Elizabeth to have dealt with this Church? Ought she to have disendowed it? That is to say, ought she to have rewarded the loyalty of four centuries—as it is now proposed that Queen Victoria should reward the loyalty of seven centuries—by depriving her Anglo-Irish subjects of their Establishment, because her predecessors had prevented it from doing all it might have done? Or, if she did not disendow it, ought she to have left it unreformed? That is to say, ought she to have left it to the Pope to use all its endowments and its influence against her authority in Ireland, while she was resisting his authority and influence to the death in England? Was she to assert her supremacy in England only, and to recognise his in Ireland? Or ought she, from a high sense of abstract justice, to have abdicated her Irish sovereignty, withdrawn her soldiers, provided in England for her Anglo-Irish subjects, and left Ireland to the Irish kerne to govern as they might think fit? Would Mr. Maurice say that she should have taken any one of these three courses? And if she did not, what, in the name of common sense and common justice, was there left for her to do but just what she did, or at least what she tried to do—namely, to carry out the Reformation amongst her Anglo-Irish subjects, and, at the same time, to subdue or to win over the still rebellious Celt? She did carry out the Reformation. She did not subdue or win the Celt. Why not? Because, as Mr. Maurice says, the Church failed in its duty. Because, as I maintain, the State failed in its duty.

What was the task that lay before the Church and State of that day in Ireland? Clearly the conversion of the Celt. Not because his conversion would necessarily have lessened his enmity to England. He had hated England when she was Catholic. He would have hated her even had he become Protestant. But his conversion would

have prevented that enmity being increased by the addition of the difference of creed to the already existing differences of language and of race. This might yet be prevented. National changes of religion were more easily effected then than they are now. It was a time of change. Religions that have now hardened into sharply-defined antagonisms were then, as it were, fluid and unformed. The Celt might have been converted, but only in one way—by preachers of his own race, and a Bible and ritual in his own language. Was there ever, as Bishop Berkeley asks, an instance of a nation being converted by preaching in another language than its own? The policy for the English Government was as clear as it was urgent. It was to have given the Celtic race a Celtic Bible and Prayer-book and a catechism, and at the same time to have sought to conciliate them by wise and gentle dealings in things temporal. So James Haughey, when he told them that it was "ill preaching among swords;" and Burton, when he advised "the taking care of having Bibles, and catechisms, and other books of devotion in the Irish language. In a word, they should have sheathed the sword and sped the preacher. They did neither. Perhaps it was impossible to have done the former. The tangled web that they inherited from their predecessors could, perhaps, then only have been cut, not untied. But this made it all the harder for the Church to do her work of conversion, even had she been allowed to do it. But she was not. The English Government still pursued its infatuated policy of trying to turn Irishmen into Englishmen by stamping out their native language and customs. A knowledge of Irish was actually made a disqualification, instead of a qualification, for an Irish benefice. When a priest could not be found who "had knowledge of the English tongue," prayer was to be said in Latin. No authorized version of the Scripture was ever given to the Celt. The Irish Bible, translated by Bishop Bedell, appeared—significant fact!—in 1685, just five years before the battle of the Boyne. Meanwhile, the Pope, wise in his generation, was occupying, by his preachers, the ground left open to him. A Papal Church, officered by Celtic priests, was rapidly developing itself. Of course the Popes of that day, at the head as they were of the great Catholic league, intrigued with Irish Catholics, as they did with English, against English sovereigns. And of course there followed, as there did in England, rebellions, risings, plots, civil wars, confiscations, penal laws. Fiercer and fiercer grew the strife between Saxon and Celt, embittered as it now was by the hate between Protestant and Roman Catholic. The two nations were now two camps; and it was out of one of these camps to the other that the Anglican clergy were to preach. The time was past for that. "It was ill preaching among swords." And it was among swords,

though swords not drawn for or by her, that the Irish Church had still to preach. To whom was she to preach? To the Celt, after the great Northern rebellion, eating in his hunger the grass from what had once been his own homestead? To the same Celt in Connaught, where he had been driven by the great Ulster settlement, with the choice of going there, or to a worse place? To the Celt, after the massacre of Drogheda and the Cromwellian "transplantations," whose author certainly was no Churchman? To the Celt, after the battle of the Boyne and the capitulation of Limerick? To the Celt of 1798, such as a century of penal laws had made him? Alas! when was it that the Irish Church had the time and the chance given her of "fusing into one these warring races?"

But the "splendid Establishment," the "imposing form of Protestantism" that was to have struck the "imagination" of the Celt, where was this? Just where so many Irish institutions have been and are—on paper. The real Irish Establishment in those days was plundered by the English Crown and the Anglo-Irish peers and squires, with a ruthless impartiality that might provoke the admiring envy even of the Liberation Society. In the diocese of Meath, A.D. 1576, "out of 224 parish churches 105 were impropriated to the Crown, leased out for years, and great gain made out of them." In Cavan, in A.D. 1607, "the vicarages were so poorly endowed that ten of them would scarce suffice to maintain an honest minister." In Monahan "the churches were for the most part in ruins, the parsons in rags, many not worth forty shillings per annum." In Ossory, under Charles II., "there were scarce one church standing and sufficiently repaired, no efficient means or livings to maintain them." In Down, in A.D. 1691, "the churches were burnt or dilapidated, the clergy withdrawn, the want of tillage and cattle being insufficient for their support." In Armagh, A.D. 1714, "not ten parishes endowed with glebes, and not six that a clergyman could live in." And so on. And this is Mr. Maurice's "splendid Establishment!"

But the bishops, the fathers in God who were to head the Church in its missionary work: Mr. Maurice cites three illustrious names, Usher, and Taylor, and Berkeley. He might have added Bedell and King. How many more such in those "three centuries" did the English Government give us? What sort of men did they "impose," as bishops or as rectors, upon us? The sweepings, for the most part, of the English Church—"cast clergymen," as Archbishop King calls them; men too bad for England, but good enough for Ireland—men of whose character Dean Swift's grim sarcasm was hardly an exaggeration when he said that "it was not the godly bishops appointed by the English Government who reached Ireland, but the highwaymen who stopped them on Hounslow Heath, and, robbing them of their letters patent, assumed their places."

Was the Irish Church, I ask, to blame for these men, or the English State? Was it the Irish Church which refused to do, or the English State which prevented it from doing, its proper work? And what sort of fairness is there in the comparison of the work of such a Church with that of the Churches of England or of Scotland, in both of which the Reformation found a people already one? in neither of which was the Church called on to convert a hostile race of foreign speech, while it was itself weakened and hampered by the action of the State.

Nevertheless, of the two works the Irish Church had to do, it did at least one, and did it well. It did not convert the Celt. No church could have done so under the circumstances. But it preserved loyalty, and religion, and civilization among the Anglo-Celts. It kept alive, in dark times, the light of learning in Ireland. It kept green and bright many a little centre of industry, and order, and free thought, the value of which may yet be known when they are destroyed. It was, and is at this moment, a witness for a purer faith and for a nobler national life, against ultramontane despotism. And yet Mr. Maurice would see its overthrow "without any bitter lamentation." But he will tell us, he has told us, that the good it has done, even to its own members, is questionable. "It has not pared the claws of the Orangeman." Its spirit is to be seen in the "offensive controversial placards" that cover the walls of Dublin. And this is all Mr. Maurice has to observe on our present condition. Our bitterest enemies do us larger justice. They testify to the existence of laborious and self-denying clergy, diligent pastors to their own flocks and kindly and acceptable neighbours to the Roman Catholics around them. They testify to church extension and restoration; to zeal, however misdirected some may think it, for education, and to noble sacrifices made for it. Mr. Maurice can only see "Orange parsons" and "offensive placards." As for Orangeism, Mr. Maurice himself appears to think it has its merits; but be these or its demerits what they may, the Irish Church is not responsible for them. Orangemen are a part of that army of occupation which the English encouraged for centuries to hold Ireland for them. Orangeism may be, as some of us think, an anachronism now. Others say it may become again a necessity. But it is not essentially of the Irish Establishment. It is as strong in Canada without an Established Church as it is in Ireland with it. If the extinction of the Establishment there did not extinguish Orangeism, why should it do so here? It might be found to stimulate it here as there.

As for the controversial placards, I like them as little as Mr. Maurice does. But they are not the work of the Irish Church, nor

sanctioned by her authority. They are the work of a particular society only of twenty years' date amongst us. It will surprise Mr. Maurice, however, and amuse our readers, to be told that they are the device of an English clergyman and were approved of by a committee in London largely composed of Englishmen; while the funds to pay for them come largely from England! There is an older society in Ireland for the conversion of Irish Roman Catholics, whose work is more decidedly of native origin and is less ostensibly controversial, consisting, as it does, mainly in teaching the native Irish to read the Scriptures in their own language.

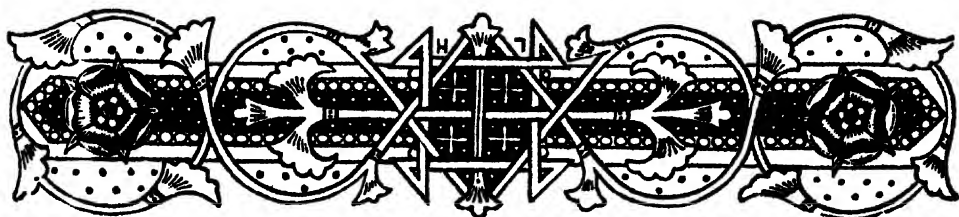
I wish that Mr. Maurice had known us better before he so hastily judged us. Let him pay us another visit, say at our coming Congress this autumn, when we hope our English brethren will come to see and judge us with their own eyes. Let him come, if it were only to receive the "*Morituri te salutant*" of those he has consigned to ecclesiastical death. I think we can promise to show him something besides "*Orange parsons*" and "*controversial placards*."

V. One word now, on my part, as to the future. I too, like Mr. Maurice, believe that good only can, in the end, come out of just and righteous dealing. But I venture to add that only evil can come of injustice. You are prepared in England, nay, anxious, to do justice to Ireland. On what principle have you been doing this for the last forty years? When you resolved at last, wisely and generously and honestly resolved, on tearing down the English pale in Ireland and making Protestants and Roman Catholics "*one people*," what principle did you act on? Was it that of taking away our privileges, or of increasing theirs? Would you have thought it just in 1829, instead of granting the franchise to Roman Catholics, to have made things square by disfranchising Protestants? And if not, why should it be just now to take away their endowments from Protestants, instead of giving endowments to the Roman Catholics? Why should Protestants be deprived of their Church in 1868, any more than of their franchise in 1829? But the Roman Catholics will not accept an endowment. Is that our fault? What wrong is done to them by our holding endowments which have been ours for seven hundred years at least, and which never were theirs, and none of which they would take, even if they were large enough to admit of being divided. What justice would there be in plundering us merely to please them? Why should we be made the scapegoat for the faults or failings of English Governments in years long past? I can see no justice in this. I do see something in it that looks like the injustice of haste and fear. Such legislation will surely bring with it its own Nemesis. It is not difficult to see, even already, of what kind that will be, in Ireland first, and next in England. In Ireland its

results would be the rapid absorption by the Church of Rome of the poor and scattered Protestants of the south and west ; the departure in consequence of the Protestant country gentry, whose isolated position would then have become intolerable and even dangerous. The handing over of half Ireland to the absolute mastery of the most ultramontane priesthood in Europe. The drying up of the Anglican Church into Ulster, and a few of the larger towns of the other provinces. The rapid growth there, on the voluntary system, of a multitude of rival sects, with their unlearned and dependent ministers compelled to reflect the passions and prejudices of their flocks, warring with each other for congregations, or uniting in controversial raids upon the Roman Catholic pale, to the fierceness of which Mr. Maurice's placards would be mildness itself. The extinction of all liberal education and freedom of thought, now with such difficulty preserved to the Roman Catholic laity. In short, the undoing of all that our best and wisest statesmen have been doing here for the last half-century. All this would follow in Ireland as surely as night follows sunset.

In England the result would come more slowly, perhaps, but not less surely. No fact is clearer in our history than this, that every principle recognised in Ireland must sooner or later be carried out in England. More than one of your great questions is being solved here now. The question of Church and State for one. It seems to me that if you overthrow the Irish Establishment, you recognise three great principles which will meet you again and again in all your future history. One is the principle of the independence of nationalities, which leads to the dismemberment of the British Empire. The second is the principle of religious equality, which leads to the abolition of all Establishments. The third is the secularization of Church property, which leads to the confiscation of all religious endowments. These three principles you will have evoked by our destruction. You may depend upon it, however long they may be going about and seeking rest, they will at last come back to your own home. By that time it may be empty, swept and garnished for their reception. Democracies sweep clean and sweep fast. If such a time should ever come, Irish Churchmen who would not have "lifted a hand for your overthrow," who would see it "with a bitter lamentation," will see in it, nevertheless, a righteous retribution for a great wrong—will write on the page in your history which records it, not in anger nor in triumph, but in sorrow, *Nostris ex ossibus ultor !*

W. C. MAGEE.



NOTICES OF BOOKS.

I.—THEOLOGICAL.

The So-called "Real Objective Presence in the Lord's Supper" no Doctrine of the Church of England. A Letter to the Author of "The Kiss of Peace." By SEDLEY TAYLOR, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan.

THESE are strange days, which require a thick pamphlet to demonstrate what former generations of English Churchmen would have regarded as a truism. But so it is. And Mr. Taylor deserves the thanks of the Church for having calmly and courteously performed his not very difficult task.

He first clears away some mist from the subject, by substituting for the words "real objective presence," "localized independent presence," i.e., "a presence localized in the consecrated elements, and independent of the state of mind of the communicant."

The key of the position of the opponent was the passage in the Catechism, "*The Body and Blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper.*" He had argued (1) that the words "verily and indeed taken and received" necessarily imply a localized presence, and (2) that "faithful" here means all the baptized, and has no reference to the state of mind of the communicant. These positions Mr. Taylor ably disproves, by adducing passages from the writers of the Reformation period and from the Homilies which shew that both expressions are to be taken as commonly understood, and not as interpreted by the opponent.

The latter had also adduced other passages of the Liturgy and Articles, and had attempted to bring them into harmony with his rendering of the words of the Catechism. Mr. Taylor takes these in hand, and first deals with the word "spiritual," which the opponent had maintained means, not, as we now understand it, "by a true and lively faith," but "supernaturally." He shows first, as we are sorry to say can be so often shown with regard to the citations brought to prove the points of the Romanizers, that the opponent's extracts are unfairly made,—some being separated from their context, and words being omitted from others which have an undeniable bearing on their meaning, and which, when produced, prove fatal to his theory. To cite but two examples of this unfair dealing. In the third passage quoted, the opponent had cited these words, "For that thou dost vouchsafe to feed us . . . with the spiritual food of the most precious Body and Blood of Christ." Now in the dotted space here, have been omitted the all-essential words, "*who have duly received these holy mysteries:*" and that there may be no doubt of the meaning of the adverb "duly," Mr.

Taylor cites two decisive sentences from Cranmer: "The miraculous working is not in the bread, but in them that *duly* eat the bread and drink that drink," compared with "They (the Papists) say that every man, good and evil, eateth the body of Christ. We say, that both do eat the sacramental bread and drink the wine, but that none do eat the very body of Christ and drink His blood but only they that be lively members of His body."

This is one instance: and the other is even worse. The opponent had cited from Art. 28: "The Body of Christ is given only after an *heavenly and spiritual manner*." Now the passage stands thus: "The Body of Christ is given, taken and eaten in the Supper only after an heavenly and spiritual manner. *And the mean whereby the Body of Christ is received and eaten in the Supper is Faith.*" Only by suppressing this latter clause had the opponent contrived to make his meaning of "*spiritual*" admissible. For, as Mr. Taylor points out, the terms in the two clauses are in the Latin absolutely identical:—

"Corpus Christi datur accipitur et manducatur in Cœna tantum cœlesti et spirituali ratione."

"Medium autem quo Corpus Christi accipitur et manducatur in Cœna fides est."

We must charitably suppose that the author of "The Kiss of Peace" had not observed this identity of terms. If he had, his offence is not against sound doctrine only.

In regard to this passage, Mr. Taylor deals with the important letter of Bishop Geste, who drew up the clauses: and shows from that letter, compared with the Bishop's opinions expressed in his published works, that "the presence he meant to assert was an exclusively spiritual presence: and that he intended to exclude any localized presence, whether of Christ's natural or of His glorified Body." One of these extracts from Bishop Geste's works we cannot forbear citing, as it is very pertinent to other matters at present in question:—

"Because it is thought sufficient to use but a surplice in baptizing, reading, preaching, praying, therefore it is enough for the celebrating of the Communion. *For if we should use another garment herein, it should seem to teach us that higher and better things be given by it than by the other service, which we must not believe.*"

The limits of a notice will not permit us to follow our inclination, and to go on through the other points raised by the opponent and satisfactorily disposed of by Mr. Taylor. But what we have written will at least have this advantage by its incompleteness, that it will induce our readers to get and study Mr. Taylor's pamphlet, which, to our minds, is one of the calmest and most courteous, and therefore one of the best, refutations of the arguments of the party who are, now no longer covertly, seeking to draw us back to Rome.

Sermons. By B. C. CHERMSIDE, M.A., late Rector of Wilton, Wilts, and Prebendary of Sarum. Edited by the Rev. G. RAWLINSON, Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1868.

FOR many readers this volume will have the interest which attaches to all posthumous fruits of the life of one who gave good promise of a full harvest, and whose labours were brought, as it might seem, prematurely to a close. "He left behind him at Oxford," as Mr. Rawlinson truly says, "a reputation for much natural ability and many rare acquirements," for "geniality," and "great good temper," and "steady religious principle." The "Sermons" now before us show that these qualities ripened into a manly earnestness, and frank, honest, stirring utterance of Christian truths held in their truest catholicity. They are, for the most part, essentially village sermons, aiming at no deep theology or discoveries in exegesis; but they belong to the first class of their kind, and may take their place with those of Augustus Hare and Mr. Kingsley as samples of what will find its way into English hearts. They help us to understand the sympathy which Mr. Rawlinson tells us united Mr. Chermiside and Lord Herbert of Lea in the bonds of a close personal friendship. We know few discourses of the kind more suggestive than Sermon XVIII., addressed to a rifle corps, bringing out the truth that in Christian women there must be a real manliness, and in Christian manhood something that is truly womanly.

One short sample may be given as showing the style of the "Sermons." We take it from one "On the Duty of Fathers:"—

"We want your help, good Christian parents, to make these" (special services for children) "more entirely what they should be. These bird-like minds of little children. I have no mind to clip their wings. Their very restlessness shows life; their very liveliness, for which we praise God, makes them restless. I do not *think*, nor even wish, to alter that entirely. Do what we will, I know these bird-like minds will flutter! They *will* take, they *can* take, neither long nor steady flights. But even *short* flights may be upwards. And as the parent birds show fledglings how to fly, so you should show your children how to take these upward flights. Do I speak plain? We wish you to attend these children's services when they come round, that you may make your children know and understand how much you have at heart their godly training."

Young men entering on the pastoral work of a country village will find, we believe, in the matter, and yet more in the tone, of these discourses, much that will be helpful and suggestive.

Discipline, and other Sermons. By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, Rector of Eversley, &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1868.

Ninety-one Short Sermons for Family Reading. Second Series. By the Rev. JOHN WILLIAM BURGON, M.A. Two Volumes. Oxford and London: James Parker & Co. 1867.

MR. BURGON and Mr. Kingsley occupy very different positions in the Church of England, and are, we may venture to say, as nearly antipodean as any two writers who use the same Prayer-book and have signed the same Articles can well be. But their sermons have this merit in common, that they are both short and racy. Mr. Burgon's average some eight 12mo pages not very closely printed; Mr. Kingsley's run to about twelve. An average of twelve minutes for the former, and eighteen for the latter, would give an ample time for delivery.

In other things, as might be expected, they differ widely. Mr. Burgon is definite, dogmatic, ecclesiastical, the preacher for women, and men with some degree of femininity; Mr. Kingsley is apt to be somewhat hazy, but with a rough genial vigour which attracts men of a like large and manly nature. There is, beyond all doubt, more information in Mr. Burgon's volumes; and whether for use in families, or as materials (as he suggests) for adaptation by clergymen overpressed by the task of sermon-writing, they are more suggestive, and are likely to be more generally interesting.

We note two sermons in Mr. Kingsley's volume as calling, for different reasons, for special notice. (1.) In one headed "The Jewish Rebellions" (Sermon XV.), he gives an account of the attempt made by Caligula to set up his statue in the temple of Jerusalem, and identifies the *Publius* Petronius, who was then sent as Governor of Syria, with the writer of the same name, *Caius* Petronius Arbiter, who is "damned to everlasting fame" as the author of the "Satyricon;" much as if one were to identify the Shaftesbury of the Cabal with the Shaftesbury of the "Characteristics." If Josephus is to be brought into sermons, some care should be taken that he is quoted with reasonable correctness. (2.) In another, bearing the title of "False Civilization," Mr. Kingsley goes at some length (pp. 62-67) into the history of the Rechabites. "Let us take the story as it stands, and search the Scriptures simply for it; for the Bible will surely tell its own story best, and teach its own lesson best." This exordium, however, is followed by a reproduction, not simply of the biblical story, but of statements, inferences, and conjectures, many of which to some critics seem arbitrary enough, from the article "Rechabites" in Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible." We do not expect every casual fact or thought used in a sermon to be marked with inverted commas and verified by references; but this wholesale appropriation of matter, more or less hypothetical, without a word of acknowledgment, or anything to guide the reader to the authority on which it rests, seems to us to go beyond the legitimate license of the "liberty of prophesying." A Professor of History is of all writers bound to set an example of accuracy in statements, and scrupulous honesty in referring to the sources of his information.

The Definitions of the Catholic Faith and Canons of Discipline of the First Four General Councils of the Universal Church in Greek and English. Oxford and London: James Parker & Co. 1868.

ANY book that brings before the general reader documents to which so much importance has been attached as to the Canons of the four undisputed (Ecumenical Councils must be welcome as a help towards the attainment of truth. But it may be questioned whether the effect will be precisely that which the prelates of the Pan-Anglican Conference seem to have expected when they appealed to those synods. As long as the authority of the four "undisputed" Councils lies in the region of the unknown, shrouded in the hazy and magnifying mists of a distant past, men look at it with a vague awe. It is an admirable peroration to a speech which insists eloquently on the "universal voice of Catholic antiquity." But when we read in the pages of Fleury or Dean Stanley what the Councils were like, and after what manner they transacted business, the "enchantment" which "distance" gave to the "view" on which we looked begins to fade. When we examine the canons which they actually passed, and see what subjects were uppermost in the minds of their members, we begin to feel that these men were of "like passions with ourselves;" and to see much more to admire even in the despised Thirty-nine Articles, which were the "offspring of an uncatholic age," or the "Confessions of the Reformed Churches," from which we turn as wanting in that "crystalline completeness" and "marvellous symmetry" which attach to the Church's ancient creed. The Articles of the Church of England, the Longer and the Shorter Catechisms of the Westminster Divines, have at least the merit of beginning from the foundation-truths of theology, and proceeding onward in something like a consecutive order. The Nicene fathers place in the forefront of their Canons the question which seemed to them of most importance:—"If any one be made an eunuch by a physician for any disease, or by the barbarians, or by any one whom he served as a slave, he may continue or be admitted into the clergy; but not if he makes himself an eunuch when he was a sound man." We turn to the rules which the Second General Council lays down for the admission of heretics. Some are to be received on renouncing their errors "by sealing them with the sacred unction on the forehead, the eyes, the nostrils, the mouth, and the ears." Others whose baptism was invalid because the sect to which they belonged practised *single* and not *trine* immersion, "we receive as we do the Pagans, viz., the first day we make them Christians, the second catechumens, the third day we exercise them by blowing thrice into their face and ears."

As historical documents throwing light on the thoughts, customs, superstitions of the time, the Canons of these Councils, as of all other deliberative assemblies on a large scale, are interesting enough; but the exaggerated homage which has been paid to them as embodying a superhuman wisdom overriding all later forms of thought, or modes of stating truth, is surely one of the most unreasoning idolatries of the past which the world has ever witnessed or the Church ever sanctioned. Calvin's "*tolerabiles ineptiæ*" was truer of the Canons of the Four Councils than it was even of the *first* of King Edward VI.'s Prayer-books.

II.—HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew: preceded by a History of the Religious Wars in the Reign of Charles IX. By HENRY WHITE. With Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1868.

THIS is in fact a history of French Protestantism, from the year 1500 to the memorable August tragedy of 1572; for out of Mr. White's fifteen chapters no fewer than nine or ten are introductory to the massacre, and the narrative traverses the reigns of Francis I. and Henry II., as well as the one mentioned in the title, commencing in short *ab ovo* with "The Causes of the Reformation." It

is no doubt true that an event like this cannot be correctly estimated, nor be anything more to a reader than a grim sensational tale, unless it is accurately fitted into its historical place. But, not to make a title too exacting, we think that if the author had compressed the earlier chapters so as to have afforded an additional one at the end, to place this holocaust in the chain of subsequent, as he has already in that of previous, times, showing us for instance its bearing on the natural history of the Great Revolution, for which epoch it was an early but a most distinctly traceable preparation, his labours would have been enhanced. But for the work as it is we still have to thank him. He has taken pains in study and searched far for materials, some of which are new; he has composed an interesting narrative, and we wish him many readers. Two laymen, Mr. Smiles being the other, each from his own point of view, have placed the French Reformation vividly before English readers during the present season in works that well deserve to stand their ground long afterwards.

Mr. White is disposed to go along with some recent writers who have regarded the St. Bartholomew massacre in the light of a sudden impulse stimulated by the presence of the obnoxious party, and only resolved upon at the last moment, rather than as a long premeditated and carefully calculated blow. The sacrifice of the Admiral he does regard as the result of a plot, but not as one of long standing; the design of Catherine, moreover, being to get rid of a rival in the Cabinet rather than to strike down a Huguenot chief. We are greatly mistaken if the reader will not feel the narrative frequently to labour under the oppression of this theory, and we would remind him that such Roman Catholic historians of France as De Thou, Mézeray, Péréfixe, and Maimbourg, candidly admit that the deed was premeditated, while the Italian writers Davila, Capilupi, Adreani, Catena, go so far as to extol the premeditation and acknowledge the hand of God in it. Nor can we forget that this bloody deed of 1572, though it has acquired the pre-eminence in history, is not the only one of the kind that stained the sixteenth century. The massacre of the Vaudois in 1543, the massacre of Vassy in 1562, too well attest that the partisans of the Roman Church were familiar with this diabolical mode of checking the Reformation, and were not averse to employing it. Among the illustrations of this volume is the engraving of a fresco by Vasari in the Vatican, which has represented before the eyes of each successive Pope from that day to this the streets of Paris with the butchery going on. We have also a vignette of the unhappy Charles IX.'s commemorative medal, whose *Pictus excitavit justitium* we think should alone have made Mr. White hesitate to express his conclusion in the words he has used:—"The massacre of St. Bartholomew arose out of the paltriest and most selfish motives, envy, jealousy, greediness. The plea of religion was not once put forward" (p. 473). We rather take the moral of this sad story from the second page of the preface, where we read—"It is good to revive occasionally the memory of those who have 'served God in the fire,' for the instruction of their descendants who have the good fortune to live in times when they can 'honour God in the sunshine.'"

History of the French in India, from the Founding of Pondichery in 1674 to the Capture of that Place in 1761. By Major G. B. MALLESON, Bengal Staff Corps. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

THIS important and most interesting work is in every way creditable to its author. That an English officer should undertake to illustrate the brief but brilliant period of French rule in India, to render due honour to the great men who are all but unknown in England, and most unjustly estimated by France, is a gratifying circumstance to the world in general, while the manner in which Major Malleeson has done his work is equally praiseworthy in itself, and advantageous to our literature, thus enriched by a highly desirable acquisition. Impartial, appreciative, thorough in its details, and written in an easy, able, and attractive style, this book supplies the justification of M. Raymond's statement:—

"England is admired and quoted as having solved the great problem how to govern her Indian possessions, at four thousand leagues' distance from the seat of empire, with a few thousand military, and a few hundred civil officials. But it ought to be borne in mind that whatever novelty, daring, and political genius exists in the ideas, the honour of it is due to Dupleix; and that England, who now enjoys the profit and the

glory, had only to follow in the ways which the genius of France had set open before her."

Neither in French nor English literature has there hitherto existed more than an outline of the deeds of Dupleix and of La Bourdonnais, of Bussy, and of that celebrated and unfortunate Irishman, known as Lally Tollendal, whose real designation was O'Mullally of Tulloch-na-Daly, whose aims and policy furnish a strange and brilliant chapter to history. To the interest felt by the author in the career of Lally we owe this book, whose object cannot be better stated than in the words of the preface:—

"The story of François Martin, the founder of Pondichery, is, I believe," says the author, "unknown to, at all events it has been unnoticed by, English historians. A new and, I am satisfied, a correct version is given of the quarrel between Dupleix and La Bourdonnais. The reasons for the conduct of the latter are fully set forth; and if this portion of the history be regarded as overlaid with detail, I trust it may be remembered that for a hundred years the historians of England and France have, in connection with this very point, covered the memory of Dupleix with obloquy, and that charges so weighty, so sustained, and so long uncontradicted, are not to be refuted without full and sufficient proof. I trust, also, it may be found that the reasons which guided Dupleix in his policy, the relations of Bussy with the Subadar of the Dekkan, and the cause of the fall of Chanderajore, have been placed in a clearer and more intelligible light than heretofore."

The author's confidence is thoroughly well founded: none of his readers will find the details unnecessary or uninteresting; and the introductory chapter—which treats of the formation of the first French Company, the expedition to Madagascar in 1642, the enlargement of the projected enterprise under the auspices of Colbert (whose character and career are sketched in a masterly style), and the appointment of Caron as "Director-General of French Commerce in India," followed by the establishment of the first factory at Surat, then at Masulipatam; the development of that fatal jealousy which was destined to overthrow all the success thus inaugurated; Caron's failure at Point de Galle, his zeal, his death by shipwreck; the expulsion of the French from St. Thomé; the early career of Martin; and the founding of Pondichery—is all a summary should be. To those wholly ignorant on the subject it conveys all the information necessary to lead them to peruse the book with interest, and to those with some knowledge it is a useful recapitulation. It is noticeable that the men who achieved such great things for France rose into eminence from the commercial class, and were rewarded with such honours as in later times have been regarded as exclusively the guerdon of military and diplomatic services. Caron, Martin, and Dupleix were given the Order of St. Michel; Lally had received it, before his Indian services, for the famous achievement of Fontenoy. The story of the rise of the French power and of La Bourdonnais is brilliantly told, and Dupleix is thus introduced in a style which recalls one of Macaulay's plunges *in medias res*:—

"One whose influence upon French India was destined to be even more direct, more commanding, more enduring (than that of La Bourdonnais), whose brilliant genius all but completed the work which François Martin had begun; who was indebted for all that he did accomplish to his own unassisted energies; who owed his failure to carry through all his high-sounding designs to that system of universal corruption which, during the reign of Louis XV., consumed the very vitals of France, ruled in her palaces, and tainted all her public offices. We need scarcely say that we advert to Joseph François Dupleix."

This forms the introduction to a brilliant historico-biographical criticism and to a chapter in political and military history whose interest and importance are thoroughly appreciated and conveyed by its exponent. The sad fate of the three men who are conspicuous in the story of the brief French rule in India lends the time a sinister aspect, which it needed the light shed upon the period by Major Malletson to dissipate. By La Bourdonnais, cast into the Bastille, and writing his biography on handkerchiefs steeped in rice-water, with coffee dregs for ink, and a pen made out of copper money, and coming out of his prison only to die; by Dupleix, whose last words are recorded as follows; and by Lally Tollendal, who died by the hands of the headsman, the moral of human ambition and national gratitude is but too forcibly conveyed:—

"I have sacrificed my youth," writes Dupleix, "my fortune, my life, to enrich my

nation in Asia. Unfortunate friends; too weak relations, devoted all their property to the success of my projects. They are now in misery and want. I have submitted to all the judiciary forms; I have demanded, as the last of the creditors, that which is due to me. My services are treated as fables, my demand is denounced as ridiculous; I am treated as the vilest of mankind. I am in the most deplorable indigence; the little property that remained to me has been seized. I am compelled to ask for decrees for delay in order not to be dragged into prison."

Then the author adds:—

"Thus wrote, three days before he died, the man who had done for France more than all her kings, beside whose exploits the deeds of the Condé, her Villars, her Turenne sink into insignificance. The founder of an empire, the man who acquired for France territories in the East larger than France herself, treated as an importunate impostor. Not the less will he rank with posterity as one of the greatest of Frenchmen; not the less will even the descendants of his rivals in Hindostan place him on the same pedestal as Clive, Warren Hastings, and Wellesley."

The story of Bussy, more ignominious because he was mean and treacherous, and of Lally Tollendal, more terrible in its ending, are fitting pendants to the story of Dupleix. They are not less brilliantly, less impartially told; and the horrid fate of the gallant soldier finds true and discriminating pity here. From the famous siege of Pondichery to its famous surrender, the history of the conduct of the French leaders and their troops is one of which their countrymen and their conquerors may alike be justly proud. They may also congratulate themselves equally on the chronicler who has supplied so considerable a missing link in the history of both nations.

Life of James Ferguson, the Astronomer. With numerous Engravings. By H. HENDERSON, I.L.D. London and Edinburgh: A. Fullarton & Co.

JAMES FERGUSON'S life was a most remarkable one. If the gods delight to behold the struggles of a good man with adversity, they must have looked down well satisfied upon James Ferguson. He was purely self-taught. His father, though poor, seems also to have been a man of original turn of mind, showing particular skill in mechanical appliances. Ferguson was a born astronomer; and when a mere boy, without any aids or instruments, he managed, by stringing some beads on a line and moving them backwards and forwards before his eye as he lay on his back, wrapped in a blanket in the cold night, to calculate the distances of the stars. He got patrons, and moved first to Edinburgh and then to London. He tried portrait-painting, and showed some skill in that also. In fact, he was one of "Nature's gifted." Yet fortune was shy of showing him much favour, and at the end, when his name was well known in London, and his lectures well attended, rain came fast upon his glimmer of sunshine by sorrows in his family. His daughter, a beautiful and accomplished girl, was beguiled from his side as he walked abstractedly along the Strand. He never knew what became of her. Dr. Henderson, after nearly a century, has tracked out her gloomy history. A nobleman who attended her father's lectures seduced her, took her to Italy, and then deserted her. She returned to England some years after, tried many things, the stage among the rest, and though lodging not far from her father's house, never discovered herself to any of her family. It is a touching story, and as tragic as it is touching. Dr. Henderson has done his work surpassing well so far as enthusiasm in collecting materials is concerned; but he has erred in following the form of Ferguson's autobiography, which is a series of mere notes. The determination after completeness under this form has made the work burdensome and confusing, more especially that the author has been compelled to throw nearly half the matter into notes. Yet it is readable, and the subject is one of deep interest.

History of England during the Early and Middle Ages. By CHARLES H. PEARSON, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Vols. I., II. London: Bell and Daldy. 1867.

MR. PEARSON'S labours have reached, in a second volume, to the close of the reign of Edward I., and we presume that the rest of the "Middle Ages" are to follow. He has sought to put the student in possession of safe views, by giving him the narrative of facts as far as these are as yet established by the more recent race of investigators. For instance, we have a juster notion than we

used to get of the Anglo-Saxon invasion. We are indebted to Mr. Pearson's own study for the idea of a stricter continuity of Roman influences through the subsequent periods, instead of regarding them as abruptly extinguished by the Teutonic immigrations. He places also in a more satisfactory view the Church of Roman Britain, which was somewhat startlingly demolished in "The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon." On the other hand the author has not absolutely avoided current errors. We would suggest a revisal of the paragraph at p. 430, vol. i., which seems to state that Henry I.'s wife "represented the claims of the Saxon dynasty," an error long ago pointed out by Sir W. Blackstone. We should like to have seen the "English" conquest of Ireland in the reign of Henry II. more pointedly delivered as the overflow of the great Norman invasion that swept over England and part of Scotland. We question whether John should continue to be called "weak" (vol. ii. p. 2), which indeed is inconsistent with Mr. Pearson's own summing up. An incautious statement occurs on the opening page of vol. ii., to the effect that Richard I. fortified Chateau-Gaillard and Boutavant as "fixed camps from which he meant to push on to the conquest of Paris." We question this. His eye was in the direction of Paris, up the Seine, it is true, but reaching no further than the strip of Norman Vexin which he had lost in the preceding war. Thus Brito Armoricus makes him interpret the word Boutavant by the expression, "ad recuperandam terram moam in anteriora me extendo." As regards historic composition or the art of presenting the statement of facts to the mind, Mr. Pearson considers that the outlines of past events are still in their earliest stages of formation, and have not as yet been rigorously enough defined to admit of the warmth and colouring of history being added; and he evidently looks with suspicion on all that has hitherto been attempted in this direction. One cannot indeed help admiring any jealousy which would guard the domain of pure fact, but language like this seems more than a protest against romancing with history, and goes too far in the other direction. We feel sure that a success has been achieved in giving to historic narrative warmth, suggestiveness, and attractiveness, while dealing with the facts already established—such for instance as are relied on in these volumes, sufficient to encourage new writers to cultivate more assiduously that important accomplishment, and especially so in composing works that must always contain so much old and familiar material as a history of England, if they wish their writings to be read and not only handled for reference.

New Zealand: its Physical Geography, Geology, and Natural History. With Special Reference to the Results of Government Expeditions in the Provinces of Auckland and Nelson. By Dr. FERDINAND VON HOCHSTETTER. Translated from the German original by EDWARD SANTER, A.M., Principal of Little Rock Academy, Arkansas. Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta.

AN exhaustive work, in the true "thorough" painstaking style of German scientific literature, written by a German explorer and *savant*, translated by an American, and printed in English at Stuttgart, is a remarkable feature in current literature, and would be interesting, had it no more solid ground of appeal to attention, by reason of its mere novelty. The thorough investigation by a learned foreigner—a member of the famous *Novara* expedition, which was one of the happy ideas of the ill-fated Maximilian of Austria—of one of our distant possessions, rich in promise for the future of colonization, and boasting an extraordinary number and variety of natural advantages and beauties, has resulted in a book whose value and interest, on several grounds, it would be difficult to overstate. The care and elaboration with which its contents are arranged, the profusion without confusion of its details, the admirable division of the subject matter, so that the book is equally acceptable to the reader *en gros*, and to the inquirer *en détail*, entitle this volume to high commendation as a literary product; its scientific value must speak for itself. The narrative style is charming, and the translation admirable, in the purest English, of which Americans are masters when they adhere to the "ancient founts." When the *Novara* disembarked Dr. Hochstetter "on the shores of the Antipodes"—i.e., at Auckland—he lost no time in commencing his explorations, which commanded the active sympathy and aid of the influential portion of the English population, but set out for the southern part of the province, accompanied by an admirably-

selected and well-appointed staff, with Major Drummond Hay for his interpreter to the Maori. The expedition was an exceptionally prosperous one. It extended over three years in time; and embraced three colonies in space; and the reader finds no record of suffering, disaster, failure, or disappointment, but a flowing, easy narrative, as eventful as any romance, with the enthralling interest of systematized truth and information. Of the spirit in which the explorer regarded his labours, of the dispositions which he brought to the compilation of his book, this passage gives evidence:—

“Feeling at heart as though I parted from my native home, I waved a last farewell to my numerous friends assembled on shore, and bade adieu to the coast of New Zealand. A perfect stranger, I had met with a truly hospitable welcome and reception at the hands of the generous colonists on those distant shores. As a member of a Government expedition, promoted by a magnanimous prince of an imperial house for the noble ends of science, I was zealously supported in New Zealand by the representatives of a friendly Government. As a naturalist, I was most disinterestedly aided by men who may justly be proud of belonging to a nation whose banners wave in every quarter of the globe, a nation that with equal energy pursues both the practical interests of life and the nobler ends of science. I was deeply impressed by the fact that the man of science, of whatever nation or country, is at home wherever he labours, and that the field of his researches, even though it were the remotest end of the earth, will become to him a second home.”

In the case of such a work as this, want of space to go largely into its subject entails as the only alternative the commonplaces of praise; applicable, however, to Dr. Hochstetter's book, with all sincerity and earnestness. Only by the pleasure conveyed by its perusal, only by the sense of increased knowledge—compendious, accurate, and defined—which remains with the reader, can its value and its charm be estimated. The subject is novel to many, if not to most, untravelled readers, and to the imagination of such there must be a potent charm in this exhaustive picture in print, this candid and searching biography of that far-off country, which “far from all continental shores, and out of the limits encircling the numerous clusters of islands in the equatorial zone of the Pacific Ocean, towers amid the greatest mass of waters in the earth; washed by the ever-restless waves of the vast ocean; more isolated than any other land of equal extent.” The physical geography and geology of New Zealand were the branches of his subject to which Dr. Hochstetter attached most importance, and on which he proposed to bestow greatest labour, but the natural history of the country is treated as exhaustively in all its sections; and the portions of the work devoted to its fauna, its flora, and its general productions are of the deepest and most varied interest. A treatise on the Maories, whom the author maintains are true Polynesians, and whom he believes to be dying out, makes the reader thoroughly acquainted with the exceptional savage race which has dared to meet English troops in open fight. It is impossible to do more than indicate the chief features of this book, which forms an invaluable addition to our stores of geographical and scientific literature.

Eighty Years of Republican Government in the United States. By LOUIS J. JENNINGS. London: John Murray. 1868.

THIS work is a study of the important materials illustrative of the science of government afforded to the world by the United States of America during the last six years; and it may be accepted as a report of the constitution of that country from an English point of observation,—evidently written, too, within view of our own recent political changes. To approach such a subject without bias would be simply impossible for any one possessed of sufficient interest to approach it at all, and Mr. Jennings' bias is not wanting. His work need not be the worse for this, but still the fact has to be borne in mind. The great question is whether the task is performed with ability and fairness. The eighty years from the signing of the American Constitution in 1787 to the present time is the ground traversed by Mr. Jennings—not in historical narrative, but in a series of essay-chapters, twelve in number. His opportunities of forming a judgment were derived from a residence in America; and he tells us that for the last eventful two years his daily duties called him into close intercourse with many of the most active public men of the country. The substance of one of his chapters was originally letters

from America inserted in the *Times* newspaper. The quotations and references also throughout the work bear witness that the author has studied the speeches and writings of the founders and expounders of the American Constitution—Washington, Madison, Justice Story, Chancellor Kent, &c. The work is clearly arranged under the following well-defined heads:—The Theory of Government, the States and the Union, the Executive, the Cabinet, the Legislative, the Judiciary, Universal Suffrage, Party Government, the Voluntary Principle in Religion, Popular Education, Capital and Labour, Prospects of the Union. As regards the former half of these subjects Mr. Jennings gives a clear statement of the theory of their original intention and design, and then comments on its practical working in the light of the most recent events. His leading conclusion is that of the three great branches of Government—the Legislative, the Executive, and the Judiciary—which in the most perfect and the freest commonwealths are evenly balanced, the American Legislative has a very marked superiority over the other two—in fact oppresses them, and usurps all but a monopoly of power. The root of this evil Mr. Jennings finds in the avowed and essential principle of the American Constitution—namely, that the will of the people is the sole basis of all power. He, however, will hardly deny that this maxim is practically admitted in England as well as in America, and is in one set of phrases or another—"public opinion" being the most usual—perpetually assumed by our politicians of almost every school. But what Mr. Jennings' facts go to prove, and what we apprehend really constitutes the essential difference between the two systems, is that in America the will of the populace acts upon the governing body directly, immediately, and without a break; whereas in England it acts mediately and remotely, through a body of high-minded gentlemen who insist on thinking for themselves as well as for their constituents. The different temperaments and political educations of the two people—not any express enactment—have created in England the independent representative who influences Government according to his judgment, and in America the dependent delegate (the thing, if not the name) who influences Government according to his orders.

The moral of Mr. Jennings' pages, we need hardly say, is that the American Constitution is our warning, not our guide. His treatment is popular rather than philosophical, but thoughtful, as well as fair and discriminating, and he is always ready to acknowledge a strong point. Hardly any chapter yields in interest to the second, pointing out the nature of the task which the great patriots of 1787 had before them, and how difficult they found it; the difficulty of difficulties being, to determine a practical and safe relation between the States and the Federal Government—a difficulty which began at once, and never ceased till the War of Secession broke out in 1861, and which has not ceased yet.

III.—PHILOSOPHICAL.

The First Man, and his Place in Creation. By G. MOORE, M.D. London: Longmans. 1866.

WE noticed last month an analytical examination of Mr. Darwin's famous theory by a Graduate of the Mathematical University, who confined himself to the physical part of the question. Dr. Moore comes before us in part on the same subject, but, as might be expected from his previous writings, he starts definitely from the Christian stand-point, and thereupon synthetically builds up his argument. As he states on his title-page, the place of the First Man is "considered on the principles of science and common sense, from a Christian point of view." Dr. Moore maintains, at the outset, that it is impossible to form any just conclusion as to the first man and his place in nature by a more examination of the structure of his framework, without taking into account the sentient being that framework contains:—

"Bones and muscles are not man. We are souls, deriving ideas from sympathy with sages that lived before us thousands of years gone by, rather than from our mere senses. We are persons, and neither things nor mere animals. And when we ask why our bodily limits are somewhat like an ape's, we safely say, because we want them for purposes proper to limbs, but the skeleton does not include our *character*, for we feel ourselves in some degree aspiring to know more of the Person who made us persons."—(P. 45.)

"It is not mass, it is the invisibly minute, it is the force that lies behind atoms that constitutes essential differences, and in forms of life, the mathematical axiom is not true that things that are measurably equal to the same thing are equal to one another."—(P. 19.)

Physically, the author fully admits our animal relationships. Our bodies are under a covenant which includes all the beasts of the field:—

"There is no reason why we should look for such marked distinction in evident anatomy, kind and quality of brain, for the human brain has doubtless many of the same offices to perform in relation to the body as the brains of all other creatures with five senses and four limbs."—(P. 28.)

The objections to the Darwinian hypothesis, from the stand-point of one who most rightly, as we believe, determinately refuses to give up the argument from design, are very fairly and clearly put. That hypothesis "suggests supposed possibilities rather than explains facts." Where can a created germ be found?—

"All germs, so far as can be discovered, are eggs, seeds, buds, offshoots of some *kind*, and therefore not as such created, being, in fact, only produced by procreation or its substitute, and in each case becoming developed, as far as can be found, not into this or that, but always into the likeness, however varied, of the parents from which they proceeded." "Are we not warranted in concluding that as germs are never found without parents, parents were first created or produced, and not germs?"—(P. 41.)

The argument for the distinctness of the human origin is based upon man's capacities rather than his structural distinctions, and in this we think Dr. Moore has made a judicious selection of his battle-field: "for every physiologist well knows that variation of function does not bear an exact proportion to variation of structure." We think, however, that the author weakens his own case when he makes such assertions as that "man alone *thinks*"—a statement which will be questioned by most physiologists, and which, in the connection in which it occurs, adds no strength to his arguments on the peculiarity of speech.

Several such statements may be found here and there in the volume, thrown in as auxiliaries, and very often, like undisciplined irregulars, doing more harm than good to the cause which the regular battalions are sustaining. Why should we have such a weak observation as this—"Admetus, in which name we see a trace of Adam?" But apart from these flaws, and omitting such chapters as that on Man's First Vision and the Moral Law, which really add nothing to the argument, and have had the effect of repelling reviewers—for no reviewer hitherto appears to have read through the work—it is an invaluable store-house of argument against the materialistic treatment of the subject of man's origin.

"We presume that there is not a human being so materialistic in his ideas as to affirm that there is no Supreme Mind absolutely independent of matter. If so, there may be created minds also independent of matter; and therefore to affirm that mind is nothing but the product of animal organization is to deny both the existence of the Creative Mind, and that He could create minds of different orders independent of animal organization. The existence of animal organization and mind in the same creature, as seen on earth, does not interfere with our conception of the distinct existence of mind and body. We only assert that there is a difference between mind-power and body-power. Whether the body is created for the mind, or the mind for the body, is another question. Their separate existence is possible, because, in fact, they are distinct in their nature. That they necessarily co-exist while we remain on earth is another fact, and that for the simple reason that without their united action we should have no outward and manifest relation to one another, or to the objects of this earth, which are all related to the bodily senses, as well as to the mind."—(P. 60.)

Man, therefore, must not be treated as merely anatomic:—

"We cannot think of qualities but in relation to forces, nor of forces but in relation to will, nor of creative will but as pertaining to an Almighty Person."—(P. 137.)

And surely physical science *alone* cannot be allowed to determine man's place in nature: for it is engaged with phenomena, or appearances, superficies, and sensible qualities, and not with the reasons *why* things exist in their differences and relations. It is thus that men of science are led to imagine beginnings without causes, and ends without consequences.

The second portion of the work is devoted to the consideration of the first man's place geographically, to his relation to the varieties of mankind, and to the origin of language.

Oken, as a mere philosophical speculator, fixed upon the north-west of the Himalayas as the cradle of the race; and this is in accordance with the tradition of the Vedas, perhaps the oldest written records in the world, and with the Hebrew account in the Bible. The relation of the original to the existing races is summed up in the words of Professor Wagner, who writes:—

"If you ask me on my scientific conscience how I would formulate the final results of my investigations on this subject, I should do so in the following manner:—All races of mankind can (like the races of many domestic animals) be reduced to no one original existing, but only to an ideal type, to which the Indo-European type approaches nearest."—(P. 211.)

This is also the conclusion of Waitz ("Anthropology of Primitive Peoples").

The most popular chapters in the work are those towards the end, which treat of the origin of language, and of the origin of the cereals, and such animals as the sheep, as a direct gift from God to man, supported both by existing facts of natural history and by consentient tradition. On language, the *mute* origin of Mr. Dunbar Heath, who maintains, "it is knowable that these mutes gasped after articulation, and in a few spots attained to it," the *intuition* theory ("To speak I tried, and forthwith spoke"), and the *sympathetic* or imitative theory, are successively examined, and then is deduced the fact that the first language was necessarily *taught*, which is quite in harmony with Professor Max Müller's conclusions on the original unity of language, while this primitive language is maintained to have been either Hebrew or a cognate tongue.

The appendix on the negro is exhaustive. We should gladly see it incorporated in the work, and the whole recast, so as to make it more available as a handbook on the origin and place of man as a compound being.

"But there is more than we can see,
And what we see we leave unsaid."

First Principles. By HERBERT SPENCER. London: Williams & Norgate. 1867.

THIS is the second edition of the first volume of the series which constitutes Mr. Herbert Spencer's "System of Philosophy." "First Principles" is divided into two parts—the Unknowable and the Knowable. It seems necessary to make divisions, and to name them, even if the names for which the ideas stand are only provisional. To discourse of the *Unknowable* can only be to prove that we do not know it, for to speak of what it is would be to assume that it was not the *Unknowable*. With the help of Sir William Hamilton and Professor Mansel, Mr. Spencer demonstrates that the Absolute cannot be conceived—that the Infinite is not an object of knowledge. We can stand on a rock, and represent it mentally with something like completeness. We can think of its top, its sides, and its foundations all at once; we can present them together in our consciousness, and form what we call a conception of the rock. We cannot do the same for the earth, or for any great magnitudes, great durations, or great numbers. Of these we have only what Mr. Spencer calls a symbolical conception. But as we are unable to form a mental image of the Infinite, we have no conception of it, either simple or symbolic. This is what is meant by our incapacity to know the Infinite. Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Mansel, and Mr. Spencer conclude that because we have not in the mind a *finite* image of the *Infinite*, therefore we cannot know the Infinite. Now, if we *know* nothing except that only of which we can form a sensuous apprehension, the argument is, no doubt, conclusive. But somehow or another nearly all philosophers,

that is, all men who have thought deeply on the universe, have supposed that we may have an idea of a thing without a sensuous image of it, and that, consequently, the horizon of our knowledge is not bounded by our capacity to have in the mind a definite form. Malebranche maintained that we first conceive the Infinite, and then retrench the idea to make it finite. It is possible that a double meaning may lurk under the word *conceive*. In one sense the Infinite is quite as conceivable as its correlative, the finite; but that we cannot represent it to our minds under a determinate, definite, or finite form is the simplest of truisms. It is like saying that we cannot conceive large as small, white as black, or a globe in the form of a square.

No one in particular quarrelled with Sir William Hamilton for maintaining the inconceivableness of the Absolute, the Infinite, the Unconditioned. There was a measure of truth in what he said which all were ready to admit. It was not till Mr. Mansel applied Sir William's philosophy to the refutation of rational theology and the defence of external authority in religion, that men rebelled against it, or at least against this application of it. Theologians had always acknowledged that the Divine Being in his Infinitude was beyond the grasp of the intellect of man—that we cannot, by searching, find out God or know the Almighty in perfection; but it was new to be told that we know nothing of Him—that we are not judges of His doings, and that justice with Him may not be the same as justice with us. The passages which Mr. Spencer quotes from Mr. Mansel prove that "rational theology" has its difficulties, which nobody ever denied, but this is a long way short of saying that its "fundamental conceptions are self-destructive." Mr. Spencer quotes the passages approvingly, but not for the same object as that for which they were written; on the contrary, he turns them against Mr. Mansel. The conclusion, he pronounces scepticism and "a grave error." "To say," Mr. Spencer continues, "that we cannot know the Absolute, is by implication to affirm that there *is* an Absolute. The Neumenon, everywhere named as the antithesis of the Phenomenon, is throughout necessarily thought of as an actuality. It is rigorously impossible to conceive that our knowledge is a knowledge of appearances only, without at the same time conceiving a reality of which they are appearances, for appearance without reality is unthinkable. . . . The very demonstration that a *definite* consciousness of the Absolute is impossible to us, unavoidably presupposes an *indefinite* consciousness of it." And we may ask what other consciousness of it could we expect, and what else did metaphysicians ever mean by *knowing* the Absolute?

Mr. Spencer does not stop here, but proceeds to show, still in opposition to Mr. Mansel, that *the Knowable* cannot be absolutely known any more than *the Unknowable*. All our knowledge is relative. Time, space, matter, motion, force, yea, our very self-existence, are but the objects of relative knowledge. "The personality," he says, "of which each is conscious, and of which the existence is to each a fact beyond all others the most certain, is yet a thing which cannot be truly thought of at all. Knowledge of it is forbidden by the nature of thought." The distinction between *the Unknowable* and *the Knowable* has thus vanished into thin air. We may say, with the same breath, that we know the Infinite, and do not know it, just as we say of the *finite* that it is known, and yet that our knowledge is not absolute, but relative.

We do not quarrel with Mr. Mansel nor with Mr. Spencer for saying that we do not absolutely know God. We are quite satisfied that our knowledge of Him is the same in kind as our knowledge of the material world. Call it relative, or call it regulative, it matters little; we are satisfied that our knowledge of the Infinite is the same as our knowledge of the finite. Is God personal? Mr. Mansel says it is our duty to think of Him as such, and yet it is our duty to think of Him as He is infinite. The latter is a duty; the former, perhaps, amounts to a necessity arising from the feebleness of our minds. Mr. Spencer says that duty requires us neither to affirm nor deny the Divine personality, but to submit to the established limits of our intelligence. Is it, we ask, to surpass these limits both to affirm and to deny the Divine personality? Is not the personality of God the ladder, as it were, by which the ordinary mind rises to the true consciousness of God? It may be granted that the conception is only provisional; yet without its help would not the multitude of men be without an idea of God? In a sense most true He is personal. He

is to us all that is implied in that word, and yet He transcends personality; He has the human attributes of goodness, justice, mercy, and yet He has them as only the Infinite can have such attributes. We may ascribe to Him all human passions, and immediately after deny that He has them, for in Him they do not imply weakness as they do in man. And this seems in one way to fall in with Mr. Spencer's teaching. "The choice," he says, "is not between personality and something lower than personality, but between it and something higher. It is possible there is a mode of being as much transcending Intelligence and Will as these transcend mechanical motion." But in the world we do see the manifestation of Intelligence and Will. These are as much facts to our consciousness as are the phenomena of the external world. However much, then, the Divine Intelligence and Will may transcend ours, there is still a homogeneity between them, and therefore we know God in the same way as we know the phenomenal world.

Mr. Spencer's book is mainly scientific, and in this respect its merits are very great. It is the work of a calm, clear, earnest thinker. It has but little talk of religion, but it is profoundly reverent in spirit. The author is no Comtist; he is a better philosopher than a thousand Comtes. He sees what every philosopher worthy of the name, since the world began, has seen—that the human mind is not and cannot be confined to the phenomenal; that there is ever a Beyond—a reality of which the laws of mind and the phenomena of matter are but the signs and symbols. We do not think Mr. Spencer's book is necessarily heretical. A theologian might build up a system of rational theology from the same kind of data as he has drawn up his philosophy of the sciences, and each would have the same amount of certainty, whatever that amount might be. This is only what metaphysicians and theologians have done from Plato down to Hegel. They have taught what their intellects showed them of God; how He was absolute, and yet a Creator—God Infinite, and yet necessarily thought of under the form of the finite—the Immovable One, and yet the world-maker—the Being, and yet the *Nous, Logos, or Demiurgus*. If great errors have always accompanied religion, yet Mr. Spencer knows there was in them a "soul of truth." "They were," he says truly, "imperfections only as measured by an absolute standard, and not as measured by a relative one. The religion current among each age and each people has been as near an approximation to the truth as it was then and there possible for men to receive." Of the ultimate reconciliation of science and religion we are not permitted to doubt, and we think that the time of reconciliation would be hastened if religious men and students of science were all animated by the truth-loving spirit of Mr. Herbert Spencer.

The World, Dynamical and Immaterial, and the Nature of Perception. By R. S. WYLD, F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. 1868.

MR. WYLD's title exactly defines his little book. Strongly opposed to Materialism, he is yet no Idealist. It is his object to show "that a safer position, intermediate between the belief in Matter, which leads so many philosophers into Atheism; and Idealism, . . . which confounds the reason and the natural convictions of mankind, may be defended on grounds scientific and philosophical" (p. 22). We have seldom met with any work in which the controversy between Materialist, Idealist, and Realist is more fairly and intelligibly set forth; though, even lucid and simple as is his style, Mr. Wyld must not expect a large circle of readers in this material age. He carries his Realist views more near to Idealism than Sir W. Hamilton—whom he professes, on the whole, to accept—would have endorsed, but very carefully guards himself from any tendency to Pantheism. "Pantheism," he observes, "annihilates the independent existence of man's mind, and involves all things in the meshes of fatalism. We reserve the freedom of the human will." "We believe in an external physical world, and in our being possessed of an organic bodily frame" (p. 63). His theory is that transparent bodies are composed of atomic circles, whose forces freely impenetrate each other, and that all other bodies are likewise composed merely of atomic circles of force. In accordance with this, we find him fully accepting the doctrine of force, the great physical power of which Professor Tyndall is so brilliant an exponent; and we have seldom met with

the principle so clearly and convincingly stated as in the chapter devoted to that subject.

The second part of the work is devoted to the nature of Perception, and largely occupied with strictures on Sir W. Hamilton's theory, which the author contends has in some places a tendency to materialism if carried out to its legitimate conclusions. Here, we think, he is sometimes hypercritical. We agree with him that when Hamilton speaks of the body as an *animated* organism he does not imply that the body perceives its affections, but that the perception is a sensitive cognition of the mind, which uses the body as its medium of apprehension. But might it not be said that there is an equal trace of materialism in the author's view, that the brain is the *localized* residence of the mind? So strongly does he maintain that all force is mental, that he doubts whether in the muscular movements it is the muscles that *generate* the force (p. 205). Still, we are not prepared to deny his conclusion that "the *sine quâ non* in giving us the sense of power is the *consciousness of mental effort*" (p. 175), though it seems too much to assert that "the intensity of *mental effort*, the strength of the muscular sensations, and the quantity of work done are proportioned to each other" (p. 169). Whether we perceive physical power directly, with Hamilton, or indirectly, in either case will there be any difficulty in keeping clear of the heresy which would endow matter with self-inherent power? And though we may demur to Mr. Wyld's views on perception, we apprehend that all Hamiltonians will agree with him in regarding physical power as the expression of the Supreme Will, and physical power in the creature as the expression of the creature's will, rendered effectual by the control given him over the forces of his own body, and through them over the forces of external nature.

IV.—TRAVEL.

Sketches of Central Asia. Additional Chapters on My Travels, Adventures, and on the Ethnology of Central Asia. By ARMINIUS VAMBERY. London: William H. Allen & Co. 1867.

WHEN Professor Vámbéry, three years ago, published the remarkable work which shed strong light on a portion of the world so little known as to be almost mythical, his readers found, amidst much which astonished and delighted them, two things to regret. One was the patchy, uneven execution of the literary task undertaken by the most dashing and thorough of travellers; the other, the scanty and uncertain details relative to the immediate purpose and the success of his wonderful journey, made in the interests of the kindred sciences—ethnology and philology. The present volume repairs the latter defect in a great measure, but it would have been far more satisfactory had its contents been amalgamated with those of the preceding. By this separate publication both suffer, and the memory of the reader who may not have the former work within reach is severely taxed to supply the missing context of these notes, and to aid imagination in reproducing the effect first created by the provokingly vague narrative of exploits which have rarely been surpassed in the achievements of courageous enterprise. For instance, one of the most remarkable incidents in the first work was that of the traveller's terrible sufferings, and narrow escape from death by thirst; in the present work it is so lightly touched upon, that the reader of this book only would never gather from it the nature and extent of Professor Vámbéry's desert experiences. On the other hand, the present volume enters much more fully than the first into the difficulties and dangers which beset the traveller in his assumption of the character of a dervish. On the former occasion the reader was left to work out the extraordinary picture of such an audacious personation according to the strength and sympathy of his imagination. The story of this journey is so romantic, and the interest of it is so vivid, that the reader's attention is more attracted to the personal narrative than the author, singularly unassuming, earnest, and absorbed in his pursuits, would altogether desire. It happens rarely that an explorer is

so interesting as to obscure the interest of his explorations, but Professor Vámbéry furnishes one of these infrequent instances. His "recollections of dervish life" are so extraordinary, are related with so much simplicity, so much *verve*, and with so strong a strain of the mysterious charm of the desert; the magic which conquers suffering, loneliness, and fear; the charm which lured him on day after day, though every night was full of the dread of detection, torture, and death, that the matter-of-fact account of Ishiva, Kungrat, and Bokhara, full as it is of strange things to the ears of even well-read Englishmen, seems quite tame in comparison. Professor Vámbéry is exactly opposed to Mr. Urquhart in his estimate of Eastern civilization, and the desirability of its extinction and replacement by that of the West. But they are agreed on the point of Russian progress, the projected extension of the Czar's power over British territory in India, and the process by which Holy Russia is surely, and by no means slowly, leading up to a result which the Hungarian *savant* generously deprecates. He has unbounded respect and admiration for England, but he believes her blind and apathetic in this particular instance; and he sets forth his arguments with much force and urgency, pleading earnestly with England to endeavour to secure the neutrality of Afghanistan, in case Russia continues her policy of aggression, by the establishment "of a skilled diplomatic intercourse, the work of an uninterrupted alliance, carried on by agents who, acquainted with the Afghan character, and eschewing English modes of thought, can conduct themselves as Asiatics." This is no doubt sound advice, but invested with immense practical difficulties, the first being where to find our skilled diplomatists, uniting English comprehension of, and interest in, the matter in hand, and zeal according to their knowledge, with Asiatic modes of thought and conduct. In the meantime, until the development of diplomacy shall produce such desirable combinations, there is some comfort to be had in the reflection that if the Afghans are not disposed to check Russian invasion for our sake, they have a vital interest in keeping our mighty rival on her side of the frontier for their own. It is not agreeable to British pride that the Bokharians think England is desperately afraid of the Ameer, and that the Afghans can say, "Protected by the might and greatness of Islam, our indigo and spice merchants, our camel hirers, can venture unharmed on British ground, whilst not one infidel soul dares show himself among us;" but it would cost too much, in ways we cannot afford, to correct these impressions, which do not do us very much harm, after all. But, while we may not regard with sanguine expectation the establishment of a "permanent agency" in Afghanistan, or the procurability of Professor Vámbéry's ideal diplomatists with Western hearts and Oriental heads, we may at least acknowledge the advantage of gaining accurate information concerning regions so remote and so important to us, from one whose personal knowledge is so extensive and indisputable. And here again we must express regret that the concluding portion of this volume was not added to the author's previous account of his visit to Afghanistan, or that that account was not reproduced on this occasion. We must here, however, call attention to one well-founded reproach and valuable suggestion:—"While Russia, France, and Austria have long had Oriental academies for diplomatic beginners, in England, with her rich dower of colleges, schools, and universities, no one has ever thought of such an institution." The interest of this volume is great and various. It embraces the wild, yet monotonous life of the desert; the wondrous fanaticism of the dervishes; the domestic life of the tribes, of whom the most interesting is that of the Turkomans; details of the court of Khiva, and of Bokhara, the "head-quarters of Mohammedanism;" and a history, most humiliating and painful to read, of the slave trade and slave life in Central Asia. The ancient history of Bokhara is summarized in a chapter which includes the real and amazing story of Mokanna, the Veiled Prophet, and his Sardanapalus-like end. The ethnology and literature of the Turanian and Iranian races of Central Asia are so treated as to prove that the author—who maintains the superiority of the Iranian race—made ample use of his opportunities.

The Irish in America. By JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE, M.P., Author of "Rome and its Ruler," "Father Mathew; a Biography," &c., &c. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1867.

MR. MAGUIRE visited America with a special purpose in view, and applied himself to its accomplishment with energy and completeness, of which this work

is a proof. He desired to ascertain by personal observation what the Irish, thousands of whom are constantly emigrating from his immediate neighbourhood, were doing in America; of comparing the conflicting and contradictory accounts which reached him with the facts as his own senses should present them; and "of understanding practically the true value of man's labour and industry as applied to the cultivation of the soil and the development of a country." He gives to the world the result of his investigations in a book which, if rather too ornate in style, and somewhat over-enthusiastic, is indisputably valuable as affording competent testimony on a subject of great national importance to us at all times, and as, at this particular time, a *pièce de circonstance* of value and appropriateness not easily over-stated. Mr. Maguire, as an Irishman, representing an important Irish constituency, thoroughly acquainted with the condition and the sentiments of his countrymen at home, strongly sympathizing with them, and yet holding a responsible position in imperial politics, appeals to the public on the subject of which he treats with reason, authority, and fitness, with which no Englishman or Scotchman could be invested. We have a general notion that the Irish emigrants who have gone to swell the vast tide of life in America become either the most rowdy of politicians or mere helots, but little removed from the level of the negroes. This idea is completely dissipated by Mr. Maguire's statistics, which show us a large and wealthy Irish population predominating in California, the typically wealthy State; and in Illinois, Ohio, and other States, in which agriculture is the prevailing industry. This population, ardently attached to their adopted country, devoted to its institutions, and especially eager in the cause of education, are eminently respectable in every way, and it is remarkable that they appear to have lost some of their former characteristics of an objectionable kind. Among other surprises for the reader, he will find that the Irish in America are universally renowned from their cleanliness—a quality which extended its distinction to the Irish soldiers engaged on both sides in the late war. The picture is drawn *en beau*, no doubt; but the author is strong in facts and figures, and they prove the existence of a condition of material prosperity, political power, and moral progress among the Irish in America, which ought to be contemplated with sincere pleasure, and must inspire no little astonishment as the reader follows the details of the great emigration movement which has produced such results. But the term "Irish-American" has an ugly sound just now, and the very urgency of the public need to understand its meaning aright renders the public unwilling to be taught that meaning, eager to distort and despise it. It means enmity, deadly, unrelenting, and implacable to England; and it is extremely unpleasant to have to recognise that that enmity exists not only among ignorant bores and bamboozled servant-girls, rowdies, stump-orators, and soldiers out of work, but in that class peculiarly dear to the British mind, invested by it with a sure kind of steady, stolid power, backed by dollars and dogmatism—the wealthy commercial and professional class. It is earnestly to be desired that the value and importance of Mr. Maguire's work should be recognised by the Government and the country, called to the vast labour of dealing with the difficulties of the "Irish Question;" that dislike of its fervour should not be suffered to diminish its weight or obscure its authority, but that the personal testimony which the writer adduces should dissipate the belief that Fenian disagreements and Fenian failures are sufficient securities against the Fenian organization, and lead to a practical and sustained effort to secure the friendship of a power "which it is impossible to ignore and madness to despise—the Irish in America."

Last Winter in Algeria. By Mrs. LLOYD EVANS. London: Chapman and Hall. 1868.

ALTHOUGH Algeria cannot any longer be considered new ground for the tourist or the *littérateur*; although we have had some good, a few indifferent, and not a few bad books about it, the subject is not yet in the exhausted category, and it possesses certain features of growing interest which will keep it out of that list for some time longer. The ancient country of the Moors has become of late a favourite resort of lady tourists. It is romantic, and it sounds daring and adventurous, and is really very easy of access, and perfectly safe. The

French element contributes all that is brightest and pleasantest among European surroundings, the Arab and Moorish indigenous accessories contribute the romance, the sense of distance and strangeness, the pleasant consciousness of "something like" travelling, which is daily becoming more agreeable and more difficult of attainment, in times when a trip to Baalbec is as common as an excursion to Boulogne used to be. For "stay-at-home travellers" who do their journeyings in books, there has been no pleasanter, brighter, more observant and intelligent chronicler of the beauties, the curiosities, the advantages, and the history (in little) of Algeria, than Mrs. Lloyd Evans. She is a model traveller, in her cheerfulness, readiness, keen appreciation of scenery, character, and association, in her cultivated taste and well-stored memory. She writes remarkably well, in an easy, rapid, refined, pleasant style, and quite unaffectedly; not seeking to produce new and startling effects; not troubling herself about what other people have seen, and remarked, and written upon, but putting down her own adventures, her own impressions, and her own previous knowledge of the subjects she set forth to study in their local habitation. This was an admirable spirit in which to set about writing a book of the kind, and the result is a very readable, and in many respects a very instructive book. Mrs. Evans never *rattles* of any place, or person, or thing; she has very good taste, and very sound discretion; and she has written the best book on Algeria which has appeared since Mr. Ormsby's, which was almost the first. The appendix is of considerable value, as it contains plain, practical, and precise instructions regarding climate, sight-seeing, expenses, and sanitary precautions, which, together with its historical, picturesque, and typographical qualities, render it a particularly pleasant and useful hand-book for intending travellers in the north-west of Africa.

V.—POETRY, FICTION, AND ESSAY.

Lucile. By OWEN MEREDITH. With Illustrations by GEORGE DU MAURIER. London: Chapman and Hall. 1867.

Chronicles and Characters. By ROBERT LYTTON (OWEN MEREDITH). In Two Volumes. London: Chapman and Hall. 1867.

PROFESSOR MASSON, in attempting to popularly distinguish between the chief attributes of prose and poetic fiction, says that the one flies where the other walks. It is assuredly somewhat of a bold experiment to try and "break" poetry to walk mincingly along the earth, and yet as slowly and prudently as her less ethereal sister. Mr. Robert Lytton has, however, boldly essayed the task. His "*Lucile*"—a poem which saw the light some years ago, and now reappears buoyed up on the natural and graceful figures of Mr. Du Maurier—is in all essentials a novel. The externals of art have been cleverly used to relieve and lighten materials so alien from poetic treatment that even Mr. Du Maurier's remarkably fine women are converted into caryatides, under the weight of glittering beam and architrave in Mr. Lytton's elaborate structure. Mr. Lytton has a power of verse which would even amount to a "fatal facility," were it not that he is thoroughly cultured, and has always good models and the fear of the critics before his eyes. But he wants that latent warmth, that reserve of imaginative fire, which transmutes, as in an alembic, the commonest forms of life into types of beauty by hurried and suggestive reflex glimpses. There can be no true poetic art without this kind of spiritualized suggestion; for it is only thus that things, in themselves sensuous or prosaic, become mediums of the deepest and tenderest emotional currents. The abrupt way in which Dante breaks off the episode of Francesca da Rimini with the words, "*Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante,*" is one of the grandest triumphs of imaginative realism; but a whole poem made up of lines like this would give us exactly such a love-poem, or versified novel, as "*Lucile*." The muse in a young man's arm, condemned to loiter along in miry ways and indulge in the details of young ladies' small talk, makes but a poor figure. Yet it is something that

Mr. Lytton has produced a pleasant, airy, delicately-finished book, though conceived on a principle so hollow, false, and confusing.

"The Chronicles and Characters" errs against the very same principle, though in a slightly different direction. It is a versified, thinly dramatic philosophy of history—no more, no less. We are not inclined to bear so hard on Mr. Lytton as some critics have done on account of there being some similarity between the leading idea of this poem and that of Victor Hugo's "*Légende des Siècles*." Perhaps Mr. Lytton has done a service in bringing more directly home to us the fallacy involved in all such work, even when by a genius like Victor Hugo. It necessarily goes by extension, and not growth; and to be complete would need to canvass, and represent under some semi-ideal form, every stage and marked concomitant of human progress. If Mr. Lytton should have commenced a little further back than even legendary Greece—i.e., with what some critics would call *Legendary Paradise*—should not Victor Hugo have given fuller verge to many phases of Oriental life and thought? But neither Victor Hugo nor Mr. Lytton will ever succeed in making true poems out of such materials, with such overruling systematic conceptions lying behind them. They cannot be poetical in the unity of creative conception, nor in tense keenness of lyrical impulse. They can be poetical only in separate portions, and in off-sidings where the ground-swell of lyrical feeling may carry the wide, equally-spread waters of poetic thought into deeper side-eddies, on which the full reflex of the poet's spiritual features may be mirrored with baffling, but suggestive outlines. But then these are nothing else than confusing reflux semicircles intersecting and blurring the lines of half-poetic and half-philosophic presentment or demonstration. Even Tennyson was alive to this effect in his "*In Memoriam*," from the thread of philosophic purpose which ran through his personal and lyrical moods. Therefore he writes truly of his own work:—

"Forgive these wild and wandering cries—
Confusions of a wasted youth."

And in the intensity of this cry he regains the simple unity of the lyrical note, which in the body of the poem, owing to its very depth, had broken up and run into a chaos of sharps and flats by being brought into contact with merely cold and bald intellectual conceptions. One characteristic of the age, however, is love of external multiplicity and mere superficial extension. In this respect both the "*Légende des Siècles*" and "*Chronicles and Characters*" may have some essential and abiding value; and the latter may be read as well as the former. For if, as the positivist critics say, history is but a great and gorgeous external procession, and the business of art to represent it, will not imitation be reinstated as the end-all and be-all of art? Some of Mr. Lytton's poems have much sweetness, and evidence careful and loving touches. This is specially true of "*Licinius*," for instance, though we must warn him against following Browning in the deep but colourless impressions which some of his characters, in their hard self-isolation, seem to make on whatever they come into contact with. Some men, like the ghost in *Hamlet*, may be followed, but not grasped, and their influence, when it excites to imitation, can only divide and weaken. And, by the way, is not "*Chronicles and Characters*" a poem of the very sort against which Goethe so wisely warned Eckermann?

Verses on Various Occasions. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D. London:
Burns, Oates, and Lambert. 1868.

To one who, like the writer of the present notice, passed through Oxford at the period when Newman's influence was at its height, and witnessed the astonishment and terror created by the bombshell which he flung into the camp of Anglicanism in the form of Tract XC., who remembers the anxious eagerness with which men whispered questions and answers as to his long-rumoured, long-deferred secession, the appearance of this book recalls many memories of the past. There rise up, in that hazy mist, the faces of friends who sat with him listening to the last utterances of that voice in the pulpit of St. Mary's, or in the church of Littlemore—who read with him the scanty and scattered poems which were then known only to those who were in the secret of the "*Lyra Apostolica*," and could attach the Greek letters appended to each poem to the right authors. They knew, but the knowledge was not very widely spread at that time, that the strange, weird power which the poems of "δ" (some of the

shortest in the volume) exercised upon them—stirring, calming, winning, awing—was part and parcel of the same gift from which his sermons derived so marvellous a spell. His words seemed to fall in either case on heart and soul like arrows tipped with fire.

It is pleasant to have these poems brought before us again, and connected by the dates (place as well as time included in that word) which he attaches to them, with the several stages of his life as he has traced them for us in the "*Apologia pro Vita Sua*." Translations from some Latin hymns, the "*Dream of Gerontius*" (which had been published before separately), and some poems of earlier date, make up the volume.

The charm of the sweet, subtle grace, the mystic, half-prophetic sternness, which we remember in the poems we already knew, is there still. The "*Dream of Gerontius*" shows that, after a long interval of silence, it can flash forth and find a voice again. There is an almost Dante-like union (all the more striking because, as far as we know, there are no distinct traces in Dr. Newman of any close acquaintance with the Florentine poet) of the grotesque elements of the "*Inferno*" with the tenderness of the "*Purgatorio*," and the mystic idealism of the "*Paradiso*." Dogmatically even, where the writer rises out of the conventional and legendary imagery which gathers round the subject, he seems to us at least to approximate to another and a truer doctrine of Purgatory than the Romish. The poet pierces to the heart of the mystery which to the theologian is clothed in parables. In the union of penalty and discipline, of pain other than that of sense, and therefore more enduring, yet compatible with progress, there may lie the key to yet graver and more awful problems.

"When then—if such thy lot—thou seest thy Judge,
The sight of Him will kindle in thy heart
All tender, gracious, reverential thoughts;
Thou wilt be sick with love, and yearn for Him,
And feel as though thou couldst but pity Him,
That one so sweet should e'er have placed Himself
At disadvantage, such as to be used
So vilely by a being so vile as thee.
There is a pleading in His pensive eyes
Will pierce thee to the quick and trouble thee,
And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself; for, though
Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou hast sinn'd
As never thou didst feel, and wilt desire
To slink away, and hide thee from His sight,
And yet wilt have a longing—aye to dwell
Within the beauty of His countenance.
And these two pains, so counter and so keen—
The longing for Him when thou seest Him not,
The shame of self at thought of seeing Him—
Shall be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory."

But we are struck, as we read the volume, with its great inequality. Album verses written thirty or forty years ago are dragged from the obscurity in which they had slumbered, and leave, we must confess, the impression that they had better have remained in the albums. Here and there, even in poems which belong to the same period as his noblest work, there are signs of flatness and taimeness which bring a sense of disappointment. What, for example, can be much less worthy of permanence, less what one would have expected from Dr. Newman, than the following?—

"Plants in the garden
See best the sun's glory;
They miss the green sward in
A conservatory."

Or this?—

"Some one whisper'd yesterday
Of the rich and fashionable,
Gregory in his own small way
Easy was and comfortable."

"Had he not of wealth his fill
Whom a garden gay did bless,
And a gently trickling rill,
And the sweets of idleness?"

The secret of this absence, not so much of power sustained at a uniformly high level (to that all writers of verses are in greater or less degree subject), but of power to form a true critical estimate of what he has himself written at various periods, is found, we think, in what he himself says of his work as a poet in the dedication of this volume to his friend Dr. Badeley. He is surprised, he says, that any one, still more that critics and strangers, should think any of his verses worth preserving, or should wish to have them. It never would have entered into his mind to collect in one volume "effusions which he had always looked on as ephemeral." But having been led to do so, he "despairs of discovering any standard by which to discriminate aright between one poetical attempt and another." He is thrown back upon his own judgment, and this, "biassed by the associations of memory and personal feelings, . . . is disposed either to preserve them all, or to put them all aside."

These words seem to us to reveal the secret at once of Dr. Newman's excellence as a poet, and of the defects which accompany it. He has not made poetry the chief work, or even the chief refreshment, of his life. He has not studied the laws which govern it, or noted the conditions of completeness. He has been primarily a subtle thinker, a speculative theologian, self-absorbed in the contemplation of his own work, first as the reviver of an extinct ideal of Catholicity in the Church of England, and then as the restorer of Romish Catholicism to its old position over the minds of Englishmen. But there was in him also a subtlety of perception and emotion as well as of intellect, a keen sensitiveness to the spell of musical harmony, the dreamer's tendency to see all things in the transfiguring light shed on them by the ideal to which his soul is devoted. For long intervals of time these operate chiefly in infusing a poetical element into his prose writings, and give them their marvellous power to fascinate. Verses that he writes in this normal condition of his mind are graceful, it may be, and refined, but they are little more. But if the ordinary temper is quickened into something like a fevered, passionate enthusiasm by scenery, or outward circumstance, or inward struggles, then, as with the prophets of Israel, the thinker becomes a poet. The wind sweeps over the chords, and draws from their unwonted vibrations a strange and exquisite music. The elements of poetry which lay as in solution are brought together as by an electric touch, and crystallize into forms of unexpected clearness and beauty.

The chronological arrangement which Dr. Newman has adopted in this volume at once helps us to interpret the poems by the "*Apologia*," and the "*Apologia*" by the poems, and confirms this theory of his poetry. He has published, let us remember, *all* the verses that he has written during a period of forty-four years, from September, 1821, to January, 1865. The volume which lies before us contains some 340 pages, but the division of these pages over the years which they embrace is strikingly unequal. Not fewer than 122 pages are filled by poems belonging to one short period of eight months, from November 16, 1832, to June 27, 1833; and this was precisely the period, as we learn from the "*Apologia*," when the ideal scheme of his life first began to dawn upon him with a terrible and over-mastering reality. He left Oxford with a panic horror, which now seems to us almost ludicrous, at the progress of liberalism. He passed through all the glories of Mediterranean scenery. Every place at which he halted brought with it memories of the remote past which his work as a scholar had made familiar to him, or connected itself with the dark retrospect of what the Church of Christ had been, or the bright vision of what it might yet become. A severe illness brought with it the experience of solitude in a strange land.* The conditions of which we have spoken, the feverish glow, the hot thoughts, the waking dream, were all fulfilled; and they issued in a burst of poetry which has nothing equal to it in the many lonely years of his own life before and after, to which it is not easy to find a parallel in the whole range of literature. And it is this which is the secret of its charm. It is from first to last, consciously or unconsciously, self-portraiture—of himself as he has been, as he is, as he thinks that he may be called to be as the prophet-preacher to an unbelieving age. Who, for example, can read the sonnet on Melchizedek—

"Thrice bless'd are they who feel their loneliness;
To whom nor voice of friends nor pleasant scene

* Comp. his "*History of my Religious Opinions*," pp. 33—36.

Brings that on which the saddened heart can lean ;
 Yea, the rich earth, garb'd in her daintiest dress
 Of light and joy, doth but the more oppress,
 Claiming responsive smiles and rapture high,
 Till, sick at heart, beyond the veil they fly,
 Seeking His presence who alone can bless"—

and not feel that the writer is himself one of the elect of whom he speaks? Who can fail to find in his ideal picture of St. Paul that which reminds them of what Newman was and is?—

"I dream'd that with a passionate complaint,
 I wished me born among God's deeds of might,
 And envied those who had the presence bright
 Of gifted prophet and strong-hearted saint,
 Whom my heart loves and fancy strives to paint.
 I turned, when straight a stranger met my sight,
 Came as my guest, and did awhile unite
 His lot with mine, and lived without restraint.
 Courteous he was and grave, so meek in mien
 It seem'd untrue, or told a purpose weak ;
 Yet, in the mood, he could with aptness speak,
 Or with stern force, or show of feelings keen,
 Marking deep craft, methought, or hidden pride.
 Then came a voice—"St. Paul is at thy side."

Our limits warn us that we must stop, though the book would repay, and tempts us to, a more complete analysis. We may regret that Dr. Newman, if he could not trust his own judgment, did not call in the expurgatorial help of some friend, and so weed out some of the album verses which seem unworthy of his power. We may wish that one poem, "The Birthday Offering to F. W. N.," with all its fond love and bright hopes, had been covered by the veil which ought to hide its contrast with what, from any point of view, and most of all from Newman's own, must seem so terrible a failure. But we thankfully welcome the book as throwing light on the inner life of one of the master intellects of our time, and as bearing its witness that there is a poetry higher than that of the artist-poet, nobler than that of the lascivious Paganism which is now rushing in upon us like a flood.

Golden Fetters: A Novel. By MARK LEMON. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1867.

It has been said that history is philosophy teaching by examples. If that be true, the novel—which is but crystallized history, or human nature in the deeper truth of idealization—should be philosophy teaching by still higher examples, inasmuch as the novelist has the "blessed prerogative" of choosing characters that more nearly reveal that ideal type in which, artistically, the individual vanishes. Where traits or tendencies are dwelt on so as to rise sharply out of and above this ideal atmosphere, then the author becomes individual in wronging the individual, and sometimes, even by the laugh he evokes, through the individual, he wrongs the race. He is observing falsely, not creating. Mr. Dickens has sometimes erred in this way. Truth to those essential types in which all characters, so to speak, have their vital root, is what every novelist at least professes to seek after, and in this we have a guarantee that the work shall be at once impartial, and that it shall have lessons, the more important and powerful that the artist thought not at all of lessons as such, but only of the select array of types which he wished his several characters to represent and interpret. Every character, in virtue of the ideal relation thus established for it, by its being involved in a world where unseen relations are more powerful than those immediately seen and felt, has thus a vicarious significance; and, faithfully combined with others, the result should be a revelation, with strict applications through the emotions, to the whole moral nature. If a novel harmonizes all our feelings—intellectual, emotional, moral—it is perfect as creation; if it raises debate by setting these in opposition to each other, then in the same measure it is imperfect as art, and becomes theological, scientific, or prosaically biographical, or worse still, autobiographical. The Rev. Mr. Fuller in "Guild Court," for instance, is an autobiographic interjection.

Mr. Mark Lemon sometimes errs in the immense confidence he has in his knowledge of special phases of life, as seen occasionally in this novel in the pictures of the dog-dealers' houses and their meetings, and in the gipsy-camps; but he has a ready hold on a certain set of types whose actual "doubles" have been so often used in a merely conventional way, that the treating of them, justly and fairly, indicates peculiar creative power. There are not, perhaps, in any recent novel finer touches than Mr. Lemon has bestowed upon Mr. Oldywinkle, *i.e.* Alderwinkle, the vagabond; and these come with all the force of dramatic surprises, of revelations, which, in other words, is the force of truth. Another and less skilled workman would have made a character like Alderwinkle too ready to sell his "erring sister's" honour, and certainly would not have represented him as standing up so bravely for her good name after she was dead. Nor would he have given us that wonderfully fine touch where the man who had sacrificed almost everything manlike and honourable for money, catches up the poor scarred Rosa Melville in his arms at the burning of the theatre, rushes with her to his own lodgings, and forces on poor, heart-stricken P'erryonot the loan of a few pounds, even while the atmosphere of his low associations faithfully comes through the clearer air, as the aroma of tobacco and brandy will sometimes do from an habitual debauchee in a drawing-room. And yet do we not feel that this is a far truer delineation than Bill Sykes, for instance? One who has himself created some true and beautiful characters writes, "I need not display the evil that exists in society. All men believe in *that*." It is the business of art so to present men and women that our belief in the Good is recovered even against the deliverances of our observation; and in this point of view Mr. Dickens has sometimes been false, and Mr. Thackeray often so.

But there is one particular element in this novel of Mr. Lemon's which has led us constantly, in reading it, to think of another great and deservedly popular writer of fiction, who, it seems to us, has lately used her characters so far falsely in making them the mediums of directly expressing personal convictions on several deep social questions. We refer to George Eliot; and the position she occupies may, perhaps, justify us in contrasting some things in her last novel with this one. The point, of course, which is most calculated to excite a story-reader's interest in "*Golden Fetters*" is the peculiar relation of Mr. Deering and Nelly Scott, whom he marries, not for love of her, but rather to spite Mrs. Barnard, his acute, vain, selfish sister, and her husband, who are looking to their petted son heiring Deering's estate. Nelly Scott had had a sweetheart; and a letter intercepted, or rather returned to the writer of it, by Mrs. Barnard, in a moment of vanity, was the means of making Nelly listen to Mr. Deering. He marries her, as has been said, and they have one child, a daughter. But all along there is a hint that no true love is lost between them; and soon the reader is let into the secret by Mr. Deering seizing a letter from Australia written by the old lover. Poor Nelly suffers sore, and her deepest punishment is the unfilial tone and attitude in which her daughter stands to her. Now, very much the same track was traversed in "*Felix Holt*." Mrs. Transome suffers from the effect of supposed unfilial consideration on the part of Harold. But it is here that the difference lies. George Eliot, in order to enforce her preconceived lesson, of set purpose keeps from us the little thread which should have been put into our hands at an early stage to enable us to follow and enter into Mrs. Transome's position and feelings sympathetically; and the result is, that Lawyer Jermyn discovers the fact—the key to the whole matter—at the end, in a manner so blunt and inartistic, that certainly it cannot be regarded as a *revelation* of character or of anything else. All our previous notions of Jermyn are simply confused by this arbitrary trick; and, what is worse, our intellect is set in revolt against our sympathies, which have been raised to a certain pitch by the peculiar way in which Mrs. Transome's slow, consuming sufferings are placed before us. Great art might have been shown in indicating how an educated, gifted woman, like Mrs. Transome, so fell from her own self-respect as to inwardly suffer as she does; but George Eliot rudely cuts the Gordian knot, instead of loosing it gently and by artistic methods. Mr. Mark Lemon, because he took no side on the questions involved, has taught a higher lesson, and a purer one. We cordially recommend his book.

The Wizard of the Mountain. By WILLIAM GILBERT, Author of "Dr. Austin's Guests." Two Vols. London: Strahan & Co. 1868.

As Mr. Gilbert must be rather tired by this time of hearing that he writes like Defoe—which has been repeated by reviewer after reviewer in endless echo since it was first said—and also of hearing that he has a peculiar grim humour, which has been repeated in like manner, we shall say, by way of trying something fresh (though it has very likely been said before), that Mr. Gilbert reminds one of Hawthorne as well as Defoe, and that he has a peculiar fascination as well as a peculiar humour. Criticism by comparison is seldom of much use unless it is deliberate and careful; but it is impossible to read this collection of tales without thinking of the "Mosses from an Old Manse." In the latter, however, as in all Hawthorne's writings, you can trace the conscious design of the artist, and are sure of his meaning. In reading Mr. Gilbert's symbolic or "weird" stories, you are never quite certain whether the author meant all that he can be supposed to mean. The Confession of the Innominato in the present series is written throughout with such Sunday-school plainness of phraseology, that we confess to having closed the book with doubt whether what so deeply moved the reader had been in the contemplation of the author when he wrote it. True, one often asks the same question over Dante or Shakespeare, and the answer always is—There is the symbol, and whatever it means was, because it must have been, potentially in "the mind of its creator."

Several years ago a very curious book, called "The Metaphysicians"—anonymous, but well known to be from the pen of Mr. B. H. Smart—was published, and attracted considerable attention, though it was but little read. Half the volume consisted of a memoir of a man who, by indulging his appetites under the spur of the imagination, had drained his spirit dry, and remained until his death-bed incapable of emotion, though capable of brute appetite, and retaining to the last a perfect sense of justice. Mr. Gilbert presents us, in the Innominato, with a companion type. A man devotes himself to science and the service of mankind, but deliberately renounces religious faith in doing so. As he grows in knowledge and in the power to do good, he loses the sense of personal affection, and in general, the sentiment, or beautiful passion, of life. Not till his end is near is he restored to faith and feeling. The picture, though painted with the quietest colours, and never *soliciting* the attention, which nevertheless it secures and keeps, is affecting and suggestive in a high degree. It is only too short. Those who remember that curious psychological study of Mr. Gilbert's, "The Rosary: a Tale of Wilton Abbey," will wish it had been thrice as long. Of the other stories, "Don Bucefalo and the Curate," "Tomaso and Pepina," and "The Magic Flower," seem to us to be among the best: the first of the three unquestionably ranks highest as a piece of humour. But all the stories are good, and if the "Wizard of the Mountain" is not the best of Mr. Gilbert's books, it is, perhaps, the most fascinating. The requisite subtlety of mere *style* for such narrative Mr. Gilbert cannot be said to possess: but his manner has others of the highest qualities, and we fancy some of the little bits of scenery in the present volume are touched with more than his usual grace.

Foolish Margaret. By THOMAS SPEIGHT, Author of "Brought to Light." Three Volumes. London: C. W. Wood. 1867.

Life's Masquerade. Three Volumes. London: C. W. Wood. 1867.

BESIDES a certain amount of resemblance in more or less superficial characteristics, these two novels are like each other in these respects—that they both contain too much incident and too many personages, and that in neither of them is there much height, dignity, or tenderness of treatment.

"Life's Masquerade" scarcely invites criticism, though it is open to plenty of comment. It seems to be the work of a totally inexperienced writer, who has, however, seen much of the world, and knows how to crowd his pages with events. "Will you assist me to make your daughter Eveleen my bride?" says Murray, on page 50 of vol. i. "If a father's voice hath aught of authority in it," replied De Courcy, raising one hand solemnly to heaven, "she shall be yours." In quite as unnatural a style is a good part of the story written. And *such a story!* In the "trial" scene (chap. xiii. vol. i.), an able counsel cross-examines the witnesses for the prisoner, and then the judge calls upon the

prisoner himself for his defence! This is clearly not from life; but the chapters "At Sea" and "On an Iceberg" are full of reality, and the latter is evidently a dreadful transcript of scenes within the personal knowledge, probably personal observation, of the author. There is really no want of ability in these hurrying, crowding episodes, but they do not make a novel.

"Foolish Margaret" is far better; but here again we have the most mistaken overcrowding. The main situation of the story was quite enough, and is well conceived. Esther, a devoted servant-girl, from feelings of gratitude, confesses and goes to prison for the crime of stealing a letter, when the real criminal is her young mistress. Her obstinate refusal to clear herself alienates her sweetheart, Silas (who is the best-drawn figure in the novel), and it is not till he is at point of death that he learns, from the mistress's own lips, the girl's innocence. In leading up to this, and in developing it, Mr. Speight exhibits many of the better qualities that go to make a successful novelist, and we only wish he had taken a smaller canvas, and wrought out with more elaboration a truly pathetic idea. The dialogue will be pronounced unnatural, especially the love-talk; and the style is by no means as careful as it might be. Never above commonplace, it sometimes falls below it, and becomes positively ungraceful. "Fiendish malignity," for example, is mere commonplace; but "water-works," in connection with a woman's weeping, is worse.

We think that if Mr. Speight were never to look at magazines and newspapers for a couple of years, and were to occupy that time in the study of the best models, he might produce a thoroughly good novel. "Foolish Margaret" is worth reading, and is good enough to make a reviewer wonder why it is not much better; so that we hope to meet the author again some day in a story that shall not permit any wonder of the kind.

Essays from "Good Words." By HENRY ROGERS, Author of the "Eclipse of Faith." London: Strahan & Co. 1868.

MR. ROGERS, in his preface, has a mild word or two to say about the virtuous indignation of some portions of our over-enlightened press at "the frequency of reprints from periodical literature." But no apology or approach to any apology was necessary in the case of the present reprint; nor, we may take occasion to say, is the "virtue" of our contemporaries in this matter worth a bit more than the "virtue" of Lady Booby. It has neither an intellectual root nor a moral root: it is the unreasonable and unwholesome prudery of a poor low state of mind that is avaricious of something to be indignant about—a state of mind naturally fostered by the peculiar experience of the professional journalist, who has to be always hunting about for topics, and, when he has got them, is bound to lash himself up to "effective" heat. The practice of reprinting the fugitive papers of good writers is an excellent practice. Where papers are spread over a number of years in a magazine, even when the magazine itself is possessed by the possessor of the reprint, he is a gainor. Even when the title does not in terms—as it does in this case—express the fact of the reprinting, we question whether any one is ever misled to his own hurt. If "most men are fools," they are quite sharp enough in laying out their money, and tacit understandings are in such matters effective. If a man wishes to give a pleasant title to his "reprint," it does not follow that he either deceives or means to deceive (and he very rarely does deceive) the buyer.

Nine of the papers in the present volume are from *Good Words*: the tenth ("Les Apôtres") is from the *Fortnightly Review*; so that there is a certain amount of reserve even in Mr. Rogers's frank title. But we intended only to call attention here to the opinion, expressed in the preface, that a "cosmopolitan" periodical, such as the *Fortnightly Review* was, or might have been, under Mr. Lewes, is a desirable thing, both for the interests of literature and of truth. But it is difficult to conceive the idea carried out well except under an editorial council; and that is, for a periodical of weight, a scarcely workable idea. Nobody could be more impartial than Mr. Lewes, and the *Fortnightly* under his management did really contain papers impartially varied as to character and source; but this did not prevent its being extensively stigmatized as "an infidel publication," a "positivist magazine, you know," and the like.

It is impossible to criticize a volume so miscellaneous as this. "Thoughts for the New Year," a brief memoir of "the late Samuel Fletcher" of Manchester, "Prose Composition," "John Huss," "Public Executions," "Strikes and Lock-Outs"—what can one say of a set of papers so varied? They have Mr. Rogers's usual characteristics—the quasi-forensic, Paleyan movement of the thought, and the old-fashioned style, with its free use of italic and its nervous cautiousness in phrasing; but they have neither warmth, colour, nor inspiration. We like best the essay on "Railway Accidents." It does not seem to us that the forensic method applied to such questions as the alleged "Persecuting Tendencies" of Christianity is very efficient. A striking example of its inefficiency occurs on page 73. M. Renan says that the martyr is likely to be intolerant if he can himself get the ascendancy. The error here is *rital*; there lies within the paradox an explosive force which would alone suffice to "blow" M. Renan "at the moon." Yet the comment of Mr. Rogers is little more than a verbal criticism.

On page 209, Mr. Rogers says that only ill-natured boys would ever accept an invitation from a schoolmaster to witness a flogging. We have always understood, however, that, at some public schools at least, the friends of the condemned are entitled to be present, and are present in fact. We may have been misinformed; but we think not, and hope not, for such a regulation seems necessary for grave reasons, if Mr. Rogers's "dread flagellifer" is to exercise his function at all.

David Gray, and other Essays, chiefly on Poetry. By ROBERT BUCHANAN. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co. 1868.

THIS volume is quite original as a specimen of book-making. It could only have been produced by a man of fine insights, exquisite literary tact, and great shrewdness, yet in whom there is a lack of that patience which gives the last perfect prevailing touch, leaving nought to be desired. Indeed, occasional turns, abrupt, almost indelicate, reveal to us something like the absence of those higher elements which have their root in a "sublime discontent," such as would certainly have made impossible the blunt, overweening, self-satisfied egotism of many passages we find here. Mr. Buchanan's evil demon is a false culture, which justifies itself by unduly despising other forms of culture, and which almost makes him incapable of generously acknowledging a benefit. The result is that very often he degrades to the imagination what he is too eagerly anxious to exalt to the intellect; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he seeks to storm the one, while he ought to softly and indirectly appeal to the other. He is, in this respect, truer in his poetry than in his prose; but even his poetry witnesses to this tendency. In this volume he gives a chapter—"On my own Tentatives"—which only too clearly proves his eagerness to justify to the intellect, against critical carping, what would most certainly have been better left to justify itself in the imaginations of those who know and love his poems. For, after all, that must be the ultimate answer to the criticism he deprecates. But with respect to the poetry there cannot be the least doubt that Mr. Buchanan himself unconsciously hits at once his strong and his weak point, when he admits us to *his* theory about the use of dialects (p. 304). The present writer had thoughts in that direction months ago; and strangely enough chanced to re-read just at the time that surprising passage of Max Müller's, beginning at p. 57 of the "Science of Language," in which the professor shows the necessity written languages are ever under of being constantly fed from the streams of rude living dialects, if they would not become stagnant lakes. This suggests a great question as to the relation in which art, through language, must stand to life to recover reality, force, virility. And Mr. Buchanan, in his conscious theory, is an illustration of how a great principle may be only half applied, through being seized by the intellect alone. Of all men living, Mr. Buchanan most thoroughly realizes the power that lies in a dialect or vulgar form of speech to restore that warmth, that living glow as of very blood, which has to such an extent passed out of the pale, polished countenance of our written language, pent up as it has been so long with the proprieties. His use of the low London dialects and the Scotch, in "Liz" and other poems, is most skilful, looked at intellectually and critically. But then it has in his case been too much reduced to a system, or rather, perhaps, has never taken rise in that deepest

sympathy or imaginative community which unconsciously uses language as its eager and pliant minister, transforming rude phrases and forms of speech into complete poems like diamonds, flashing out on all sides in the clear-intense lights of emotion. In one word, Mr. Buchanan loses concentration, and consequently dramatic clearness and consistency, by his conscious determination after select and intellectually-assorted phrases. His very skill in this defeats a deeper end of art, of which it should be but the servant. Mr. Buchanan has either been too timid or too bold. We do not want verisimilitude as of photography; but we do want the verisimilitude of imagination; and this Mr. Buchanan has sometimes failed to give us, with the consequent result of amplification without spiritual relief and balance. Hence the discontent generally felt with the language put into the mouth of his characters, and the complaint that the writer's own spectacles have been put on the eyes of low and ignorant persons: the very process of conscious selection which Mr. Buchanan's rule makes necessary, in a certain respect justifies the complaint. But Mr. Buchanan is certainly no imitator. He has tremendous power in using the mere form or body of unwritten speech which the present period supplies to the artist, and which others have neglected or despised; and it is because of this that he has received, as he deserves, such a measure of acceptance. But still the rags of a false philology hang about him; he scarcely grasps the spirit in close imaginative embrace, and only half creates the characters he presents to us. With the exception of some paragraphs in "Liz," and portions of "Poet Andrew," where intense sympathy seems to have given wing to touching words, the more that it was artificially restrained, all Mr. Buchanan's later poems oppress us with a sense of incomplete sympathetic conception, proving itself by an inharmoniousness and low-lighted diffuseness of speech. The article "On my own Tentatives" has not removed, but rather confirmed these impressions independently formed. Mr. Buchanan is too conscious in his reaction against the *scholastic poets*, as he calls them, and does not appreciate as he ought the favour they have done him in unwittingly smoothing his road to the public ear.

But when we said the volume was an original specimen of book-making, we meant what we said. What is really of the least value we have met with somewhere or other before; and so badly, and in such a slovenly way, has the thing been put together, that we confess we felt, and still feel, that the scraps Mr. Buchanan has cut out of the newspapers looked far better in their old setting. The only paragraphs in the first essay which do not verge on ruddy rhetoric, or which have real critical value, have been thus thrown in—that on the "End of Art," for instance, being from the review of "Dallas's Gay Science" in the *Spectator* of May 25, 1867. Here Mr. Buchanan, with a proper respect to the worthy editorial powers that be, shows himself just in process of describing a circuit from his law of sincerity to that of *spiritualization*, in which this Review, June, 1867, too, may claim credit for having given him a further small, though unacknowledged impulse. Certain it is, that several of Mr. Buchanan's omissions and additions in the article on "Literary Morality," and sentences elsewhere, would seem to signify as much, even although it went no further than forcing him to the acknowledgment that "faithfulness to the [essential] tendencies of one's time"—which are, in fact, the gathered result of the struggles and defeats of all former ages—was worthy of being taken into account along with the idea of sincerity (p. 56), now shown by Mr. Buchanan himself to be very "inexhaustive;" and in compelling him to the insertion of Goethe's remark (pp. 244, 259), on which we said his article was hung, as a sermon on its text, where it had much better have been at first. It is hopeful to see that Mr. Buchanan is not wholly unamenable to true and fair criticism. But, by the way, why is it that he so obstinately refuses to see the beauty of the "Northern Farmer?" He admires "The Brook" and "The Grandmother," because of the great wave of emotion on which common experience is uplifted as into cruelly-pathetic sunlight of springtide (p. 296). Is it not possible that, in the later and more powerful poem, we have the touching contrast between the weakness and unavailableness of the individual and the strong iron forces of Nature, even when restricted within the narrow bounds of the lowliest daily work? To make such an unideal character-medium as the Northern Farmer vibrate, charged with such a universal emotional current (strangely kindred, too, with the fatalistic "hopelessness of the struggle," yet "grand by the very desire

of struggling" characteristic of the Greeks themselves), and nevertheless to keep the teaching so subordinate to typical traits as even to deceive a man like Mr. Buchanan, seems to us, we confess, a very triumph of dramatic power.

Mr. Buchanan being really a man of genius, and an excellent writer, it is unnecessary to say that this book abounds in fine passages, in which we have keen glances cast sharply into deep and dark places, though, generally speaking, his attitude is unsteady and his writing without due groundwork of calm reflection. His thoughts lie like crystals thrown carelessly on marble, with prismatic lights playing over them, and alternately confusing and dazzling the eye of the onlooker. He may write such an essay on art as will last, if he will but thoroughly think out the theme: in this volume he has been but trifling, or at best playing with it, though even in playing he throws together prime materials. The essay on David Gray is simple and touching, yet spoiled a little by a self-assertive tone; which, however, the bits of poetry—and it is genuine poetry—almost satisfactorily atone for. The essay on "Walt Whitman" is a puzzle, both as respects the way in which Mr. Buchanan escapes anything like applying definite principles of criticism, and his peculiar blindness to the real genesis of that materialistico-mystical form of thought, the seeds of which, blown from the far East as if by secret winds, have found a new soil in the Western world. We do not see that Mr. Buchanan has completely grasped Whitman's secret, but he has doubtless done something in guiding others to do it. His distinction between contemporary and eternal truth, however, is the moorest figment of the brain; these two, for subtle reasons connected with the "faithfulness to one's time," being with the artist essentially one. On the whole, this volume might not inaptly have been titled "*My own Tentatives*," inasmuch as it gives promise of perfect prose and scientific criticism, rather than in any respect attains them. It is, we regret to see, full of errors and misprints; but that fault may not be the author's: can it be that of the Chiswick Press?

Miscellaneous Essays. Second Series. By the Rev. WILLIAM KIRKUS, LL.B.
London: Longmans. 1867.

If we may judge from this and the author's former volume of essays, he is one of those who, having traversed a small circle of intellectual truth, *practically* settle almost at the point where they set out. But Mr. Kirkus, vainly fancying that he has worked inward to the centre, instead of round about outer forms of truth, considers himself entitled to look down on the bulk of men with such supreme contempt as would be painful to witness, were it not that he occasionally utters such angry screams as betray a restless dissatisfaction, and an ill-concealed doubtfulness of his own position. Wise men try to rise above the most prominent vices of those against whom they pit themselves, though it may only be to get greater purchase in opposing them. Mr. Kirkus, on the other hand, is as dogmatic and intolerant as the narrowest Calvinist, and has as little consideration for the *feelings* of others, even where these twine themselves round things the most sacred. He has no soft moods, no emotional fluency, scarce a trace of tenderness. He who can *believe* with his whole heart and mind, without the distractions and intellectual siftings which are heralds of a half-and-half rationalism, is with Mr. Kirkus one of the "simple souls" (!). There is but one way to truth, and that is his way. His faith in his own nostrums were certainly to be envied, did he not sometimes unconsciously betray that strange self-distrust. In matters literary and philosophical Mr. Kirkus writes clearly, and with incisive vigour; he has the knack of making points; and he sometimes trips up an adversary very cleverly, though we cannot help fancying that we usually hear immediately after a sort of husky chuckle which, as showing that mere victory is more prized than truth, detracts from the worth of the service, even when it is undoubtedly valuable. The swift-descending stroke of the satiric weapon constantly puts out the little flickering flame of reverence. Contempt is truly a "dangerous element to live in." Mr. Kirkus, however, is by nature polemical and harsh; cross-grained, and with so many knots, that it is very unlikely the casual passage of the reviewing plane will do much to smooth and soften his hard, rough surface. Yet might it not be well for him, even in his own interest, to refrain from such coarse, offensive, almost indecent expressions, as are to be found in this book? This is one: "For the story of the pre-

servation of Jonah we do not care at all—not even enough to rouse ourselves to deny it. . . . The conditions of human life in a whale's belly are absolutely not worth knowing.”—(P. 256.) We are glad to observe, however, that Mr. Kirkus has had the grace to modify that coarse sentence about the Cautels of the [Anglican] mass in the essay “On Ritualism,” as it appeared in the *Journal of Sacred Literature*. Instead of the cautels being “so loathsomely blasphemous that it is a refreshing relief to turn from them to the coarse oaths of a drunken costermonger,” they are now merely “as loathsome as they are absurd.” This is a step in the right direction, and we hope it is the small beginning of a great and necessary work with Mr. Kirkus, who often seems to kick at the walls rather than the door of people's spiritual abodes, with the only result of injury to his own limbs.

VI.—MISCELLANEOUS.

The South African Controversy in its Relations to the Church of England. A Speech delivered in the Lower House of the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, June 29th, 1867. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., Dean of Westminster. Oxford and London: James Parker & Co. 1867.

Correspondence of the Most Rev. the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Reverend the Lord Archbishop of York, the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of London, with the Bishop of Capetown, concerning the Appointment of an Orthodox Bishop to Natal. London: Rivingtons. 1860.

THESE two pamphlets represent two stages in the long drama, likely to be tragic enough in its passions and its issues, yet not without an element of the ludicrous intermingling with it, of which Bishop Colenso has been the hero. It does not lie within our present scope to deal with that sad history as a whole. There are a few lessons to be learnt from each of the phases which are here presented to us which we are unwilling to pass over.

I. We seldom read one of Dean Stanley's speeches, when he appears as a volunteer counsel for the defendant in a case of heresy, without being reminded of the Eastern apologue which both Goethe and Archbishop Trench have versified. In the streets of a Jewish city there lay, so it runs, the carcase of a dead dog. The passers-by came and looked, and one said, “See how foul his skin!” and another, “How blear and sore his eyes!” and a third, “How hideous and bent his legs!” And at last there came a wise man and prophet (in Goethe's version it is the prophet of Nazareth), and he looked as with a divine pity, and pointed to what they had not noticed: “See how white his teeth are, even white as pearls!” Something like this, we say, is found in Dr. Stanley's chivalrous defence of his accused brethren. Others may heap on the Bishop of Natal's head all his many offences against the current belief of Christendom: he remembers that that bishop has employed himself, almost alone out of the whole Anglican Episcopate, in translating the Bible into the language of the people to whom he has been sent. We may feel that this is not, that it does not even pretend to be, a judicial estimate of the precise bearing of his teaching; that there are some graver faults on his side than the objections to “Hymns, Ancient and Modern,” which, in the Dean's words, “place him almost on the same level as his opponents;” but it is impossible to refuse our sympathy to the tempor which leads Dean Stanley to run to the rescue of one who stands almost alone, fighting against overwhelming odds. Seldom has the challenge—

“Me, me (adsum qui feci), in me convertite ferrum,”

been given more boldly than in the following passage, and as yet, it must be remembered, no champion has taken up the gauntlet:

“I might mention one who . . . has ventured to say that the Pentateuch is not the work of Moses; who has ventured to say that there are parts of the Sacred Scriptures which are poetical and not historical; who has ventured to say that the Holy Scriptures themselves lose infinitely by our being able to acknowledge both that poetical character and also the historical incidents in their true historical reality; who has ventured to

ty that the narratives of those historical events are coloured not unfrequently by the necessary infirmities which belong to the human instruments by which they were conveyed—and that individual is the one who now addresses you.”—(P. 59.)

It strikes us, however, that the most instructive parts of Dean Stanley's pamphlet are the statements in the preface as to the way in which business is transacted both in the Upper and the Lower House of Convocation. Motions which are to be trumpeted to the world as embodying the “synodical judgment” of the English Church are concocted behind the scenes, brought forward without notice, carried in the Upper House by 4 against 3, or 2, or 1, as the case may be; carried in the Lower House, which consists of 140 members, by 11 against 5. It is idle to attach any weight to the decisions of a body which has this standard of the right way of discharging quasi-judicial, quasi-legislative functions, and at the risk of being as one who is to be “excommunicated, and not restored until he repent and publicly revoke that his wicked error;” * we must say that it is impossible, as long as this is so, to look on the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury as the “Sacred Synod of the nation, the true Church of England by representation.”

II. The Correspondence which the Bishop of Capetown has published leaves a melancholy impression of the power which uncertain counsels and vacillating will exercise, with whatever excellence and kindness they are joined, to place all on whom they operate in a false position, and to leave behind them a bitterness and exasperation which consistent firmness might have avoided. If it be true that at every step which he has taken the Bishop of Capetown has had the sanction of the Archbishop of Canterbury (p. 10), if this extended not only to an approval of Mr. Maerorie as the new bishop, but to an approval of the arrangements which were at one time in contemplation for holding the consecration in England (p. 36), then it is hardly too much to say that the proper scene for that consecration would have been the chapel of the Palace of Lambeth. If, on the other hand, the Archbishop adhered to the purpose which he expressed in Convocation in 1869, that he would never consent to the appointment of a new Bishop of Natal, or even had failed to ascertain whether the conditions which he says had seemed to him essential in Mr. Butler's case (p. 34) had been fulfilled in that of Mr. Maerorie, then, instead of dallying with so grave a matter and encouraging the *Primus* of the Scotch Episcopal Church to commit himself to so questionable an act, he ought, it seems clear, to have stopped the Bishop of Capetown at an earlier stage of his somewhat headlong course, and have saved the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of York from the painful task which, through this infirmity of purpose, fell on them, and which has brought them into collision with one whose language, at all times high-pitched in tone, now passes into a half-sorrowful, half-threatening harshness. The Church of South Africa menaces the Church of England, now “on its trial before Christendom,” with something like excommunication, unless, by sanctioning the appointment of a new Bishop of Natal, and recognising the binding force of a deposition which has been declared “null and void at law” by the highest tribunal in ecclesiastical causes, it clears itself from the guilt of complicity and alliance with heresy (pp. 30, 31, 38). It becomes an unpardonable offence, bringing at least one prelate (unless, of course, the words were used “inadvertently”) under that sentence, to address a bishop who has never been deposed by any tribunal which the Law Courts of England recognise as “my dear Lord.” To call him (is not the Bishop of Capetown quoting the subscription of the letter rather than its salutation?) a “faithful brother in Christ,” is to be partaker in his evil deeds. One reflects with satisfaction that the Church of South Africa has not yet erased the names of W. Ebor and A. C. London from its diptychs, as the prelates of Alexandria and Constantinople were wont to do those of their opponents, but the danger is clearly imminent. They, at all events, we are sure, will not fail to recognise, in spite of the hot zeal and the strong words, and the revolutionary tactics of the Bishop of Capetown, that there is in him much to admire and honour, that he has been placed in a position of singular difficulty, and has fought his battle, not wisely perhaps, but certainly with an unshrinking courage and an unsparing sacrifice of ease.

Contemporary French Painters. An Essay. By P. G. HAMERTON, Author of "A Painter's Camp." With Sixteen Photographic Illustrations. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Co. 1867.

The Lakes in Sunshine. Being Photographic and other Pictures of the Lake District. With Descriptive Letter-press by JAMES PAYN. Windermere: J. Garnett. 1867.

WHEN photography was first applied to landscape and other departments of art, it was feared by many that the true interests of art would suffer. Such fears have not been realized. It is quite true that photography has modified some ideas loosely held, and has been one of the chief means of inducing that careful study of nature, and a minute attention to details, which the pre-Raphaelites have pushed to a somewhat perilous extreme. But it is becoming more and more clear that, if art is to occupy its high place, it must cease to emulate that bald truth and exactness of representation, in which it can never successfully compete with photography in its later refinement and perfection. What, at the best, is an end with the one must be but a means with the other. If a painter copies nature merely, and seeks details for their own sake, then he will stand a very poor chance with the apostles of the *camera obscura*. But fact is what they seek; mental or spiritual expression is what he must seek; and the measure of his success lies in the power of that expression, to which all details and minutiae are but channels and accessories. Carlyle well points out somewhere that we do not care for God's great pictures on hill and plain till some one like ourselves has written his own character in the process of reproducing them on canvas. It is because art thus gives what no photography can, that the latter cannot materially effect any, save those who are scarcely anything, after all, but photographers. But photography has its own office in relation to the highest art. Where nothing but copies are available, it saves the dreary degradation of copying of which Mr. Ruskin so complains, and gives us fac-similes of pictures such as we could not otherwise have.

Mr. Hamerton's beautiful and thoughtful book on "Contemporary French Painters" admittedly owes its existence to a method at once truer, handier, cheaper, and more effective than any positive copying or engraving could be. These sixteen photographs of French pictures are wonderfully clear and faithful, and Mr. Hamerton's text is quite worthy of them. We feel at once that we are in the hands of a thinker and a thorough artist, who has learnt to slip out of his own personal stand-point to faithfully interpret for us what is true and genuine through all mannerism and conventionality of treatment; and this is the *sine quâ non* of the art-critic. It is true that Mr. Hamerton, in the very strength and originality of his ideas of art, is apt to be a little egotistic, and to put things rather strongly either for or against; but we always feel that there is a basis of criticism behind what he says, however self-assertive he may be. He is severe enough upon the pretentious exclusiveness of the French classical school; and yet he is ready to admit, and to trace out, the peculiar qualities of its leaders—David and Ingres—and to acknowledge merits where they really are. In our opinion, however, he somewhat overrates the soft moonlight sleepiness of Troyon, depreciates unduly the dramatic vigour and natural realism of Rosa Bonheur, and altogether deals unjustly with Meissonier and Gérôme. Sentiment is much in art; but if not a rock, it is a mist which may hide the rocks on which genius may wreck, in neglecting or despising those universal forms of feeling which the romanticists tend to ignore from reasons precisely the opposite of those that led the classicists to do so.

On the whole, however, Mr. Hamerton's is a beautiful, elegant, and valuable drawing-room book. Here and there, as at pp. 25 and 50, the deepest principles are enunciated, which all interested in art would do well to ponder.

"The Lakes in Sunshine" carries us most pleasantly through that region of Westmoreland, &c., made classical by the names of Wilson and Wordsworth, and other gifted men of the past generation. Mr. Pavn writes with much gracefulness and buoyancy; in fact, he is here and there just a little affectedly light and dashing. But he is a first-rate companion; even "his failings lean to virtue's side," and that is saying much. The photographs are, without an exception, exquisite—especially those of Winander Mere, Ullswater, and Brea Tarn. But what could have led the publisher to introduce so many inferior cuts

into the letter-press? Some of Mr. Linton's are fine; but there are a few which tend to destroy the appearance of what, in all other respects, is a chaste and beautiful book, doing not a little honour to the Windermerer Press. It is accompanied with an excellent map of the district described.

Suggestions on Academical Organization, with especial Reference to Oxford. By MARK PATTISON, B.D., Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1868.

To the outer world of readers Mr. Pattison is chiefly known as the writer of the ablest paper (happy, too, in being the least attacked) in the volume of "Essays and Reviews," which were forced some five years ago into an unenviable notoriety. Within the narrower circle of University life, he is conspicuous as one of the most thorough of Oxford educational reformers. His evidence before the Commission of 1852, and his contribution to the "Oxford Essays" for 1855, were among the most valuable of the elements which brought about the changes then effected. He now comes forward to pronounce judgment on the practical results of the system thus brought into operation, and propounds, with some fulness, a scheme for fulfilling more completely the vocation of the University.

Mr. Pattison's view of the actual state of Oxford is not an encouraging one. Of the whole body of students, 30 per cent. read for honours; the remaining 70 are passmen. The latter employ the three or four precious years between 18 and 22 in an unprofitable and unwilling repetition of the work which they did, or ought to have done, at school. They read the same books, grind at the same mills of grammar and composition, attend lectures because they must, have no other object in reading but that of passing an examination, minimize their studies accordingly, and, by a natural reaction, tend to drag down the standard of the examiners to their own level. They are so worried with these examinations (responsions, moderations, final B.A. schools) that they never look beyond them. With the majority of them the athletic sports of the University are the business, not the recreation, of their lives. They aim at the excellence, not of scholars, but of gladiators. And the influence of such men upon the college tutors is naturally more or less deteriorating. In their very zeal to save their pupils from the disgrace of failure in the schools, their teachers descend to their level, lead them just to the examination standard, and no further—enable them, in fact, to dispense with private "coaches" and crammers (this evil, Mr. Pattison tells us, has diminished greatly of late years), but only by adopting for themselves the crammer's lower aims and content with poor results. For the moral working of the system we will quote Mr. Pattison's own words:—

"Spoiled by the luxury of home and early habits of self-indulgence, the young aristocrat has lost the power of commanding the attention, and is not only indisposed for, but incapable of, work. Profound idleness and luxuriousness have corrupted his nature. He is no longer capable of being attuned to anything. He is either the foppish exquisite of the drawing-room, or the barbarized athlete of the arena, and beyond these spheres all life is to him a blank. Congregated mostly in one college, they maintain in it a tone of contempt for study, and a taste for boyish extravagance and dissipation, which infects the moral atmosphere far beyond their own circle."—(P. 241.)

Nor is the effect of the present system on the higher culture of the 30 per cent. more satisfactory. Here, it is true, there is a wider range. In addition to Classics, the student has the option of Law and History, or Mathematics, or Natural Science. But here, too, the examination system works for evil, and not for good. It assumes an extent and variety of knowledge which, at the age of the examinees, cannot be more than superficial. It expects ten or twelve questions to be answered in three hours, each of which would require months or years of study. And so the result is, that the successful candidates for honours is the man who has learned to beat his gold into the thinnest leaf. The merits of the system are, in Mr. Pattison's judgment, far outweighed by the defects.

"To glean rapidly the current ideas floating about the schools, to acquire the knack of dexterous manipulation of the terms that express them, to put himself into the hands of a practised tutor, to be set in the way of writing in the newest style of thought upon every possible subject, and inserting the quotations from Aristotle in their proper

places—this is all that the student has time to do between moderations and the final schools, if he is to stand up to such an examination as we then propose to him. Ideation is stimulated by the process, the philosophic imagination awakened, a desire for knowledge created, and an acquaintance with much of the results of knowledge acquired. But as mental training it is surely most unsound. It cannot be called ‘philosophical.’ It is rhetoric expended upon philosophical subjects. It is the reappearance in education of the *σοφιστική* of the schools of Greece, condemned by all the wise. Its highest outcome is the ‘able editor’ who, under protection of the anonymous press, instructs the public upon all that concerns their highest interests, with a dogmatism and assurance proportioned to his utter ignorance of the subject he is assuming to teach. In the schools of Oxford is now taught in perfection the art of writing ‘leading articles.’”—(Pp. 294-5.)

But the crowning evil of the whole, in Mr. Pattison’s eyes, is, that the professors themselves share in the general deterioration. They either have no classes, or miserably small ones, because men are working exclusively with a view to the examination-schools, or they have to attract larger ones by descending to school-work—doing what should be left to assistant-tutors, grinding over and over again at the rudiments of the subject which they teach, instead of mounting themselves, and leading others, to the highest attainable elevations. Hence the professorships, if no longer filled unworthily, are yet far below the ideal—far below what has actually been achieved in the Universities of Germany.

Mr. Pattison’s remedy for these evils is, at least, thorough-going: it will seem to many revolutionary. Like all such schemes, it will be called fanciful, unpractical, Utopian. But it is at least worth studying, as the development of the plan sketched out by Professor H. H. Vaughan in his evidence before the Commission of 1852, and as showing the direction in which the efforts of the University reformers who look on him as a leader are likely to work for some years to come. He proposes, then, to make an entire change in the whole collegiate system. Not only are men to be allowed to enter the University, and reside anywhere without belonging to any college or hall, but the college buildings are to be given up, in great part, for the residence of the married professors and tutors in each faculty—two or more colleges being grouped together for this purpose as belonging to Law and History, or Physical Science, and the like. And, when admitted, there are to be no compulsory lectures, no examinations, even on entrance, no B.A. degree for the 70 per cent. of passmen. In compulsory work Mr. Pattison sees the root of all evil. All *fleiss-controle* (control of industry), *studien-zwang*, *zwangs-collegien*, *zwang* (constraint) of every kind, is, therefore, to disappear, as regards the unwilling.

Compulsion, however, reappears precisely where it might seem to be least wanted. Candidates for honours are to “submit to a prescribed order” (P. 255), exercising their freedom of choice only as regards subjects and teachers. They must end their general training in Arts at the close of their first year, and then devote themselves to a special faculty, and go in for their M.A. degree (the B.A. being abolished as unnecessary) at the end of a given period. They are to be encouraged in their labours by the prospect of a graduated series of prizes—Tutorships, Lectureships, Professorships, Senior Fellowships, or Headships; and these, it must be confessed, are on a sufficiently liberal scale. Taking as his *grand-idea* (we are infected with Mr. Pattison’s fondness for Germanisms) that the function of a University is neither to teach nor to discover truth, neither education for social duties nor the progress of science, but the maintenance and transmission of the highest standard of knowledge that has been hitherto attained outside the University, he proposes that this should be the object of a new scientific profession, the prizes of which should at least be equal to those of other professions. Fellowships, as they exist at present, are, therefore, to be applied *ad libitum* to the foundation or augmentation of professorships till their incomes vary from £1,000 to £1,700 a year. Police Magistrates and Registrars of Probate Courts have, he argues (P. 200), incomes on this scale, and he claims a like amount for the labour of the professors, forgetting that the work in the one case is for ten or eleven months in the year, and, on an average, six or eight hours a day, and of the nature of drudgery; and that, in the other, it is for six or seven months, with no defined daily work, and of a kind intrinsically delightful. How the professors are to be kept to their work—whether they are to be bound to give a required number of lectures, how they are to be prevented from falling

into a routine of half-active indolence—we own that we do not gather from his book. He leaves this to public feeling, the contagious sympathy of culture, the sense of duty. The function of the professors, indeed, is, he repeats, *not* primarily to teach—least of all, to teach with any view to success in the work of life, or to preparing for University examinations. He quotes, with manifest sympathy, the saying that “the life of a professor would be a very pleasant one, if it was not for the lecturing,” and this drawback on the perfect blessedness of that office he seems anxious at least to minimize.

For further details and arguments we must refer our readers to the volume itself. The scheme tempts the “seventy” with a golden age of no lectures, no examinations, no chapels, unlimited leisure for the river, the cricket-field, the “wine,” the supper. It tempts the “thirty” with golden prizes and congenial work. It may be questioned whether it will meet the wishes of the parents of average sons who want their children to be instructed, trained, prepared for their work in life, or the requirements of a legislature bent, as a reformed Parliament is likely to be, on getting its money’s worth for its money. From these two quarters it will probably meet with all the opposition which Mr. Pattison owns that he expects (P. 139). But it must be admitted that it unites attractions for each class of students. It ingeniously contrives to bring together the revolution of Lilliput Levée* and the organization of the University of Laputa.

It seems right to call attention to a slip of the press or the pen which causes some perplexity in following Mr. Pattison’s arithmetical calculations. In p. 104 he reckons the sum at present given to Divinity professors at £9,445 *per annum*. Five out of the seven chairs are attached to canonries of Christchurch, valued at £1,700 each, and accordingly, in p. 106, we find the following abatement of the estimate:—

“These Divinity professorships may thus be regarded as serving two purposes, and we might therefore deduct £600 a year for ‘services’ for each canonry, and consider the remainder as an endowment of learning. This would leave, as the teaching endowment of Divinity, a total of only £3,000.”

And the same figures are repeated on p. 107.

The deduction of 5×600 from £9,445 would, it is clear, give a residue of £6,445—more than double the amount at which the “teaching endowment” is thus valued.

The Pastor’s Note-Book. By the late Rev. BENJAMIN KENT, of Lower Norwood, Surrey. London: W. Kent & Co. 1867.

APART from the interest a thoughtful person always feels in contemplating the broken and imperfect result of the labour of a good man gone to his rest, this volume contains not a little that must on its own account have value for numerous readers. Mr. Kent seems to have been a sincere, earnest, open-minded man, penetrated by ideas from the highest sources, yet never mastered by them, and thus giving out with new force and weight what, from sheer repetition, tends to become cold and tedious in the pulpit. We should say his chief characteristic was *steadiness* of mind. He never wavers, and yet he is never hard or rigidly dogmatic; if not broad, he is widely liberal, and with a tone we have several times welcomed in the more cultured type of Nonconformist. We had marked fine passages at pp. 20, 45, 121, 131, and 218, but Mr. Kent did not make fine effects his aim so much as the careful arrangement of subordinate thoughts round a central one; and so clear and steady are some of the outlines of discourses we have here, that we feel the sermons must have been markedly thoughtful and quietly effective. Evidently they were “not done to be reported well of, but done for love and dear honour’s sake, and which can no more be hid than one can ‘hide the wind’” (p. 168).

* “They offered a prize for the laziest boy,
And one for the most magnificent toy;
They split or burnt the canes off-hand,
They made new laws in Lilliput-land.

“Never do to-day what you can
Put off till to-morrow, one of them ran;
Late to bed and late to rise,
Was another law which they did devise.”

The next step belongs rather to the development of the higher culture:—

“They passed a law to have always plenty,
Of beautiful things.”

Lilliput Levée, p. 3.

The Personal Payment of Rates and the Reform Act of 1867. By G. SILLW LÉFÈVRE, M.P. London: William Ridgway. 1868.

Is the principle of the new Reform Bill, as has been constantly maintained by Mr. Disraeli, that of personal payment of rates by the voter? Mr. Lefevre maintains that this is a pure fallacy; that the rate-paying conditions of the Act of 1867 are the same as those of the Act of 1832, under which, by a series of judicial decisions, it has been established that "payment by a landlord under arrangement with the tenant, the tenant paying rates in his rent, is a payment sufficient to satisfy the Act." Nothing, in short, he tells us, has been done but to repeal the legal sanction which was given to such arrangements by the Small Tenements Act, and to revive all those inconveniences which led to its being passed. And although the Reform Act of 1867 is, he tells us, "as wide in theory" as he "had wished, far more so" than he "expected," and he would "be glad to have done with all questions of the franchise, and to pass on to other urgent matters," he holds that in the interest of the rate-payers, it will be necessary to revert to the principle of the legal compounding of rates. These views seem to be justified by the facts, so far as they have gone hitherto, since the repeal of compounding is the only portion of the Bill which has produced positive irritation, and it is probable that in a few years more the last-discovered palladium of the British Constitution, personal payment of rates, will have ended its brief existence, and like many of its discarded predecessors, will leave the defenceless object of its protection as tough and lively as ever.

Reports of Artisans selected by a Committee appointed by the Society of Arts to visit the Paris Universal Exhibition, 1867. London, published for the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce: Bell and Daldy. 1867.

ONE of the pleasant features of the Universal Exhibitions of late years has been the attempt made in various countries to procure for the producer a sight of the collected materials, implements, and products of industry. What is more, he has been invited, after seeing, to tell of what he has seen, and he has shown himself fully able to do so. Hence, after our own Exhibition of 1862, the volumes of reports published in the name of the delegates of the Paris and Lyons working men; hence now, in turn, the thick and very cheap volume (over 700 pages for 2s. 6d.) above referred to, consisting of—1st. "Reports by Artisans from London, Sheffield, Coventry, Bradford, Newcastle-under-Lyne, &c.;" 2nd. "Reports by Artisans from Birmingham," with an "Introductory Report" to the latter by Mr. W. C. Aitken, Birmingham. The contents of the volume are indeed very unequal, and it is unfortunate that it opens with perhaps the most flashy and superficial report in the whole collection; one disfigured, moreover, by a coarseness of detail from which all the others are wholly free—which might have been omitted without the slightest detriment to its value—and which can only serve to disgust many readers at the outset, and to give a very false idea of the feelings and language of educated English working men. A good many reports, on the other hand, are very dry, thin, and jejune; but the bulk are thoughtful and painstaking, and several rise in various ways to real excellence. Among the authors' names may be observed those of several men well known to the public through their connection with political movements, as Mr. Lucraft, Mr. George Howell, Mr. Connolly, Mr. Hermann Jung, Mr. Coningsby; and these will be found by no means the least practical, whilst at the same time among the freest from bitterness and rant.

In a literary point of view, the two which rise pre-eminent above the others are those of Mr. Connolly and Mr. Coningsby. Any professed writer might well envy the former his quick observation, his vivid power of expression, his native humour and pathos; as when he describes the waggons which conveyed him and his party from the Paris railway terminus to their lodgings in the Avenue Rapp:—

"Our mode of conveyance, although inelegant, was very comfortable, and the horses quiet, sensible-looking animals. They appeared to understand the French language spoken to them by our coachman much better than most of us who were riding on the waggon, and to know that with all his noise and gestures he had no desire to hurt them, or that they should harm themselves by going fast."

Or describes the "English coffee-house"—

"Kept by a Frenchman and his wife, who carried on a millinery business in Piccadilly, where, I presume, they acquired the art of English cookery; and here it was practised in all its naked simplicity—with a gas-stove not larger than a Dutch clock."

Or observes, in reference to the labour-saving machinery in the French building trades:—

"While looking at those machines, the idea struck me that if there were not so many Irishmen in the world, England would have to use her labour more economically."

Or indicates, with one inimitable touch, the less "harsh line of demarcation between class and class" in Paris than in London:—

"Inside the walls of a sacred edifice in Paris the poorest man feels as if he had already passed the confines of the grave, where all distinctions of rank and riches cease. Kneeling beside a duke, if he likes, he worships God from the same level."

Mr. Coningsby's "Special Report on the Conditions and Habits of the French Working Classes," based, he tells us, "upon an experience of French life gained during a year's residence in different parts of Paris and its suburbs, and a few short stays in several important provincial towns," is simply the best thing yet written by an Englishman on the subject, and as good as it probably could be under the circumstances of so limited a stay. It contains a few erroneous, several disputable conclusions, but is nevertheless, on the whole, fair, moderate, and judicious throughout, and such as few can read without profit, and none who know anything of the subject without admiration of its general correctness and truthfulness. Almost any page of it would bear extracting, but the following (slightly-abridged) passage may be selected as presenting with vivid reality one of those constantly-recurring curses of the French military system, which an Englishman finds it so difficult to conceive:—

"The young French workman is liable to the conscription, and words cannot convey to Englishmen a sense of the heavy burden of this liability. Once a year the drawing takes place, when all the men who are over eighteen years old, who have not drawn, must present themselves at the office of the mayor, or some other properly-appointed official, that their liberty for the next seven years may be deliberately 'raffled.' I use a word which will make the transaction plain to English mechanics. The scene at one of these annual drawings is painful in the extreme. Mothers and sweethearts stand round the doors of the bureau, wringing their hands and weeping, as now and again some young fellow steps out with a blank look on his face, which shows that he has drawn a low number; while, a little further off, anxious-looking groups of men, who are no less interested in the fate of the lads within, stand smoking and chatting together gloomily. The behaviour of the unfortunate youths themselves who have got bad numbers is just what may be expected in men of their age and nation. They bear their evil fortune bravely; some, indeed, look forward with real pleasure to a life of adventure, while others—who see in the piece of paper they hold in their hand the death-warrant of all their hopes and expectations—hide their grief beneath a forced but manly smile, and accept their fate without a murmur. When the day of parting comes, the young conscripts troop away in a crowd around their sergeant; their friends follow them through the neighbourhood, shaking hands and embracing, and amidst shouts and weeping, songs, witticisms, and swooning women, the gallant defenders of France take their farewell of home. They go to the north and the south—to Cochinchina, Algeria, and 'elsewhere.'"

If Mr. Connolly's and Mr. Coningsby's reports have alone been quoted from in the above extracts, it is not by any means because many of the other reports would not well bear extracting from. And although, indeed, the volume on the whole is oppressively big—considered especially with reference to its repetitions and its incompleteness—yet a selection from it would form a really interesting work, giving unequivocal proof of the powers of observation, reflection, and description of English artisans. The want of editing in the present volume is indeed really painful: to quote one instance only, an unfortunate joiner is allowed to stumble into the extraordinary blunder of confounding the Code Napoleon with a collection of laws regulating the building trade. It was unkind enough to himself not to have warned him of his error before sending the page to press; it is still more unkind to his fellows not to have warned them of it by a note.



"OF CHRIST ALONE WITHOUT SIN."*

A REPLY TO PROFESSOR TYNDAL.

PROFESSOR TYNDAL, in his remarks upon the Bampton Lectures of 1865 in the *Fortnightly Review*, confined himself generally to a ground of science—a ground upon which he justly felt himself strong, and in connection with which he has won so high a name: though I should be disposed to draw a broad distinction between the most intimate, subtle, and even imaginative insight into the facts of science and—what the Professor appears to claim—an exclusive right to the inferences, whether physical or metaphysical, from them.† Upon one occasion, however, the Professor enters upon special theological ground, and objects to miraculous evidence as applying to the doctrine of our Lord's sinlessness:—

"Mr. Mozley demands a miracle as a certificate of character. He will accept no other evidence of the perfect goodness of Christ. 'No outward

* The XVth Article.

† "They have no monopoly by virtue of their special knowledge of the elements of the question."—*Guardian*, Feb. 15. "Undoubtedly," says Mr. Fowler, "we owe the wonderful discoveries which have distinguished our age to the exercise of the greatest faculties of our nature by men who have been singularly endowed; and certainly no greater gift was ever bestowed upon mankind than the grant of such powers to these men. But granting all this to the fullest extent, we cannot thence conclude that we are to accept from them more than they profess to teach, and to take their authority as final on matters about which their means of knowledge are not greater than our own." "It is natural enough," says a writer in the *Spectator*, "that the evidence of miracles is held insufficient by those who find nothing of spiritual reason in them; sufficient by those who find in them the highest appeal to spiritual reason."

life or conduct,' he says, 'however irreproachable, could prove his perfect sinlessness, because goodness depends upon the inward motive, and the perfection of the inward motive is not proved by the outward act.' But surely the miracle is an outward act, and to pass from it to the inner motive imposes a greater strain upon logic than that involved in our ordinary methods of estimating men. There is at least moral congruity between the outward goodness and the inner life, but there is no such congruity between the miracle and the life within. The test of moral goodness laid down by Mr. Mozley is not the test of John, who says, 'He that doeth righteousness is righteous;' nor is it the test of Jesus, 'By their fruits ye shall know them: do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?' But it is the test of another: 'If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.'

"Accepting Mr. Mozley's test, it is evident that, in the demonstration of moral goodness, the *quantity* of the miraculous comes into play. Had Christ, for example, limited himself to the conversion of water into wine, He would have fallen short of the performance of Jannes and Jambres, for it is a smaller thing to convert one liquid into another than to convert a dead rod into a living serpent. But Jannes and Jambres, we are informed, were not good. Hence, if Mr. Mozley's test be a good one, a point must exist on the one side of which miraculous power demonstrates goodness, while on the other side it does not. How is this 'point of contrary flexure' to be determined? It must lie somewhere between the magicians and Moses: for within this space the power passed from the diabolical to the Divine. But how to make the passage—how, out of a purely *quantitative* difference in the visible manifestation of power, we are to infer a total inversion of quality—it is extremely difficult to see. Let us not play fast and loose with the miraculous; either it is a demonstration of goodness in all cases or in none."

The question of evidence here discussed is one which, from the peculiar nature of the subject-matter of it, I approach with some reluctance. As, however, only a bare reference to the subject was made in the lecture, and as the whole question of miraculous evidence, as applying to it, is so erroneously stated by Professor Tyndall, I will take this opportunity of going somewhat further into the statement of the lecture, though at the cost of treading upon ground where Christian reverence is properly sensitive.

Professor Tyndall, then, here assumes that if miracles act at all as evidence of Christ's sinlessness, they can only do so by reason of the greater quantity of the miraculous in our Lord's case. And upon that assumption he may well ask, What is the quantity which decides sinlessness? Some men who had a certain amount of this power were bad men. "How is this point of contrary flexure to be determined? How out of a purely quantitative difference are we to infer a total inversion of quality?" But to make this assumption is to overlook the fundamental idea of a miracle as evidence. A miracle, regarded in its evidential function, is only a guarantee to an assertion. It depends, therefore, on what the assertion is, what that is which the miracle proves. Nobody before Christ asserted himself to

be without sin. No miraculous powers, therefore, which were exerted before Christ could be any evidence of the sinlessness of those who exerted them. No miracle of itself proves anything; no quantity of the miraculous proves anything; there must be an assertion made before there can be anything for the miracle to verify or guarantee. Between a miracle and a conclusion from it there is an important intervening term—viz., an asserted doctrine or fact.

Professor Tyndall says: "There is at least moral congruity between the outward goodness and the inner life." There is. We can place before ourselves in imagination a certain outward character between which and the supposition of inward sinlessness, assuming the latter to be revealed to us, there would be no disagreement. But between one of these being compatible with the other, supposing the latter to be known and revealed to us, and one of these being sufficient evidence or proof of the other, there is a vast, an immeasurable interval. Take, for example, our Lord's denunciatory language against the scribes and Pharisees. To those who admit, upon the evidence which is laid before them, our Lord's sinlessness, there is not the slightest discord between such language and such sinlessness; but common reason tells us that had we to judge of such language without the assumption of our Lord's sinless character, we could not tell but that some element of imperfection, some shade of prejudice, some passionate excess, might enter into such censures—such taint of mortal frailty as has entered into the speeches and judgments of the best and most pure-minded human reformers. The majesty, the integrity, the holiness of our Lord's character is indeed conspicuous and obvious upon the facts of the case; but when we attribute absolute sinlessness to Him, it is plain that by the laws of reason we must be going upon some further evidence than that which is contained in His outward life and deportment.

The statement in the lecture that "we accept our Lord's perfect goodness upon the same evidence upon which we admit the rest of His supernatural character," assumes, indeed, that sinlessness is a supernatural characteristic; nor, when we examine what we mean by supernatural, can we avoid giving this designation to it. We do not, indeed, assert it to be a *Divine* characteristic, or that it necessitates a Divine nature in the possessor; for Christians hold a past or paradisaical, and a future or heavenly perfection of the simple man; and two very opposite schools have inserted even in this intermediate state of things, and in the actual existing condition of human nature, a sinless mere humanity: Socinians, that of a simply human Christ; a Roman school, that of the Virgin Mary. But though not necessarily a Divine, it is a supernatural characteristic. Both these schools connect the sinlessness which they respectively

attribute to two human personages with a supernatural cause, not even entertaining the idea of such a characteristic being a simply natural fact, or imagining the possibility of mere human nature, or the human nature of experience, producing it. The Racovian Catechism asks the question,—“Was, then, the Lord Jesus a mere or common man?” and answers, “By no means;” by reason of “his supernatural conception, his resurrection, his being sanctified by the Father, and separated from all other men, being distinguished by perfect holiness,” &c. All divines treat our Lord’s sinlessness as part of His supernatural character.

What, indeed, do we mean by supernatural or miraculous? We mean that which contradicts universal experience. But is the field of experience confined to material nature? Does it not include just as truly, and just as strictly, the moral nature of man, the region of his mind, his will, his conscience, his moral feeling, his moral action? Undoubtedly it does. But what does universal experience assert with respect to this moral nature, but that it never as a matter of fact does produce a perfect moral condition of the man; that it never produces any other state of the moral being, but that in which, together with whatever good he may be conscious of, he is also conscious of evil,—evil which he has done, and evil which exists in his motives and springs of action? We only know man as such a being. Different accounts and rationales are given of this fact by different religions and different philosophies, ancient and modern. The doctrine of original sin is the Scriptural account of this fact; Manichæanism is another account of it; Hegelianism is another. But apart from any rationales of this fact, whether false ones or the true one, we are now concerned simply and solely with the fact itself. Using the term *law*, in this moral sphere, in the same sense in which we use it in the physical—viz., as uniform and constant fact—sin is the *law* of human nature, regarded as a field of experience. The presence of it in the individual is as much the law of human nature as gravitation is the law of matter. That is to say, it is always found there as a fact. The extent to which it is perceived by the individual in himself depends upon the cultivation of his conscience, but of its existence in him there is no doubt; the absence of the perception, if it is absent, only indicates the firmer root of the disorder, although it may safely be asserted that no single human being, however savage and rude his condition, is without some consciousness of it.

Again, no theoretical difference in the mode of describing sin, whether as positive, or as a negation and privation of good; no difference even in the moral estimate of sin, whether a latitudinarian view of such sin as is universal, which represents it as a less serious matter, or whether a profounder or more condemnatory view of it is adopted;—

neither of these differences affects at all the universal fact of sin. The most latitudinarian doctrine of sin admits that every man has cause for moral regret ; it admits a struggle in every human heart in which the will has often given way to temptation, and taken the worse side instead of the better ; it confesses to an impediment to goodness in every man, which has been yielded to wrongly or sinfully. Even the Pantheistic Fatalist's view of sin does not in the least interfere with the universality of sin. He regards good and evil, indeed, as at bottom homogeneous facts, the growth of one root, one great impartial discharge from the machine and workshop of the universe ; but though he explains away sin at the base, he admits the universal phenomenon ; in spite of his own explanation, he cannot rid himself of the *sense* of sin, of the inward confession of it, of the burden of self-reproach, and the pains of conscience. The poet of Pantheism makes it a matter of charge against the constitution of the universe that he is subject to such a galling yoke :—

“ And who made terror, madness, crime, remorse
And self-contempt bitterer to drink than blood.”

But in the very complaint at the injustice of it he admits its inexorable pressure. In relief he turns accuser, and institutes the contrast between man and nature. Nature is beautiful and tender, majestic, sweet, elevating, calm, consoling ; man is unjust, grasping, cruel, mean, proud, a hypocrite and an oppressor. The Pantheist admits all the sensations, all the struggle, all the defeat of a sinful nature. He regards the moral law as a tyranny indeed, and he would wildly break through that tyranny ; but he cannot help feeling himself condemned if he does so. His theory of conscience is inexplicable ; he sees no promise in it, no augury, no anticipation of a future ; he sees no meaning in it ; it gives him no prospect and no hope ; but he admits it as a blind force within him, and he expresses that force and its movements with a strength which is all but religious.

This is so sure a law of our conscience, indeed, that we count upon and expect a sense of sin and moral imperfection in the very best man, with the same absolute certainty with which we count upon the return of the equinoxes, the course of the sun through the zodiac, or the alternations of the tides ; we expect from him the consciousness that he has done wrong actions, and that he has the element of evil clinging to his motives and feelings. Free from this condemnatory consciousness, we cannot conceive ourselves to be for a moment without being self-condemned for it ; to imagine ourselves without it would be to imagine ourselves different beings from what we are ; to escape from it is to escape from the conscious-

ness of ourselves. Consider the principle of impulse in human nature,—how serviceable, how necessary it is to produce any sterling virtue in man! What man is worth anything without it? It is the root of all action; but, if so, action is disordered at the root. The very virtues of man have some obliquity or excess in them, so that we could not extract the evil without eviscerating the good. Whence it is that in works of fiction we reject "too perfect" characters, knowing that such portraiture is a delusion, and that strong virtue cannot grow up in man without some erroneous manifestation of his nature being produced in the very process. We want the fault, then, for the sake of the virtue; we need the shadow to express the brightness; we interpret perfection as a blank. And hence, again, the rule of Scripture: "Be not righteous over much;" which is directed, of course, not at real exactness of conduct, but at the motive which sometimes stimulates an outward exactness; when men make it apparent that they really have the idea that they can and will, by pursuing conduct into minutiae, attain a perfection of character to which nothing will be wanting. Consider again the indomitable internal wildness of the human mind, its irrepressible volatility, which is a constant fount of *moral* disorder; when it is hurried off by a thought, fastened on by a retrospect, disturbed at a mere glance of some casual obnoxious image that flits across its horizon; and the involuntary evil excitation is present before the better can prevent it. This wild nature is a *law* of the mind, because there is no perfect cure for it, no discipline which quite corrects it.

It is thus the very law of the human conscience that the better a man is, the more alive he becomes to the fact of evil in his actions and motives, and a sense of sin is part of the morality of human nature. The very normal effect of goodness in the human heart is the revelation of evil. Can any apparent amount of goodness, any phenomenal sublimity of character that we can picture to ourselves, cancel this law? Let us make the supposition of a man exhibiting the richest and most splendid assemblage of virtues, the utmost purity of life, largeness of heart, active zeal, love for others; let us suppose the loftiest bearing, the most calm and imposing wisdom, the most benevolent services to mankind; but let us suppose also this man asserting that he was without the sense of sin. How should we regard such a character—I mean on simply human principles? Could we imagine it for an instant as real, we could not contemplate it without consternation. Such a man would be an enigma, and a portent to us; wholly unintelligible, but not the less condemned by the conscience of humanity; a rebel against the first law which is stamped on human hearts, and an outcast self-excommunicated from the society and fellowship of the righteous. Let the void within be

covered by ever so luxuriant a growth of outward virtue, we could not believe in the reality of such a man's goodness; his character could only appal; and the one thing wanting would destroy the most majestic external moral fabric. It would be converted into an unsubstantial shadow; and the nobler the assemblage of virtues, the more portentous would be the illusion and deception of the structure.

It may be asked, indeed, is there not a type of goodness, different from and higher than any exhibited in human history, which is capable of being manifested to human eyes, and which would of itself prove sinlessness? But the reply to such a question is, that however high the type of goodness in the person himself, it must still manifest itself to those without by means of such expressions and modes of action as would be to the human eye common to a perfect and to the highest imperfect goodness. How, *e.g.*, could strong indignation be the evidence of its own perfection, when the same expression would suit it and also a high imperfection? The obstruction to the proof of sinlessness by outward life is thus the essential invisibility of inward motives; and to this we must add the inexorable law of human goodness, in consequence of which the higher the outward life of any one, the more we count upon the sense of sin in that person.

If exception is taken at regarding anything so impalpable, so inaccessible, so mysterious as right and wrong are in their own nature, as holding a parallel position to physical fact, the reply is that we are not here considering right and wrong in their own nature, but only as fixed feelings or impressions of the human mind. However mystical, transcendental, and beyond analysis right and wrong may be in themselves, that they exist as feelings and impressions of the human mind, and that the impression of having done wrong is universal in the human mind, is a plain and palpable fact. The pains of conscience are sensible inward phenomena, they are special known feelings, quite different from any other.

To return then to the point from which we started, if the presence of sin is an universal fact or law of our moral nature, regarded as a field of experience, it inevitably follows that the absence of it is a contradiction to law; that is to say, that it is of the nature of a miraculous or supernatural fact. To be without moral regrets, without sense of shortcoming; for the whole root of inordinateness and dissatisfaction to be extracted from the soul, to be an ideal to yourself, to possess that which the more it has been pursued the more has fled all human grasp—the Crown of a Supreme Righteous Self-approval—suppose this, and you certainly suppose a marvel. It is an unknown state of mind, totally unlike experience; an anomalous insulation in the self-convicting conscience of humanity. That pervading subtle ingredient

of life—how are we to imagine the total clearance of it out of the human interior; the removal of that part of man's self, the ever-accompanying shadow, the unfavourable reflection upon himself? Christ was satisfied with Himself. That is, He witnessed to Himself that His conscience was what no human conscience had ever been; that is, He witnessed to a contradiction to a universal law of experience, or to a supernatural fact. When we realize under what conditions we ourselves and the whole human race are working out the problem of our moral being, and that these conditions as uniformly in fact involve in our case the consciousness of sin as the law of any species in nature involves any characteristic of that species; when we embrace, in short, what is the experimental character of the moral struggle of life in any human being; and then turn to that fulfilment of an ideal, that absolute purity, that immunity of an inward life from all mixture and alloy,—we must see that all that extraordinariness, that strangeness of type, that difficulty of reception, attaches to the sinless state that attaches to a miracle; that it has that at first sight unreality, incredibleness, effect of astonishing, which the violation of a law of physical nature has; and that it is in short a miracle, only a miracle of the inner world instead of the outer.

Christ's sinlessness did not indeed imply a freedom from the burden of resisting evil, of maintaining a contest. But the law of sin in human nature is not the contest with evil, but the failure more or less under the contest. It is this which constitutes the subject of that self-reproach under which all human nature labours: the immunity from this was immunity from a law of human nature, a universal characteristic of it.

Let the test of the historical imagination,—I mean the principle of deciding at once against the truth of facts, if, when we realize what they are, we start at the unlikeness to, the opposition to the experimental type,—let this test, which has been applied to physical miracles, be applied to the sinlessness of Christ, and does it meet that test? Is there anything more certain, more sensible, more palpable than this universal fact of evil, this imperfect struggle with evil? Is any geographical fact, any historical fact, more absolutely taken for granted? Is there anything imaginable wanting to the constancy of experience, to the rigorousness of fact here, that out of this vast mill of probation which the world is, all goodness comes forth mixed with the "ineradicable taint"?—that no human life is clear?—that if any one said his was, we should not for an instant believe him? With this overpowering stamp, then, of the actual, the real, upon his mind, with this strength of assurance from the world of fact, let any one turn to the thought of the One Sinless Conscience, that marvellous interior of One Man. Does not that paradisaal insulation in

humanity, the section of the heavenly state crossing with the earthly, sinlessness co-existing with pain and resistance, challenge the same wonder, the same astonishment, the same instinctive questions.—Is it real? Is it possible?—that a physical interruption of the order of nature does? Does it not excite the same antagonistic instinct of custom, the same jar with the experimental touchstone of truth? Has the one fact less of the at first sight incredibility than the other? If the resurrection of Christ was an idea, was the sinlessness a fact? The same antipathy of *unreason* or mechanical impression to strange, unlike, unknown types, rejects both; the same cultivation of true reason retains both.

What I said, then, in the lecture to which Professor Tyndall refers, was, that sinlessness being an internal and supernatural characteristic of our Lord, of which His outward life, sublime as that was, could not in the nature of the case be adequate proof, miracles were a guarantee to the truth of that assertion of our Lord respecting Himself, in the same way in which they were a guarantee to the rest of His supernatural character. Not that miracles could prove such an assertion without other conditions co-operating; but that they had an evidential force with those other conditions concurring. And certainly, whatever theoretical difficulties may be raised with respect to the mode in which miracles operate as evidence of that of which they alleged to be evidence, practically speaking, to say that the whole of the miraculous circumstances of Christ's life, supposed to be true, would operate in no way as evidence of the truth of His assertion of His own sinlessness, would be to contradict the common reason of mankind.

There are two corollaries which attach so naturally and unavoidably to this statement of the supernaturalness of Christ's sinlessness, that they should not be omitted.

1. The religious and philosophical position taken by the late Mr. Baden Powell was, that the denial of supernatural facts does not interfere with the doctrines or spiritual truths of Revelation. But here is a doctrine or spiritual truth, an essential part of the doctrine of the Atonement, which such a denial does touch immediately. The moral perfection of a future state is no exception to this present order of nature because it is not inserted in it; but if the fact of a sinless Person is inserted in this order of nature, it is an exception to it, or supernatural, and is therefore shut out by Mr. Baden Powell's barrier.

2. It appears to be the notion of many—indeed, I may call it a tendency of thought in the present day—to accept the Gospel moral portrait of Christ, omitting His supernatural character. Such a ground must be distinguished from the liberty which Christian

writers claim to portray our Lord's humanity, as for the time contemplated apart from His divinity. The extent to which this may be done, the Incarnation being a complex doctrine, made up of two great truths, is what may be called an administrative question in theology, not capable of any rigid definition. The notion, however, to which I am referring is, that the Gospel moral portrait of Christ can be fully and completely preserved, although permanently separated from His supernatural character.*

What I observe, then, is that upon this basis of omission of the supernatural the sinless character of our Lord must be omitted, as well as the physical supernatural attaching to Him. A person might at first sight suppose that this basis of omission would only apply to the body of outward miracles which glorified His birth and death, and accompanied His ministry : but, upon reflection, he must see that upon this basis he must also omit another asserted characteristic of Christ. For what are the contents of the supernatural? Do the physical miracles, do these and the mediatorial and atoning office of Christ together constitute the whole of the supernatural? No : the sinlessness is supernatural. Upon the basis, then, of the omission of the supernatural, the sinlessness must be omitted.

But does the omission of the sinlessness make no difference in the moral portrait of our Lord? That would be a strange thing to say. Consider, the moral character of Christ was not a mere exhibition or procession of actions ; it was not a mere succession of abstract virtues ; it was not a mere external fabric of virtue. There was behind all this manifestation of action a Person. What was the moral condition of that Person? It must make a difference ; it must make a fundamental difference in the moral portrait which we have in our minds of the Person, whether He was with or without the consciousness of sin.

This is no metaphysical distinction, it must be seen ; no difference which can be set aside as belonging to the sphere of unintelligible dogma ; it is the difference of a plain and palpable matter of fact. As I have said, whatever be the impenetrableness of the distinction of right and wrong in itself, the feelings, the impressions, the consciousness in human nature with regard to it are the most sensible facts possible ; they are actual mental sensations ; everybody knows what they are ; all the motions and workings of these feelings are known ; they are assumed in all conversation, in all history and biography. The alternative here, then, is between there having been the absence in that Person of a sensible known consciousness, such as

* The author of "Ecce Homo" avows his belief in the supernatural character and acts of Christ ; and this avowal forms the basis of Mr. Gladstone's and the *Guardian* reviewer's estimate of that remarkable, though in some important respects dubious, book.

we all understand to our cost, or the presence of it in Him—no speculative difference. The alternative lies between a sinless goodness; or—if the sinlessness is omitted—a mixed and alloyed goodness, the goodness of human experience. What is the universal portrait of man good with the goodness of experience? This is his portrait: a man who has moral regrets, who blames himself, who does not rise up to his own ideal, who did something yesterday, this hour, which fell short of a standard within him, who is not satisfied with himself. Was Christ—the argument compels me to ask the question—such a man? Unless sinlessness is attributed to Him, the only alternative, the only possible alternative, is that He was. Of all goodness which is not exceptional, of all the goodness of experience, this unfavourable consciousness is the uniform, the infallible, the inexorable law; its attendance is as certain as the most certain physical conjunction in nature; it is as certain as the succession of the seasons, as the law of life and death, as the reproduction of animal and vegetable types; and we should as soon expect the earth to roll back upon its axis as look for a contradiction to this law in any human being. Upon the principle, therefore, of omission of the supernatural characteristics of Christ, it follows inevitably not only that He ceases to be God, not only that He ceases to be mediator between man and God, not only that He becomes only man, but that He becomes sinful man. Sin must enter with the withdrawal of sinlessness, and sinlessness must be withdrawn with the withdrawal of the supernatural. But this is a fundamental subversion of the moral portrait.

For—and it is necessary to state this distinctly, it is by no means a superfluous thing to state, though it is a truism—there is no medium between “no sin” in a man and sin. We are apt to look upon the outside of goodness and to forget the inside, the human interior out of which it proceeds, and the conditions which accompanied it in the actual inward person himself. So suppose a generous or a condescending unbeliever drawing, as Rousseau and several have done, a portrait of Christ, and describing His course here; how it was characterized by consummate benevolence, patience, moral dignity, &c. Would he attribute to Christ a sinless character because he thus described Him? No. Yet neither on the other hand would he contemplate Him as having moral evil. He would stop short at the outside of his picture. What he has in his mind is a personification, an assemblage of various virtues, a spectacle, a superficies. But was not the centre of that whole outward erection of virtue a real Person? And was there not a real interior of that Person? There was; and we know with certainty what that conscious interior, if it was not sinless, was: that it was the sphere of moral regret, sense of shortcoming, sense of failure, &c. Here, then, is a subversion

of the moral portrait. A person might say, indeed, I do not know what this mystical sinlessness is; I cannot form to myself a clear conception of it; therefore the absence of it is to me no absence of a positive intellectually apprehended part of the portrait. But to such a person I would say, Stop. Even supposing—for I need not enter into that question here—that you do not know intellectually what sinlessness is, you know the alternative very well which exists in man, if he is not sinless. You know that alternative intellectually; you know it by experience; you know it by the most sensible and palpable experience. This alternative is the difference of a broad fact; because there can be no neutral state: if not sinless, the man must have the consciousness of sin and its concomitants.

It is the tendency of the historical school among us to exhibit our Lord as a life without a Personality. They describe a great moral spectacle, a great exhibition of the virtues, a great procession of the highest attributes of humanity. But we want a centre of all this fabric and edifice of high action—an Agent, a Person, the Being who has inward life, soul, consciousness, conscience. This is not included in the description; and yet to exclude it is to transgress against the historical principle. That inward Man, the conscience of that Man, was as much a fact as His outward life. Was it a sinless conscience, or—I am obliged argumentatively to state the alternative—had it a history of self-reproach and dissatisfaction? Its condition must have been either the one or the other; either the former, which is supernatural, or the latter, which is a confession of sin. The alternative between a Supernatural Christ and a sin-conscious Christ, cannot really be avoided; yet the historical school stops short of this point, does not approach it, and draws the moral portrait of Christ without the question being settled. It avoids the inward Personality, and confines itself to manifestations; yet the centre of this whole outward moral erection, was not a void or cavity, like the Christ of the Docetæ.

The moral estimate even of the *manifestations* must be deeply affected by the rank of the person from whom they proceed. Were the benevolent, the compassionate manifestations, the condescensions of a Great One, a Superior, to frail, weak, and miserable man; or did they represent the active benevolence of a philanthropist to his fellows? Upon the latter supposition there would be an immediate difference in the moral impression which those actions produce. They would still be good, but their goodness would be different. There would be a fall in the type; a solemnity, a beauty, a depth of moral interest would have vanished; they would have ceased to be what they are. Any common, poor man would be sensible of the alteration, as he read the Gospels. The acts of mercy and sympathy as they come upon him make a peculiar moral impression, and em-

body a higher moral type in his eyes, in consequence of something in their background, in their basis; that they come from an Agent who is lifted up in the nature of His goodness above mankind, from an exalted Personage; the love which descends from a mysterious height is the greater and profounder love; because it is connected with the supernatural, it is higher morally. The moral type gains from the loftiness of the Agent, and the actions rise with their fountain-head. They are the acts of the Unknown One—unknown, though known as well; the unknown moral state from which they come gives an untold weight and meaning to them. The philanthropy in our Lord's actions, supposed to proceed from a philanthropist only, would fall flat upon the mind.

The omission of the supernatural, therefore, would be the subversion of the moral portrait too, as being the omission of the inward sinlessness. But, again, upon this basis not only is the great internal characteristic of Christ abstracted, but there is the total demolition of an actual, visible, outward portrait; for if the sinlessness is omitted, the next step is inevitable—viz., that the *assumption* of it must be omitted too. But although the characteristic itself is internal and supernatural—that He *professed* to be sinless, that He made this pretension, that He used this language, is part of the visible and external character, as portrayed in the Gospels. The assumption pervades His acts and speech; it is as much a portion of the Gospel biography as His benevolence, His compassion, His purity, His courage, His resignation; as much as His judging the scribes and Pharisees, instructing the poor, suffering for righteousness' sake, witnessing to the truth, and delivering Himself to death in behalf of His mission. What a man thinks or says of himself, his view of himself, his estimate of himself, is a most important characteristic of the man, in secular biography. The writers of the life of Christ have transmitted, as an essential portion of Him, this great act of self-assertion, this tone about Himself, which was quite unique, and to which there was no approach in human history. Nor can this characteristic be removed without a complete destruction of the whole portrait, and the substitution of another Christ for the Christ of the Gospels; whose profound statement respecting Himself reappears in the Epistles, as believed and bowed to by the Apostles, and made the foundation of a new message to mankind.

Let us place side by side this Character and another. In St. Paul we have a participation in the lot of humanity, an experience of a struggle, a sense of disappointment and shortcoming, a sense of weakness joined to a triumphant sense of strength; we have the beauty and the interest of the simply human character. He is akin to that "whole creation which groaneth and travaileth in pain together

until now," to that nature which says, "to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good, I know not." This is the goodness proper to man. The sense of weakness, the humility of confession, the self-condemning type, is a fundamental requisite for man's goodness; without it no apparent grandeur or sublimity can satisfy us. No strength of will, no greatness, no calmness of the philosopher, no zeal of the philanthropist, without this can gain our moral affections. It is impossible to love a man because he is majestic, because he is wise, because he is calm, because he is active, because, even, he is philanthropical. We demand from him first a participation in the lot of humanity, a fellowship with it in confession of sin and weakness—not the mere sympathy of a human benevolence upon a high condescending ground with humanity;—that will not do; that is not enough; we must have confession. St. Paul makes this confession, and acknowledges fellowship with weakness and frailty. Now take the other Character. There stands One erect and unconfounded before the throne of God. He casts off from Himself that whole fabric of language toward God which the sense of sin had formed; He throws off for Himself the whole penitential type. His humility is the humility of condescension, of magnanimity, of patience, of long-suffering innocence, of dignity undisturbed by mockery and insult; it is the humility of good desert; it is not the humility of imperfection and frailty which is the characteristic humility of man. The normal effect of sanctity is reversed, and it reveals in Him no sin—righteousness only; and that while His own moral criterion searched the inmost corners of the heart. A man may fulfil to the letter an outward ceremonial code; but Christ's code was, "Ye have heard it said, Thou shalt not kill; but I say unto you," &c.; "Ye have heard it said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy; but I say unto you," &c. The more inward the touchstone, the greater enigma the assumption of perfectly standing it; the more astounding the profession that the law was not death but life to Him, because He fulfilled it wholly. Yet this Man preached confession of sins; he preached it as the very criterion of an accepted state, and denounced self-justification as the condemnation of man. The publican was justified, because he smote upon his breast and owned Himself a sinner; the Pharisee was condemned because he thanked God he was not like that sinner. The very form of prayer which He put forth as the prayer of all mankind involved confession of sin. But the same Man who laid down the law of self-abasement for sin for every other human being, disowned it for Himself; He condemned the Pharisee, and He did what the Pharisee did, justify Himself; He praised the publican, and declined to do what the publican did, con-

demn Himself; His prayer made all mankind sue for pardon, but He himself did not pray to be forgiven. He said to others, "Repent;" but He himself *explained* why He submitted to the baptism of repentance. That He disowned the confession of sin for Himself is the fact that it is, because the confession of it was the first object of His love in others. There may have been philosophical philanthropists who did not bow their necks to the penitential yoke; but then they were men who did not accept the penitential type—who did not admit the truth of that moral standard which imposes it—whose idea of morals superseded it both for themselves and others—who thought it imbecile and weak, and below the dignity of human nature. But Christ's sympathy was with the penitential type solely; He abhorred the righteous in their own sight, He loved those to whom much was forgiven.

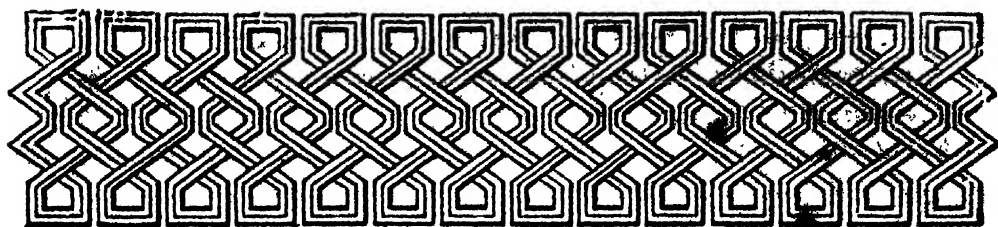
Now it is evident that these two characters cannot both be right, except upon the assumption of some entire difference in the basement or pedestal upon which each stands. They are opposed in fundamental type. If both characters are attributed then to the same ordinary humanity, if one is right the other is wrong. It might appear at first sight that a criticism of a character upon one basis was perilously near to a criticism of it upon another; but in truth no two acts of criticism are wider apart; we are never further off from a character upon its own appropriate basis than when we regard it upon another and improper one. We have never a more different character than when we have the same pretensions with different rights. The latter of these two characters is plainly enormous and monstrous, except upon the supposition of a humanity morally higher than all experience, or supernatural.

But this is the claim and the assumption of the Christ of the Gospels; it is the basis of the whole moral portraiture in the Gospels. This character has never indeed from the first stood but upon one foundation; the portrait has never, from the time it was first drawn, belonged to any other than a supernatural personage, it is given as the character of such a Being; that is its explanation; that is historically its connection. Removed from this basis it does not correspond to our moral sense, but this is its basis. The portrait that was drawn as a *contrast* to human saintly characters cannot be proper as a human saintly character, but then it was drawn as a contrast. Scripture is a succession of saintly biographies all upon one type, the penitential. By a sudden transition there springs up one solitary instance of a completely opposite type, which vanishes, and never reappears. But the solitary and insulated unpenitential type makes also a solitary assumption of worth, and the assumption is part of the portrait.

There is, then, a total demolition and destruction of this visible Gospel portrait upon the principle now commented on, because with the omission of the supernatural sinlessness must go, and with the fact of sinlessness the pretension to it must go—i.e., the whole of that high and majestic assumption which constitutes the peculiarity of the character of Christ in the Gospels. For what is the character in the Gospels without this claim? Particular features might be left, but the whole would be gone. We should have a different character. The supernatural in Him goes deeper than into His outward miraculous life—viz., into the structure of His moral character.

One remark in conclusion. The liberty of permanently omitting any elements in the Gospel life of Christ, must assume the spuriousness of those parts of the Gospels which contain those elements. The liberty to omit the outward miracles must assume the spuriousness of the miraculous record. The liberty to omit the supernatural offices of Christ must assume the spuriousness of those parts which contain the mention of those offices. The liberty to omit *all* the supernatural must assume the spuriousness of all those parts in which a claim to and assumption of the supernatural appears. But according to the foregoing observations, the high moral assumption of our Lord about Himself would be included under this head. The Gospel *moral* portrait of Christ, considered in the light of a whole, would thus have to be pronounced spurious. The whole, therefore, of this subject belongs to, and must be handed over to the jurisdiction of the department of Christian evidences.

J. B. MOZLEY.



THE ARTHURIAN LEGENDS IN TENNYSON.

THE Middle Ages are sometimes spoken of as the ages of childlike faith ; and however little they may deserve this appellation in some respects, it must at least be granted that the mediæval appreciation of *stories* was such as *we* are accustomed to see only in children. An unsophisticated child will ask again and again for the same story ; the familiar names, the plot of which he can anticipate every turn, the well-known *dénouement*, are more delightful to him than strange names and new incidents. And what Little Red Riding-Hood and Aladdin are—or must I say *we* ?—to children, such were Charlemagne and Roland, Arthur and Lancelot, to grown children clad in mail some six hundred years ago. The Arthurian cycle, in particular, became a kind of nucleus around which clustered the thoughts and aspirations of a chivalrous age. The brave knights of Edward III. found their ideals in Lancelot and Tristram, Percival and Galahad. Much that we now read in French or English romance of the Arthurian cycle undoubtedly took its rise in the middle ages. The picture of King Arthur's court, for instance, with its banquets, its hunting-parties, and its tournaments, its noble knights and stately dames, is clearly a reflex of the thirteenth century ; but Arthur himself, and Guenevere, and Lancelot, are no creations of Trouvère or romancer : they were received from old tradition, and were probably regarded

as historical by those who adapted their stories to the taste of their own contemporaries. Whence came the subject-matter of the great mediæval epics? Where did the rude Homers of mediæval France and England find their "Tale of Troy?"

With respect to the great Carolingian cycle, the answer is not difficult; Charles the Great is at least a most substantial historical personage. He evidently made a deep and lasting impression on the mind of Europe, which his wonderful force of character drew for a time out of chaos into order. The vastness of his enterprises; his wars in east and west, in north and south; his imperial dignity; his striking presence; his splendid court at Aachen, a wonder to the neighbouring tribes; all these things displayed before the gaze of a generation which had not yet lost the capacity for wonder, and acquiring new traits at each successive narration, produced at last the colossal image of the mythical Charlemagne, whose chronicler is Archbishop Turpin. * For many generations the grand phantoms of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers hid from popular sight the real Charles and the great men who, under him, wrought at the organization of the empire.

But the Carolingian epic is scarcely, at least in its earlier phases, properly a romance of chivalry. Of the things which (as Ariosto tells us) go to make up the true chivalrous romance, it has the knights and the arms, but hardly yet the tender courtesy and ladies' love. We have in it more of the sword in battle keen than of the light step in courtly bower. The tenderness and devotion which belonged to the true knight are found rather in the Arthurian cycle than the Carolingian.

King Arthur and the Knights of his Round Table (twelve in the earlier form of the legend) are a kind of Celtic antithesis to the Teutonic Karl and his Twelve Peers. But whence comes he? Nay, was there ever a King Arthur at all? Good William Caxton evidently thought it as great a heresy to doubt the existence of Arthur, King of Britain, as of King David or Judas Maccabeus, who are numbered with him among the "Nine Worthies." But, in spite of the honest printer's protest, scepticism has been busy with the great king, and Arthur has even been resolved into a "solar myth." And if the Vicomte de la Villemarqué tells us truly, that even in the earliest form of the Arthurian legend Uther Pen-dragon, Arthur's father, is a purely mythological personage; that he calls himself the king of darkness; that his buckler is the rainbow; that to become the father of his brilliant son he was transformed into a cloud; * we

* In the legend Uther is changed into shape of Gorlois, which appears to be equivalent to the Welsh Gŵrlas, or Gorlasar, a cloud. See Villemarqué's "*Romans de la Table Ronde*," p. 8 (third edition).

have here, in excellent preservation, a "myth" of the sun coming forth in his splendour from the midst of cloud and darkness. But this is hardly an adequate explanation of all the phenomena of the legend; and I cannot help believing that as the Nibelungen myth became inextricably entangled with an historical Dietrich and Siegbert, so the myth of King Arthur was transferred, after its mythical significance had ceased to be intelligible, to a real chief of the Britons in their struggle against the rude sons of Woden. We know little of the state of Britain at the time that the Romans withdrew, but it is certain that many of the Britons adopted Roman civilization, and much of the humanizing and ennobling influence which came with the messengers of the Gospel of peace. Now, let us think of these civilized Christian Celts pressed upon by rude heathen Northmen; driven from the fair fields of Western England into the mountains of Wales, the wide moors of Cornwall, and the forests of Brittany: how would the sensitive and cultivated race in its adversity cherish the memory of those who had once led them to victory against those conquerors whom they at once hated and despised! How would successive generations of bards add touches to the portrait of the victor (perhaps) of Badon Hill; how would they invest him with the noblest attributes to be found in their national lays and traditions! The long Celtic strip along the western shore, from the Dee to the Loire, would resound with praises of the glorious chiefs of olden time. Legend, it has been said, is the epic of a conquered race; and such an epic we may believe we have in the story of Arthur. I would fain believe that we have Arthur's Camelot in the villages which bear the name of Camel in Somersetshire, where great earthworks testify of some ancient fight; that his Avalon is Glastonbury; and that Queen Guenevere did indeed "let make herself a nun" in Amesbury or Ambresbury, the town of Ambrosius. But all is uncertain. The ancient Welsh literature is poetic in form, and of doubtful age; Gildas and Bede knew not Arthur; he is mentioned for the first time (so far as I know), apart from the Welsh documents, by the so-called Nennius in the ninth century, and then in a way which suggests that the veritable Arthur, if there was an Arthur, had undergone already a certain amount of poetical transformation. All we can say for certain is, that the legend of Arthur, however originated, acquired a certain form and consistency in Wales and Brittany before it entered into the romantic literature of England, France, and Germany.

It was in the twelfth century that this legend entered on its new phase. About 1140 the veracious Geoffrey of Monmouth published a Latin Chronicle, which he called a "History of the Kings of England." This he declares to be a translation of a "British book" which his friend Walter Map, Archdeacon of Oxford, had brought

from Brittany. There is, in fact, no reason to doubt that it was founded upon British poetical tradition, probably much in the same way that Macpherson's "Ossian" was founded upon a few genuine remains of ancient Gaelic song. Whatever was its origin, it was accepted for some generations, though not without protest, as real history; it was appealed to in questions of national precedence; and when, in the fifteenth century, Polydore Vergil ventured to question the authenticity of this marvellous chronicle, his doubts seemed to native writers the interested incredulity of a foreigner, jealous of the antiquity of their realm. It was at least the parent of a considerable progeny. A few years after the publication of Geoffrey's history, Maistre Wace, a native of Jersey, wrote his "*Roman de Brut*," a long Norman-French poem in octosyllabic verse, in which he recounts the story of the kings of Britain from Brut, the grandson of Æneas, to the year of Christ 680. The same theme was treated a few years later in a still longer poem, the noblest monument of our tongue in the twelfth century, by the English Layamon, a west-country monk, who considerably amplified Wace's work, partly from sources not used by Geoffrey or Wace; partly, no doubt, from his own poetical imagination.

The old British legends seem to have had a great charm for the Anglo-Norman chivalry of the twelfth century, perhaps in consequence of their intercourse with the Bretons; so that the story of Arthur, or portions of it, were frequently treated by the Trouvères, and afterwards, when Norman-French ceased to be the language of the court, by a succession of English poets; and again, the same strain was taken up by the Minnesingers of Germany. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there arose a considerable Arthurian literature in verse. Chrestien de Troyes, Wolfram von Eschenbach, and Hartmann von der Aue, are among those who have clothed in song portions of the Arthurian cycle. The names of the English and Scottish bards who took these themes for the subject of their verse are little known. Many of the poems which lie hid in old libraries are anonymous, or known only by the name of a transcriber; and even where the names of the authors are known, they bring before us little more than shadows from the grey foretime, not men of whose life in the world we can form any distinct conception.*

* A few of these poems have been printed by publishing societies; in particular, the most recent of them, the "Early English Text Society," has done good service by producing, at a very moderate cost, accurate texts of some of the principal English works relating to Arthur. In no way can one obtain so full a guinea's worth of Early English literature as by subscribing to the E. E. T. S. Those who are commencing Arthurian studies would do well to take up first the "Arthur," edited by Mr. Farnivall, and the "Morte Arthure," edited by Mr. G. G. Perry, for this Society (Trübner & Co., publishers).

But it was not only in verse that the stories were told of Arthur and his knights. Among the earliest specimens of prose in the modern languages of Europe are the Anglo-Norman romances of chivalry. Besides the history of King Arthur himself, there are extant prose romances on the subjects of the Holy Graal, Merlin, and Sir Lancelot, written in the reign of Henry II. of England. Of these, the "*Roman du St. Graal*" and the "*History of Merlin*" are attributed to Robert de Borron, or Buron,—perhaps an ancestor of the Byrons,—while Walter Map claims "*Lancelot*," the "*Queste du St. Graal*," and the "*Mort Artus*." At a somewhat later period Lucas de Gast and Helie de Borron wrote the first and second parts respectively of the romance of "*Tristan*" or "*Tristram*," apparently a new name in the Arthurian legends. That these romances found readers is proved by the number of the MSS. which still remain; and when the printing-press came to supersede the pen of the scribe, the early French printers filled many a stately folio with the stories of Arthur and his knights.

When Caxton set up his press in Westminster Abbey, he was (as he tells us) pressed by "many noble and dyvers gentylmen of this royaume" to print an English history of King Arthur. He printed, accordingly, a work by Sir Thomas Malory, who had compiled a book "oute of certeyn bookes of Frensshe, and reduced it into Englysshe." Of this Sir Thomas, the compiler of one of the most famous books in the English tongue, we know no more than he tells us himself, that he was a knight, and that he finished his work in the ninth year of Edward IV. (1469-70). Caxton completed the printing of it in the abbey of Westminster on the last day of July, 1485. This is the famous "*Mort d'Arthur*" which was once the favourite reading of English knights.*

It forms a strange tangled thread of many colours. Round the leading story of King Arthur are twined the principal incidents of the various romances just mentioned, until the original foundation is almost lost. The constant features of Arthurian legend are there. King Arthur and his peerless queen, Guenevere, are always the centre of the bright throng. It is from Arthur's court that the brave knights go forth on their high emprises; it is to Arthur's court that the vanquished knights render themselves, and do homage in accordance with their plighted troth. As in all the versions of the great king's story, the treachery of Modred, himself the offspring of Arthur's sin, is the cause of the ruin of that goodly fellowship of the Table Round. In the great fight between the army of the king

* It has been several times reprinted, both in ancient and modern times; the latest and most convenient edition is that published by Mr. J. Russell Smith, with a short introduction and notes by Mr. T. Wright (three vols. fep. 8vo., 1858). It is to this edition that I shall refer.

and the usurper, the flower of British chivalry is cut down, Modred is slain, and Arthur, wounded to death, resigns to the mystic hand that gave it the wondrous sword Excalibur. But round this simple story of King Arthur are clustered the adventures of various knights. Now we follow Sir Tristram or Sir Gawain,—now Sir Percival or Sir Galahad. They cross and recross each other's path, but there is no attempt to make all these adventures tend to one artistic *dénouement*. Each knight fights for his own hand, and we must be content to follow his devious course without caring for the time about his fellows. Of the romances which Sir Thomas Malory twined into his "History of King Arthur," it will be sufficient for my purpose to mention those of the "Holy Grail," of "Merlin," and of "Sir Lancelot."

Such is the old English history of King Arthur. It reveals to us in these days, more completely than any other English book, a phase of thought which has passed away or assumed other forms. The delight in prowess, in daring, and dexterity, and feats of bodily strength, has clearly not vanished from the race. We feel at least as keen an admiration for the brave deeds which have won the Victoria Cross as our ancestors did for deeds done in mail; and I hope that in England the strong still feel the same desire to aid the weak, the same loathing for meanness and unfairness and breach of faith, which are expressed so vividly in the pages of the chivalrous romance. But along with this nobleness and manliness we find so much of the strange feeling with regard to love and wedlock which appears by the Trouveres, the language of *amour*, yet he is the dear friend and devoted follower of him, the same towards Guenevere herself he seems to feel the same. In the twelfth century which in a healthy state of society is felt towards Arthurian literature, stricken when he finds that he has been betrayed, and fulness to her. The coarseness of the romance is but a kernel in song, and absence of reserve which is common to most writing, English and *Sage*. It is never prurient, while many modern novels are perverse and sensuous in a high degree without being, in terms at least, coarse or indelicate. For myself, I believe that the outspoken plainness of the old romances is far less injurious than the delicate insinuation of the modern. The religion of chivalry bears, as is natural, very strongly the stamp of the mediæval church. There is, in the "Mort d'Arthur," scarcely a trace of the gentle mysticism, the yearning of the soul after direct communion with God, which we trace (for instance) in the "Theologia Germanica." Everything is definite and concrete. The knight in distress of mind is sure to find some hermitage or chapel where a good priest shrives and assoils him, and administers to him the sacrament, according to the due order of Holy Church; and the same concrete conception of things divine

appears in the most spiritual of legends—that of the Holy Grail itself. And this mingled story of love and war, of sin and devotion, is told in sweet, clear, unaffected English,—not the affected Saxon English to which some aspire now-a-days, but the natural language of a well-bred Englishman of Edward IV.'s days, who wishes only to express his meaning in a direct and simple way. It bears much the same relation to the cultivated prose of our own time that the style of Herodotus does to that of Demosthenes. And this story of King Arthur and his "goodly fellowship" delighted many generations of Englishmen. Chivalry proper had, indeed, almost passed away when it appeared; but the delight in the high thoughts and valorous deeds of chivalry remained still. Poets caught at the noble and unworldly spirit which shines through all the imperfections of the old romances. The old stories of chivalrous eld inspired Spenser with the conception of the "Faëry Queen," though his immediate sources were probably rather Italian than English. They were the delight of Milton when his young feet wandered "among those lofty tales and romances which recount, in solemn cantos, the deeds of knighthood." To pass over others who have taken up themes from the Arthurian cycle, they inspired Lord Lytton's Ariostean "King Arthur," and many lays and idyls of the Poet-Laureate.

If I may venture to conjecture (and I have no knowledge of the matter but that which I derive from his works), the English prose "Mort d'Arthure" of Sir Thomas Malory first moved Mr. Tennyson's mind in the direction of old English romance, and we now know that the impulse did not soon die away. Some seven-and-twenty years lie between the publication of the "Lady of Shalott" and that of the "Idyls of the King;" years in which "The Princess," and "In Memoriam," and "Maud," did not wholly withdraw the poet's mind from the old English romantic legends which attracted his youthful fancy. The years brought change; the lovely sketches which were given to the world in 1832 are very different from the rich pictures of the "Idyls," wrought out as they are with confident ease, and the masterly touch of the practised hand. Nothing can surpass the light grace of the earlier poems, but the later show a very great advance in dramatic power, in breadth of treatment, and in richness of colouring; in the earlier we have figures from a pleasing phantasmagoria, in the later the thoughts and words of men; not, indeed, men of this work-a-day world, but men seen through the golden haze which fancy raises round the heroes of old.

In "St. Agnes" and "Sir Galahad" Mr. Tennyson has given us pictures of womanly and manly purity. The one expresses the intense contemplation of the perfect purity of God, to which all

human purity is but as the dull whiteness of the nun's robe beside the new-fallen snow—the longing to be drawn up, made pure, and kept in the bridegroom's arms for ever. The other is founded on the legend of the Holy Grail, of all the Arthurian stories the one about which clustered the most tenderness, and devotion, and aspiration. The Grail, or Graal, was the wondrous vessel, made from one pure translucent gem, which the Lord had used when He ate the Last Supper with his disciples, and which had afterwards received the blood which flowed from his pierced side. To be the guardian and keeper of this holy thing is the highest privilege given to man; he who would have this in his charge, nay, who would even see it, must be humble and faithful, pure and chaste. When it found a worthy keeper upon earth it was kept in a wondrous temple,—in the descriptions of which we trace reminiscences of Apocalyptic vision,—on some holy hill; when no man on earth was found worthy to guard it, angels bore it hovering in air. This legend of the Holy Graal inspired Wolfram von Eschenbach with the sweetest and tenderest of old German romances, a veritable knightly “Pilgrim's Progress;” that, I mean, in which the pure young child of nature, Percival, struggles forward through trial and error to the discovery of his true parentage and a clearer sight of heavenly things.* In Malory's prose romance many knights engage in the quest of the Grail: the sinful Sir Lancelot, with all his prowess, may not achieve it, but his son, the pure Sir Galahad, sees the wondrous vision, and tastes the heavenly food.† Sir Percival is among his companions, but not here the principal figure. In Mr. Tennyson's poem, Sir Galahad stands alone; he is the single figure in the picture; around him we see dimly the dark forests and sleeping villages through which he passes; his thoughts are not of earth, but of that holy thing which was, to many minds of the middle ages, a symbol of heavenly bliss. His is not the longing of St. Agnes to be taken up, absorbed, folded in the arms of the holy strong One; he feels the joy of battle; he still loves the sound of the “shattering trumpet;” he exults in the strength which is given him by reason of his pure heart; he is conscious of the sweetness of womanly beauty:—

“How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall!
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall.”

But he does not seek ladies' love; higher things fill his soul:—

* There is an excellent edition of Wolfram's “Parcival” by Karl Lachmann, and a faithful translation into modern German by Simrock.

† “Mort d'Arthur,” *iii.* 177.

" But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine :
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill ;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will."

" Work and will " are for the man, as humility and aspiration for the woman. Now here we have, in the main, the Arthurian Galahad, and hints of the incidents of the old romance,—the shrine in the forest, the enchanted bark, the angels bearing the Holy Grail, but all refined and purified. Just so much is introduced as serves to complete the picture of the pure knight, and no more. But there is this great and essential difference between the treatment of the subject in the old romance and in the modern poet—that the one is objective, the other subjective : in the old tale Sir Galahad is contemplated wholly from without ; we know what he said and did rather than what he thought ; in the modern poem we are introduced into Sir Galahad's mind ; we see the thoughts which made him what he was, not the acts which indicate the thoughts which stir within. This arises, of course, partly from the form of monologue which the poet has chosen : when a man speaks of himself, it may be said, he can hardly avoid speaking of his own thoughts and feelings. But the old Sir Galahad would not have been able to tell of these high and ecstatic thoughts ; he had them without knowing that he had them ; he was what he was by a necessity of his nature, on which he had never reflected. In a word, the modern Galahad is self-conscious, the older heroes never are. Perhaps the modern portrait has derived some touches from the influence of La Motte Fouqué, whose heroes also differ from those of olden time in their gift of subjectivity. And so it must needs be. Mr. Tennyson would not have been the great poet that he is if he had not shared the spirit of his own age ; his " Sir Galahad " is a creation of genius, but not of the same genius that gave us the knightly heroes of olden time.

The sage of King Arthur's court, the Nestor of the mediæval Agamemnon, is Merlin, the subject of numberless poems and romances, both of the middle ages and of an earlier time. He is found in the legends both of Wales and Brittany ; in Wales he appears as a warrior and bard, in Breton fable as a mighty magician. If, as Welsh antiquaries assure us, he was a real person, the author of some ancient British poems, he seems to have shared the fate of Virgil, whose fame as a magician altogether overshadowed in mediæval Italy his fame as a poet. At all events, in Geoffrey of Monmouth, and in the numerous romances relating to Merlin, he appears as the diviner and

magician, the utterer of sage counsel, the worker of wonders; and yet this subtle brain, this chief of "those that know," as the old romance tells us, "was assotted, and doted on one of the ladies of the lake, and he was shut in a roche under a stone by a wood side, and there died." This lady, in Malory's prose romance, is called Nimue (that is, I suppose, Nimve or Nimfe, the Nymph), and Merlin is the pursuer, not the pursued; until at last the lady "passing wery of him . . . for she was afraid of him because he was a divels sonne," made Merlin go under a rock, and "wrought so there for him that he came never out, for all the craft that he could doe." And so she departed and left Merlin." In the French romance, however, he tells the charm to Vivian the fay, and is shut up by her beneath a bush of hawthorn. She did but try the spell upon him to see if he had told her true, and is grieved when she finds that she cannot undo her work.* Mr. Tennyson has not adopted either of these stories exactly; his Vivien wrings the secret from the unwilling enchanter by her wiles, and then exults in her victory. There is a subtle thread of allegory running through the old story, and this Mr. Tennyson has seized with a sure instinct. The theme of his "Vivien" is the victory of lithe, mocking, subtle sensuality over broad, far-seeing, much-knowing wisdom, not joined with strong will and earnest purpose. Merlin, with his clear, bright intellect, sees, no doubt, the falseness and spitefulness of the wily fay; but he is amused, half-pleased, half-wearied, by her quaint ways, her quick wit, her twining playfulness; he has no moral indignation; he is not roused to dash her from his bosom; but at last, out of sheer weakness, tells his secret to the tricky sprite who has crept into his lap, and so he falls beneath the thorns and briers of earth, and lies henceforward

"As dead,
And lost to life and use and name and fame."

Such is the fall of the wise Merlin; the fall of contemplative wisdom under the temptation of sense. Sir Lancelot or Sir Tristram, less wise than Merlin, would hardly have fallen as he did; their manly instincts would have revolted against the subtle arts of such a deceiver. Mr. Tennyson's Merlin is, indeed, the very antithesis of Sophocles' Ajax, or Milton's Samson. As they represent the weakness of force without wisdom, Merlin represents the weakness of knowledge without force of will, and noble hatred of evil. He is such a wise man as was "large-browed Verulam;" with clear, wide-ranging, well-ordered intellect, with fine sensuous nature, and great power of enjoyment, but without strong will or the fine moral sense which vehemently rejects the wrong; if he rejects the wrong,

* "*Mort d'Arthur*," i. 117; with Mr. Wright's note.

it is at the bidding of the intellect, and not from righteous indignation. And in none of his poems (it seems to me) has Mr. Tennyson shown more perfect art than in this of "Vivien." He makes us feel throughout the calm wisdom of the sage, and yet we do not greatly wonder when at last the tempter gains the victory.

But the *preux chevalier*, the most accomplished knight of all King Arthur's court, the love of ladies, the terror of evil-doers, is the brave Sir Lancelot. The son of King Ban of Brittany, he was left while yet an infant by his terrified mother, flying from her desolated castle, on the banks of a lake, whence he was carried off by the nymph of the spot to her realms below. From this sojourn in the fairy realms below the lake, the boy was ever known as Lancelot of the Lake. To these pure waters he alludes in "Elaine," when sorrowing over his own sin, he says:—

" Mine own name shames me, seeming a reproach,
Lancelot, whom the Lady of the Lake
Stole from his mother, as the story runs." *

In due time he was brought to King Arthur's court, and made a Knight of the Round Table; and

"In al tourneiments and justs and deeds of armes, both for life and death, he passed all knights, and at no time was he never overcome, but it were by treason or enchantment. . . . Wherefore queen Gwenever had him in great favour above all other knights, and certainly he loved the queene again above all other ladies and damosels all the daies of his life, and for her he did many great decedes of armes, and saved her from the fire through his noble chivalrie." †

In all versions of the story of Sir Lancelot this guilty love of his for the queen is a dark spot in the bright court. Even when Arthur thought to take Guenevere for his bride, Merlin warned him "that Guenever was not wholesome for him to take to wife, for that Lancelot should love her, and she him againe;" yet the king wedded her, for love of "the gentlest and fairest lady that he knew living, or ever could find." ‡ But probably not all the lays and romances have given Lancelot so wide a fame as the few simple words in which Francesca tells how she and Paolo read together the story of Lancelot and his love:—

* This part of the story is not found in the "Mort d'Arthure," though it is in the "Frennshe booke," and in some English versions of the legend. M. de Villemarqué supposes that the name Lancelot is properly L'Ancelet, and that Ancelet is formed from Old-French "Ancel," a servant, as Michelot from Michel, &c. Thus he identifies the legend of Lancelot with that of Mael, an equivalent name found in Welsh bardic poetry. — *Romans de la Table Ronde*, p. 58 ff.

† "Mort d'Arthure," i. 196.

"Noi leggiavamo un giorno per diletto
Di Lancilotto, come amor lo strinse."

Sir Lancelot failed grievously in his duty to his liege lord and king; yet, with a not impossible inconsistency, he is in all other points brave, noble, and faithful. The description in "*Elaine*" fits well the conception we form from the old romance:—

"The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,
In battle with the love he bare his lord,
Had marred his face, and marked it ere his time.

Marred as he was, he seemed the goodliest man
That ever among ladies ate in hall,
And noblest."*

Sir Lancelot the good knight appears in three of Mr. Tennyson's poems. Of these, the little sketch of "*Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere*," in the poems of 1842, absolutely perfect as a picture of the soft, luscious sweetness of a morning in early spring,—a luscious sweetness repeated in the portrait of the queen,—has but little connection with any incident in the old romance, though we might perhaps imagine it to be prompted by the heading of a chapter in the "*Mort d'Arthure*,"—"How queene Guenever rode on maying with certaine knights of the round table clothed all in greene;" but the conception of the queen and the knight once formed, the creative mind of the poet would easily supply the rest, with or without such a *motif* as I have supposed.

In the "*Lady of Shalott*" and "*Elaine*" we have the same theme treated in Mr. Tennyson's earliest and in his latest manner. The versatility of the poet's imagination is illustrated by these two pictures of the same objects, just as it is by the contrast between the earlier picture of Mariana in the old Lincolnshire grange, and the later one of "*Mariana in the South*." The most pictorial of poets seems to linger round certain favourite subjects just as many great painters have done; treating them now in one aspect, now in another, unable, perhaps, after all, fully to realize his conception. In the "*Lady of Shalott*" we have a mere outline of the sad story of Sir Lancelot and the "lily maid," whose peace he was unwillingly to destroy. The bright summer weather and the tranquil humming round of life, which we see in the first picture, are in the second exchanged, by a kind of phantasmagoria transformation, for the faded woods and rainy sky of autumn, and the once bright lady singing her death-song as she floats down to Camelot. The whole treatment seems to me absolutely fresh and new; the leading incidents may have been taken from any of the numerous versions of the history of Sir Lancelot; but the mirror in which the lady sees

* "*Idyls of the King*," p. 160 (first edition).

the shadows of the things which pass along to Camelot, the web which burst and "floated wide" as the fated knight rode into view, are not found in any romance that I have seen, and are probably due to the poet's invention. It is easy to see how much they add to the weird effect of the whole piece. In the noble idyl of "Elaine," on the other hand, we have the sad story of the "Fair Maid of Astolat," as it is given in the "*Mort d'Arthure*," wrought out with the poet's most mature art. Sir Lancelot is no longer the bloodless figure who rode flashing in the sunlight before the mirror, but a real man, high-hearted and brave, and (save for his one great sin) faithful and true; grieved to have given pain to any human thing, but fettered by his guilty bond to the passionate queen; Elaine is a pure and sweet nature, nurtured, like Miranda, so far from sight and sound of the great world, that she loves, almost before she knows what love is, the first high type of manhood which comes before her gaze. The two leading characters, the brave Sir Lancelot, worn and wearied, his aspirations after a higher life checked and held down by the fatal bond from which he cannot free himself, though in his heart of hearts he repents; the "lily maid," with her perfect purity and simple lovingness; these are contrasted with the charming delicacy and the unobtrusive subtlety of true art. Nor are the subordinate characters less skilfully drawn.

The story of Enid, the true and gentle wife, was treated in the twelfth century by Chrestien de Troyes and by Hartmann von der Aue, under the title of "*Erec and Enid*." It does not seem, however, to have found its way into the French prose romances, and does not appear in the English "*Mort d'Arthure*." Mr. Tennyson probably took the outline of his "*Enid*" from the "*Mabinogion*," or Welsh stories, edited and translated about twenty years ago by Lady Charlotte Guest. These "*Mabinogion*" are taken from a certain "red book" preserved at Jesus College, Oxford, containing pieces ranging in date (according to M. de Villemarqué) from the sixth to the fifteenth century. This particular story of "*Geraint ab Erbin*" can hardly be earlier than the twelfth or thirteenth century. It is no rude bardic strain, but a reflex of the chivalrous literature of France and England; the court, the arms, and the tournaments all recall the age of the Plantagenets. It retains, however, a certain tenderness of tone, and a simplicity which contrasts strongly with the cumbrousness of the old French and English romances. It is a proof of the skill of the Celtic story-teller that the story has required but little pruning to adapt it to the purposes of the modern poet. Mr. Tennyson has indeed given the action somewhat greater compactness, by introducing us at once to the married life of Enid and Geraint, but has adopted in his verse nearly every incident of

the old Welsh story. Here is the meeting of Gwenevere and Geraint on the day of the hunt:—

“As Gwenhwyvar and her maiden rode in, they heard a loud and rushing sound: and they looked behind them, and beheld a knight upon a hunter foal of mighty size; and the rider was a fair-haired youth, bare-legged and of princely mien, and a golden-hilted sword was at his side, and a robe and a surcoat of satin were upon him, and two low shoes of leather upon his feet, and around him was a scarf of blue purple, at each corner of which was a golden apple.” *

When Geraint arrived at the ruined castle he sees upon the bridge a hoary-headed man, Earl Yniol, and on entering the court,—

“An old decrepit woman, sitting on a cushion, with old tattered garments of satin upon her. And beside her a maiden, upon whom were a vest and a veil that were old and beginning to be worn out. . . . And the maiden disarrayed the youth, and then she furnished his horse with straw and with corn.” †

But perhaps the best instance of the skill with which the poet has clothed with life the somewhat bald narrative of the “red book” is to be found in the scene where Enid contemplates the mighty sinews of her lord as he lies on his bed in the summer morning:—

“And one morning in the summer time, they were upon their couch, and Geraint lay upon the edge of it. And Enid was without sleep in the apartment, which had windows of glass. And the sun shone upon the couch. And the clothes had slipped from off his arms and his breast, and he was asleep. Then she gazed at the marvellous beauty of his appearance, and she said, ‘Alas, and am I the cause that these arms and this breast have lost their glory and the warlike fame which they once so richly enjoyed?’ And as she said this, the tears dropped from her eyes and they fell upon his breast. And the tears she shed, and the words she had spoken, awoke him thinking that it was because she loved some other man than him and thereupon Geraint was troubled in his mind, and he called his squire; and when he came to him, ‘Go quickly,’ said he, ‘and prepare my horse and my arms and make them ready. And do thou arise,’ said he to Enid, ‘and apparel thyself, and cause thy horse to be accounted, and clothe thee in the worst riding-dress that thou hast in thy possession. And evil betide me if thou returnest here until thou knowest whether I have lost my strength so completely as thou didst say. And if it be so, it will then be easy for thee to seek the society thou didst wish for of him of whom thou wast thinking.” ‡

In “Guinevere” we return to the old English “Mort d’Arthure.” But the sweet, sad beauty of the idyl is all the poet’s own. The few incidents of the “Mort d’Arthure” which are embodied in the idyl are changed and purified. In Malory’s prose, Sir Lancelot and his kinsfolk rescue the guilty queen from the stake, and carry her off to his castle, Joyous-Gard; then there is war between King Arthur and Sir Lancelot until the Pope gave to “a noble clarke, the

* “Mabinogion,” ii. 71, 72.

† Ibid. ii. 77.

‡ Ibid. ii. 103 f.

Bishop of Rochester, . . . bulls under lead unto King Arthur of England, charging him, upon pain of interdicting of all England, that he take his queene dame Guenever to him againe and accord with Sir Launcelot." It was not until the queen heard that her lord King Arthur was slain that—

"She stole away and five ladies with her; and so shee went to Almesbury, and there shee let make herself a nunne and ware white cloathes and blacke; and great pennance shee tooke as ever did sinfull lady in this land; and never creature could make her merry, but lived in fastings, prayers, and almes deedes, that all manner of people mervailed how vertuously she was changed. Now leave wee queene Guenever in Almesbury, that was a nun in white cloathes and blacke; and there she was abbesse and ruler as reason would." *

Everything in the idyl which gives light and shade and delicacy of portraiture is due to the modern poet. The self-abasement of the queen, the pricking of her conscience by the innocent talk of the novice, the sad magnanimity of the king, his love mingled with loathing,—all these belong to Mr. Tennyson, and not to Sir Thomas Malory or his predecessors. And I know of nothing in modern poetry which exceeds the touching solemnity of the scene between Arthur and the queen in the nunnery, whence the king goes forth to meet his death.

The mysterious death of Uther's sorely-wounded son is the subject of the "Mort d'Arthure" in the poems of 1842. It is perhaps hardly fair to Mr. Tennyson to go back from the rich touch and matured style of the "Idyls" to the somewhat colder manner of an earlier time; but the cooler colours befit the death of Arthur as well as the warmer touch Vivien and Elaine. Nowhere is the old romance so simply solemn, and nowhere has the modern poet followed it so closely, as in the story of the death of Arthur. As many of my readers probably have not the "Mort d'Arthure" at hand, I give here the prose story of the wounded king and the "latest left of all his knights" after the fatal fight with Modred:—

"'But my time bieth fast,' said King Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, 'therefore take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and goe with it unto yonder water-side, and when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword into that water, and come againe and tell me what thou shalt see there.' 'My lord,' said Sir Bedivere, 'your commande shall be done, and lightly bring you word againe.' And so Sir Bevidere departed; and by the way he beheld that noble sword where the pummell and the haft were all of precious stones, and then hee said to himselfe, 'If I throw this rich sword into the water, thereof shall never come good, but harme and losse.' And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree, and as soone as hee might he came againe unto King Arthur, and said hee had beene at the water, and had

throwen the sword into the water. 'What sawest thou there?' said the King. 'Sir,' said he, 'I saw nothing but waves and wine.' 'That is untruely said of thee,' said King Arthur; 'therefore goo thou lightly and doe my command, as thou art to me lefe and deere; spare not, but throw it in.' Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and tooke the sword in his hand; and then him thought it sinne and shame to throw away that noble sword. And so eft hee hid the sword, and returned againe and told to the King that hee had beene at the water and done his command. 'What saw yee there?' said the King. 'Sir,' said hee, 'I saw nothing but the water wap and waves wanne.' 'Ah! traitor untrue!' said King Arthur, 'now hast thou betrayed me so two times. Who would have wend that thou that hast beene unto me so selfe and deere, and thou art named a noble knight, and wouldst betray mee for the rich sword? But now goe againe lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardie of my life, for I have taken cold; and but if thou doe as I command thee, and if ever I may see thee, I shall sley thee with my owne hands, for thou wouldst for my rich sword see me dead.' Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword and lightly tooke it up, and went to the waters side; and there he bound the girdell about the hilts, and then hee threw the sword into the water as farre as hee might; and there came an arme and an hand above the water, and met it and caught it, and so shooke it thrise and brandished. And then the hand vanished away with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came againe to the King, and told him what he had seene. 'Alas!' said the King, 'helpe me from hence, for I dread me I have taried over long.' Then Sir Bedivere took King Arthur upon his backe, and so went with him to the waters side. And when they were at the waters side, even fast by the banke hove a little barge with many faire ladies in it, and among them all was a queene; and all they had blacke hoods, and they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur.

* * * * *

"Some men yet say in many parts of England that King Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesus Christ into another place; and men say that hee will come againe, and hee shall winne the holy crosse. I will not say that it shall bee so, but rather I will say that heere in this world hee changed his life. But many men say that there is written upon his tombe this verse: 'Hic jacet Arthurus, rex quondam rexque futurus.'"

The belief that Arthur should come again remained deeply rooted in the minds of the Welsh descendants of the ancient Britons for many generations; so deeply indeed that it was an encouragement to them in their rebellions against the English power, and the English Government in Henry II.'s time seems to have "got up" a discovery of King Arthur's tomb at Glastonbury to put an end to hopes of his return. Whence did the belief arise? Is it a part of the old myth of the sun vanishing in darkness to rise again in splendour? Or is it simply an intense expression of the hope, often felt by an oppressed race, that he who led them once to victory shall again rise to be their deliverer? We cannot tell; perhaps the myth has become mingled with the longing for the return of a real chieftain, who may have borne the name of Arthur; but at least we

shall hardly refuse our tribute of admiration to the skill with which the poet has turned the allusion in the last lines of the "*Morte d'Arthur* :"—

“ ‘ Arthur is come again ; he cannot die.’
Then those that stood upon the hills behind
Repeated, ‘ Come again, and twice as fair ;’
And, further inland, voices echoed, ‘ Come
With all good things, and war shall be no more.’
At this a hundred bells began to peal,
That with the sound I woke, and heard indeed
The clear church-bells ring in the Christmas morn.”

In pointing out the sources of the stories which Mr. Tennyson has treated with so much skill, I do not in any way detract from his originality ; it might as well be said that they detract from the originality of Chaucer or Shakspeare, who point out the stories of the chronicles on which they founded their poems and plays. However little pains they bestowed on the invention of plots, Chaucer's arch humour is all his own, Hamlet and Othello are Shakspeare's creation as much as if Belleforest and Cinthio had never written. In the "*Morte d'Arthur*" alone Mr. Tennyson has adopted the incidents, the tone, and something even of the diction of Malory's romance ; but in the "*Idyls*" it is far otherwise. No one who has taken the trouble to compare the old prose with the modern verse can fail to admire the skill with which the somewhat crude originals have been transformed by the brilliant word-painting of the poet. The contrast between the older and the newer form of the stories is something like that between a mediæval illumination and a finished picture by Mr. Millais or Mr. Holman Hunt. The miniatures in an old MS. have often great beauty and expressiveness, but the bloodless figures are devoid of life, and the surroundings are purely conventional ; the touch of the modern painter gives life and movement to the stiff forms. So it is in Mr. Tennyson's pictures of the Arthurian heroes. No doubt Sir Lancelot is a "modern gentleman," and the fair Guenevere a modern lady, thrown back into the olden time ; but so are the Lancelot and Guenevere of the old romance characters of the Plantagenet era thrown back so far as to derive from distance a new charm ; and we are grateful to the poet for having painted for us the old heroes with the thoughts and feelings which animate this "wondrous mother-age."

It has been sometimes said that Mr. Tennyson, like "the poet Everard Hall," had contemplated an epic on the subject of King Arthur. I hope he has not burnt eleven of his twelve books ; but otherwise it is not matter for regret that he abandoned, if he ever formed, the idea of an Arthurian epic. The true epic is the embodiment of the national belief in national heroes. Whatever may have

been the origin of the tale of Troy, it is clear that when the rhapsodists sung of Agamemnon and Achilles, of Ulysses and Penelope, they woke responsive chords in the breast of every Greek; the Greeks believed in these heroes, and made these glories their own. But we have no belief in Arthur; no one looks back to his time as a Saturnian reign when men were braver and nobler, and women fairer and purer, than in these degenerate days; we have not even the kind of half-belief which the Romans of Virgil's time probably had in their great ancestor Æneas. And if this be so, no true epic on Arthur is possible; indeed, it may well be doubted whether our age has produced an epic at all, unless it be Mr. Carlyle's great prose epic, the "French Revolution." But the half-forgotten stories of the Arthurian cycle serve well for "idyls" or pictures. Mr. Tennyson seized on the shadowy figures of the old legends as subjects for his art, much as Theocritus, when faith in the old Greek mythology was declining, put forth his idyls or "pictures" of Hylas and the Baby Hercules. And it seems to me that his instinct was a true one. He has delighted all English lovers of poetry by the "Idyls;" but it may be doubted whether even his power of word-painting and his musical verse would have given interest to an epic of the old orthodox Virgilian type; and what if "In Memoriam" had been sacrificed to an epic! May he long be spared to give us more "pictures," whether of ancient or modern life!

S. CHEETHAM.



THE CONGÉ D'ÉLIRE.

The Congé d'Élire. A Paper read at the Autumn Session of the Ruridecanal Synod of Penwith, Cornwall. By J. SIDNEY TYACKE, M.A., Rector of St. Levan, Cornwall. Published at the request of the Synod. London: Rivingtons. 1867.

THE pamphlet of which the above is the complete title has recently been sent to the writer of this article, accompanied by the following notice:—

“In compliance with a resolution of the Ruridecanal Synod of Penwith, passed at their autumn session, 1867, a copy of the enclosed paper, by the Rev. J. Sidney Tyacke, is respectfully offered for the consideration of each Dean and Chapter in England and Wales.

“FREDERICK HOCKIN,
Dean Rural of Penwith.

“*Phillack Rectory, Hayle, Cornwall,*
10th January, 1868.”

It would appear from this notice that the subject discussed in the pamphlet is one which, in the opinion of the Ruridecanal Synod of Penwith, is of special interest to Deans and Chapters; and if the election of a bishop, as such elections are now made, be, as stated in the pamphlet (p. 16), “a solemn, profane, and wicked farce,” there can be no doubt that the subject is one of great interest to those who are called upon to be amongst the chief actors in the said farce. What the Deans and Chapters can do upon this hypothesis except resign *en masse* it is difficult to say, for they have no other means of evading a duty to which they knew perfectly well that they would be

liable when they accepted their appointments. But there are two points which ought to be borne in mind. First, that if the election of bishops, as now practised in the English Church, be "a solemn, profane, and wicked farce," the Deans and Chapters are not the only persons affected, even if they be the principal. The whole Church and nation is implicated in the wickedness, and ought to rise up as one man to clear the land from a national sin. But, secondly, it is necessary to be very careful concerning the exact condition of facts before the heavy verdict of profanity and wickedness is admitted. I am disposed to think that the facts are not generally known; at all events they are frequently misrepresented, and the statement of them in the pamphlet of which I have given the title is, as I shall presently show, far from being correct.

Leaving the pamphlet for a moment, let me remark that the selection of fit persons for the high office of bishop in Christ's Church, especially in the English portion of it, which is so bound up with the State, and in which the dioceses are so large and public opinion is happily so exacting, is by no means an easy thing. It is not my intention to argue in this paper either that the present method of selection is the best conceivable, or that it is never abused in practice, or that it may not be necessary for the Church of England, at some future time, and under certain conceivable contingencies, to insist upon a different arrangement; but I wish respectfully to urge, theoretically, that it is by no means certain that in the long run we should get better bishops, or preserve the peace of the Church, and secure her well-being and influence more effectually, if a different mode of selection should be substituted for that which we now have; and practically, that the present mode is not open to all the objections which are so freely made against it. Furthermore, I think it may be shown that there are some arguments, worthy of respectful attention, for keeping things upon the whole as they are.

The propositions which Mr. Tyacke undertakes to establish are these three:—

1. The present method of appointing bishops is anomalous in theory.
2. It is objectionable in practice.
3. It calls for immediate reformation.

It will be convenient that I should arrange my remarks under these same three heads, or nearly so.

Mr. Tyacke argues his first point upon two grounds:—I. Revelation and Tradition. II. The British Constitution. I shall comment upon his argument, not as assuming that it is the very best that can be raised, or that it by any means exhausts the subject; but because it has been sent for my special consideration, and may be

regarded as a challenge. I respectfully take up the glove; and I do so not on merely personal grounds, for in truth it is of comparatively small importance what my opinion and feelings may be, but because the views expressed in the pamphlet are held, rightly or wrongly, by many persons, and it is desirable on public grounds that they should be examined.

Now, with regard to Revelation and Tradition, it is not easy to lay down a distinct rule for the selection of bishops, and to say that this and no other is the rule which Revelation and Tradition sanction. In fact, if there were a rule clearly sanctioned by Revelation, it would be unnecessary to appeal to Tradition, or to argue the matter any further. But when we look to Revelation, that is to say, to the record contained in the New Testament, we find by no means an absolutely clear guide for our conduct. In the beginning of the Gospel dispensation we meet with direct mission from our Lord himself; and because this mission was direct, it gives us no hint how to proceed when Christ is with his Church in the flesh no longer, and therefore direct mission is not possible. Next we have the choice of Matthias to fill the place of the traitor. The whole Church was at that time a small body, and was under immediate apostolic direction, and it proceeded upon a principle which can hardly be regarded as applicable to the circumstances of our own or any existing branch of the Church. If the choice was literally by lot, probably no one would argue in favour of such a method being now adopted; and if it be the case, as has been sometimes suggested, that the members of the assembly, after prayer made and supplication to God offered for a right direction of their minds, gave their votes, still it would be difficult in our circumstances to devise an assembly which should be, to all intents and purposes, comparable with that primitive assembly which chose Matthias into the number of the twelve.

Next we come to the cases of Timothy and Titus—cases most valuable as instances of ordination to episcopal office, and of distinct mission from one in authority, but singularly unhelpful to us in England in the nineteenth century, when the question is, Who shall be the persons selected for appointment to the episcopal office? For in both these cases, especially in that of Titus, the whole matter seems to have been in St. Paul's own hands. "For this cause," writes St. Paul, "left I thee in Crete, that thou shouldest set in order the things that are wanting, and ordain elders in every city, *as I had appointed thee.*" The italics are Mr. Tyacke's, and he comments thus:—

"If St. Titus was appointed bishop by St. Paul, and he himself was to appoint elders, as St. Paul had appointed him, it may be that if the exigencies of the time and case required it, St. Titus, as head of a Church, might

be the proper person to appoint another to fill a similar position, or to nominate his own successor."

Be it so ; but how does such a conclusion help us with regard to our own position ? Surely it would be intolerable that bishops in our country should appoint their own successors, or even that as a body they should have the absolute election of those who should be appointed to the same sacred office with themselves. And yet, unless some such conclusion as this be drawn, it is hard to say what help we gain from the examples of Timothy and Titus.

The truth appears to me to be that we find little help in the New Testament, because the matter in question is one upon which no distinct rule could be given, and which would require to be adjusted from time to time, according to the condition and exigencies of the Church. It should be borne in mind that the selection of persons for an office, and the appointment or ordination to the office, are not the same things. The "laying on of hands" for the ordination of priests and the consecration of bishops is a divinely-appointed rite, which no circumstances of the Church can ever change or put out of date ; but the selection of persons for the laying on of hands is a matter which, though of the utmost importance, can scarcely be governed by any rigid rule which shall be independent of time and place. Even in the New Testament itself we perceive that the examples of episcopal appointments virtually resolve themselves, if we omit the direct appointment of the Apostles by the Lord himself, into two examples, exhibiting different modes of action : in one the selection was the corporate act of the whole Church ; in the other, an appointment was made upon the personal authority of a single Apostle.

And therefore, when I find my author summing up his New Testament evidence thus—"We find that in the cases which the writers of the New Testament record *the fountain of authority is within the Church ; and that the conferring thereof was in the hands chiefly, in some cases entirely, of those who, by Christ's authority and example, had been elected to this office*"—I do not allow that he has really gained any substantial help from the New Testament to guide us in the solution of the practical question, What is the best mode of appointing bishops in the English Church ?

But let us come to Tradition ; and here I will take what is offered to me :—

"Clemens Romanus speaks very strongly on this head, saying, 'The Apostles learned through our Lord Jesus Christ that there would be disputes on the subject of the episcopacy ; for which cause, as they had perfect foreknowledge, so did they appoint such persons (as bishops and priests), and give it them in charge, to see that when themselves should fall asleep other approved men should succeed to their ministration.' He then speaks of those appointed by them, or, subsequently, by other chosen men, with the

approval and consent of the whole Church. So we learn from him that episcopal functions were thus handed on and discharged by a ministerial succession, of which the Apostles were the root."

True, there was to be a succession, and the Church of England maintains that succession; but the question is, whether any definite rule is laid down as to the selection of the persons by whom the succession is to be conveyed. It manifestly does not follow that the nomination should be in the same hands as the actual consecration to the office: for example, in the case of the seven deacons, of whose nomination and appointment we read in Acts vi., the course pursued was as follows:—the twelve called upon "the multitude of the disciples" to "look out seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom;" then the "whole multitude" chose seven persons, "whom they set before the Apostles; and when they had prayed, they laid their hands on them." The laying on of hands clearly belongs to the Apostles and their successors; but the manner in which those shall be selected who are "set before" them for the laying on of hands may very well vary, and has, in fact, varied exceedingly, both with time and place, in the history of the Church of Christ.

Irenæus is my author's next authority, concerning whom all that he states is comprised in the following sentence:—"Irenæus, too, shows the faith and practice of Churches which had been *founded by the Apostles*, and had been *ever since* watched over by bishops, who were the successors of the Apostles down to his own day." How this statement helps the conclusion that the system of the English Church is anomalous in theory, and why all that Irenæus predicates of certain Churches in his day should not be predicated of the English Church, I cannot conceive. I may observe also that if the statement refers (as I suppose that it does) to what Irenæus says, "*Contra Hæc.*," lib. iii. cap. iii., then it should be borne in mind that the proper mode of appointing bishops is not the main subject under discussion, but rather the tradition of doctrine and the argument against heretics supplied by the unbroken chain of succession in the Church. The argument would equally hold whether the successors of the Apostles were nominated by the apostolic college, by popular suffrage, or in any other way.

But next we are told that Clemens Alexandrinus records of St. John that he went about ordaining bishops, and setting apart such men for the clergy as were signified to him by the Holy Ghost; which may be very true (though I have been unable to find the passage), but it affords little guidance with respect to the nomination of bishops in the English Church in the nineteenth century. And so we are brought to the testimony of St. Cyprian, which is as follows:—

"Cyprian, in speaking of the appointment of a certain Cornelius as bishop, furnishes us with valuable information as to how such an appointment was carried out—the various orders of the Church being represented therein; for there were, he tells us, 'the agreement of the bishops, the approval of the clergy, the suffrage of the people, and the *divinum iudicium*, or 'Divine call.'"

There is no reference given to any passage in St. Cyprian's writings, but probably the following is intended:—

"Factus est Cornelius episcopus de Dei et Christi ejus iudicio, de clericorum penè omnium testimonio, de plebis quæ tunc affuit suffragio, et de sacerdotum antiquorum et bonorum virorum collegio, cum nemo ante se factus esset, cum Fabiani locus, id est, cum locus Petri et gradus cathedræ sacerdotalis vacaret; quo occupato de Dei voluntate atque omnium nostrum consensione firmato, quisquis jam episcopus fieri voluerit, foris fiat necesse est, nec habeat ecclesiasticam ordinationem qui ecclesiæ non tenet unitatem."[†]

I do not wish to weaken the force of this passage; but in order to estimate its value aright, the reader should observe that St. Cyprian speaks frequently of the ordination of Cornelius, and in varying terms. Thus, shortly before the passage just quoted we find him saying that the body of bishops throughout the world assented to his election, and that God himself made him a bishop:—

"Venio jam nunc, frater carissime, ad personam Cornelii collegæ nostri, ut Cornelium nobiscum verius noveris, non de malignorum et detrahentium mendacio, sed de Domini Dei iudicio, qui eum episcopum fecit, et coepiscoporum testimonio, quorum numerus universus per totum mundum concordî unanimitate consensit."

In another epistle he writes that Cornelius was "collegarum ac plebis testimonio et iudicio comprobatus."[†] The reader should observe also that these references to the appointment of Cornelius are all made, not for the purpose of explaining particularly how bishops should be appointed, but for the purpose of asserting that Cornelius was beyond all doubt in possession of the see, and that Novatian, therefore, his rival, could not be recognised as bishop. Accordingly, St. Cyprian dwells upon the fact that every possible condition which could be required to make an appointment valid was satisfied in the case of Cornelius. The argument was conclusive; every reasonable man would be compelled to acknowledge that the see was full, and that no one else could be appointed without schism; but it by no means follows that the several steps taken in the appointment of Cornelius are precisely those which should be followed all over Christendom. It is at least only fair to suggest that the circumstance of these references which are made by St. Cyprian to the appointment of Cornelius, having arisen from a fierce dispute as to the legitimate succession in the see of Rome, ought to make us cautious in claiming the proceedings of the third century as a necessary precedent for our own times.

* Epist. lii.

† Epist. xli.

"The same rule," says Mr. Tyacke, "is given in the Apostolical Constitutions." What is stated in the (so-called) Apostolical Constitutions is, that one who is to be ordained a bishop is to be "inculpatus in omnibus, electus a cuncto populo ut præstantissimus." And then we have a picture of the examination into the fitness of the bishop elect, which, whatever may be its authority as part of a canon, is certainly very striking as a testimony to that which may be presumed to have been the practice when the canon was composed:—

"Quo nominato et placente, congregatus populus unà cum Presbyterio ac episcopis qui præsentibus erunt, in die Dominicâ, consentiat. Qui vero inter reliquos præcipuus est, interroget Presbyterium ac plebem, an ipse est, quem in præsidem postulant: et illis annuntiantibus, iterum roget, an ab omnibus testimonium habeat quòd dignus sit magnâ hac et illustri præfecturâ; an quæ ad pietatem in Deum spectant, ab ipso sint rectè facta; an jura erga homines, servata; an domesticæ res, pulchrè dispensatæ; an vitæ instituta, sine reprehensione."

This language gives a beautiful picture of Christian life and ecclesiastical vigour, and must be allowed to stand in bright contrast with the proceedings in Bow Church at what is called the "confirmation" of our own bishops. Nevertheless it is tolerably plain that the course described could scarcely be literally followed in the case of a Church situated as that of England is; the absolutely democratic character of the method laid down by the Apostolical Constitution might be successful in a small body carefully defined by some clear mark of distinction, as in the primitive and early Church; it would be not so much unsuccessful as utterly impracticable in a Church in which the whole population has certain rights, and to which every one is presumed to belong who does not himself openly assert the contrary.

Lastly, Mr. Tyacke tells us, "we are informed that Chrysostom was chosen by the common vote of all, clergy and people." Probably he was, and so doubtless were many other bishops; nay, there are notable instances in which unwilling men were forced by the popular voice to accept the office against their will. I need hardly tell the reader that he will find much on the subject in Bingham, to whom, however, I refer in this place merely for the purpose of quoting a few lines to show that even in the days of Chrysostom, to whose case an appeal has just been made, popular election of bishops had its drawbacks:—

"St. Chrysostom. . . . tells us that in those popular solemnities, which were then customarily held for the choice of ecclesiastical rulers, we might see a bishop exposed to as many accusations as there were heads among the people. And the account that is given not only by Ammianus Marcellinus, but by Socrates and the other historians, of the tumult raised at Rome in the election of Damasus, shows that the people were indulged in something more than barely giving testimony, else they had hardly run into so great a heat and ungovernable tumult."*

* Bingham's "Antiquities," book iv. chap. ii. sec. 6.

It will be observed that Bingham claims the unruly behaviour of the people as evidence of the reality of their power.

There is an interesting passage in the third of M. Guizot's lectures on the "History of Civilization in France," in which he illustrates the practice of electing bishops in the fourth and fifth centuries by reference to the election of St. Ambrose, that of a Bishop of Châlons, as detailed in a letter of Sidonius Apollinaris, and that of a Bishop of Bourges upon the nomination of Sidonius Apollinaris himself, then Bishop of Clermont, to whom the difficult task had been assigned by the people in consequence of the multitude of candidates. In the letter in which this third election is partially described, Sidonius remarks pithily concerning the candidates, "*Omnes placebant sibi, omnes omnibus displicebant*;" and he supplements his letter by a copy of the speech in which he announced to the people the conclusion to which he had come. This speech is well worthy of being read as illustrative of the possible difficulties of episcopal appointments. M. Guizot concludes thus:—

"Je n'ai besoin de rien ajouter, messieurs : ces trois exemples vous ont, j'en suis sûr, très-bien expliqué ce qu'était au cinquième siècle l'élection des évêques ; sans doute elle n'avait point les caractères d'une institution véritable ; dénuée des règles, de formes permanentes et légales, livrée aux hasards des circonstances et des passions, ce n'était pas la une de ces libertés fortes devant lesquelles s'ouvre un long avenir ; mais dans le présent, celle-là était très-réelle ; elle amenait une grande mouvement dans l'intérieur des cités ; c'était une garantie efficace."

I cannot refrain from adding a short quotation from the former of the two letters to which reference has been made:—

"*Quod ubi viderunt Sanctus Patiens et Sanctus Euphronius, qui rigorem firmitatemque sententiæ sanioris, præter odium gratiamque, primi tenebant, consilio cum coepiscopis prius clam communicato, quam palam prodito, strepituque furentis turbæ despecto, jactis repente manibus arreptum, nihilque tum minus quam quæ agebantur optantem, suspicantemque, Sanctum Joannem, virum honestate, humanitate, mansuetudine, insignem, . . . stupentibus factionis, erubescens malis, acclamantibus bonis, reclamantibus nullis, collegam sibi consecravere.*"*

A remarkable scene!

But to return to my author. He considers that we may come to this conclusion ; that,

"With the teaching of the New Testament and the traditions which we possess in uninspired history, we have . . . enough to warrant" the "proposition, that the present mode of appointing bishops, so utterly unlike what we find to have prevailed in primitive times, and so utterly inferior to it, cannot but be considered anomalous in theory."

The question, of course, really is this, whether any mode of appointment has been established in such a manner as to be binding

* Lib. iv. Epist. xxv.

upon National Churches or upon the Church Catholic? If this be so, I apprehend that the greater portion of the Church is in as bad a condition as ourselves. To take the case of Rome, what similarity is there between the election of Pope Cornelius, as described by St. Cyprian in the passage referred to above, and the election of a Pope in modern times? But the question swells into a still wider one, and embraces that of patronage in general. Why should the mode of appointing bishops be so severely stigmatized, and nothing be said concerning the appointment of priests? Should not this also be made a matter in which the popular voice is to be heard? And in the appointment of parish priests to their cures, is the patronage to be placed entirely in the hands of the bishop, or entirely in the hands of the parishioners? Perhaps those who are most earnest in their condemnation of the mode of appointing bishops may be prepared for a full development of the principle, whatever it may be, upon which they conceive that this important act should be conducted. I have no right to assume the contrary. I merely wish to indicate that opposition to the present plan of episcopal appointment, not on grounds of expediency, but on those of Scripture and Tradition, would seem to involve a much more sweeping change in English patronage than a revolution only in the episcopal branch of it.

But it may be argued, and it is argued by Mr. Tyacke, that the present mode of appointment is anomalous, when regarded from a constitutional point of view. Now there can be no doubt, and it is in fact conceded, that, although the present mode is, in its actual machinery, the work of Henry VIII., yet the interference of the sovereign in the appointment of bishops dates from a much earlier period. Thus, to quote the pamphlet before us,—

“This hasty survey of the page of history will enable us to understand how it was that Withred, King of Kent, in A.D. 696, disclaimed the right of appointing bishops, and yet, inasmuch as bishops were chosen in the Wittenagenot of each State, and in the presence of the king, the royal authority still influenced the appointment, and again proved injurious to the liberty of the Church, until we are told that here, as in other countries, the influence of the Crown became gradually more absolute. A century later, we find the ancient freedom of election giving way; and in the ninth century a shadow only of the entire system was kept, in the formal election of a person appointed by the sovereign, the name of the bishop being published from the pulpit, and received with acclamations by the people. So election now had dwindled down into being nothing more than acquiescence in the sovereign's nomination.”

This drifting of episcopal appointments into the hands of the sovereign may be regarded either as a providential arrangement intended to preserve the Church from worse evils, or as a secular encroachment and unjustifiable usurpation. Those who take this latter view find their strongest argument in the language of *Magna*

Charta. Nothing can apparently be more clear than the concession, *libera sit Ecclesia Anglicana*; and it may be granted that the intention of this concession was to bar all interference whatever on the part of the sovereign with the election of prelates of all kinds—whether bishops, abbots, or what not. But even this would not give that free election which appears to be desired; that is, it would not give an election in which the whole laity and clergy of the diocese should take part, or even a *bonâ fide* election by the clergy; it would simply give a canonical election, whatever that might be, uninfluenced by the sovereign. For instance, in the diocese of Ely, it would give, down to the time of the Reformation, the election of the bishop to a convent of Benedictine monks, and since the Reformation to a Dean and Chapter. Whether this would be a freedom of election worth contending for may be doubted.

But in reality it is worth while to ask the question, whether the liberty of the English Church is actually compromised by the nomination of her bishops being assumed by the sovereign. It may or may not be contrary to the letter and spirit of *Magna Charta*, when that charter was granted; but unless it can be shown that the liberty of the Church is really prejudicially affected by the restriction, it may possibly be expedient that the restriction should exist, *Magna Charta* notwithstanding. This is a practical question, and one upon which opposite opinions may be most earnestly and honestly held; all that I wish to argue for is the privilege of freedom of opinion. The phrase *libera sit Ecclesia Anglicana* is a good stone to pelt with, but it is quite possible that in the case of the English Church, as in many others, the restraint of privilege, which might become license, is the guarantee of safety; just as the iron rails upon which the British public is chiefly conveyed are no restriction of British liberty; they are very absolute in their requirements, but they are the protection of life and property.

Let us give an illustration, which really comes very near to the case of the *libertas* contemplated by *Magna Charta*. In the colleges of Cambridge the election of the master is generally free. We have, in fact, there something corresponding as nearly as possible to the free election of prelates in churches and monasteries, with which King John promised not to interfere. There is, however, one notable instance in Cambridge in which the sovereign *does* interfere; the appointment of the master in Trinity College is in royal patronage; and it might be argued that in this fact the Fellows of the college had a most substantial grievance, and one to abate which, on occasion of the review of their statutes, no effort would be spared. Nevertheless, the statutes have been reviewed, and no change has been made in this respect; and so far from smarting under a sense of grievance, I believe that the Fellows are, as a body, quite satisfied with the

restriction put upon their liberties, as compared with those of almost all other colleges. At all events, it may be most plausibly argued that the sovereign, actuated, as we have a right to believe that the sovereign will be, by a sense of justice, and regarding the indications of public opinion, will in the long run give the college the best man that can be found, and at the same time save it from certain disadvantages which are incident to a free election by the members of a collegiate body.

On the whole, taking a broad view of the interests involved, I am not disposed to concede that an acquiescence in Crown patronage, with regard to English bishoprics, is equivalent to an acquiescence in an injurious encroachment of the Crown upon the liberties of the English Church. Other modes of appointment may be more suitable in the colonies, and other modes exist, as, for example, in Canada; but for ourselves at home it may be gravely doubted whether any other mode would be less objectionable than the present; certainly there are some modes conceivable which would be much more so.

Ah! but the *practice*—surely that is monstrous enough. On this subject Mr. Tyacke appeals “fearlessly to every one who values fair play, ay, and God’s truth and honesty;” and he tells us that the election of a bishop is a solemn form, “but,—alas! that it should be so,—at the same time a solemn, profane, and wicked farce.” This is strong language, and it is backed by the following description of an election, taken from another source, to which no reference is given.

“It is a solemn form, surrounded with a series of official acts, every one of which presumes that the election is perfectly free, and that the guiding spirit of the Dean and Chapter is to discharge the responsibility laid upon them of choosing, of their own independent judgment, the person whom they shall deem to be most fitted for the office. The proceedings are opened with prayer to Almighty God to help them to a right judgment; next comes, as a matter of course, the election of the person named in the ‘Letters Missive,’ and the shameless farce is wound up with a *Te Deum* in the cathedral. Yet, mark how every formal act or step in the procedure is based upon the assumption that the election is a free one. The application of the Dean and Chapter for the royal license states as its object ‘to elect and choose a new bishop.’ The license enjoins them ‘to elect such a person for their bishop and pastor as may be devoted to God, and useful and faithful to us and our kingdom.’ Acting upon this, when the Chapter is fully constituted, all strangers are monished to withdraw, that they who alone possess ‘the right and power of election may freely proceed to make election,’ although the ‘Letters Missive,’ with the compulsory nomination, are in the dean’s pocket. Having made this sham election, the Dean and Chapter notify the fact to the sovereign, intimating that their choice has fallen upon a person ‘prudent, discreet, and recommended unto us by his knowledge, life, and morals, and knowing and being able to defend the rights and liberties of the Church.’ The same perversion of fact is repeated in the certificate forwarded to the primate, and the certificate to the bishop-elect that he was ‘chosen unanimously, no one dissenting therefrom.’ And so throughout the confirmation and the

citation, all the parties to these official formalities are made to act a gross and deliberate lie, which is finally recorded in the Letter Patent, which declare that the Dean and Chapter had the royal licence 'to choose themselves another bishop,' and by virtue thereof 'have chosen to themselves our trusty and well-beloved' candidate, who was imposed upon them from the very first by the arbitrary and illegal mandate of the Crown."

This language is undeniably strong, and it can hardly be matter of surprise that one who has gone through the process which is described first as "a solemn, profane, and wicked farce," and then as "a gross and deliberate lie," should desire to be heard in reply.

When the see of Ely became vacant by the death of Bishop Turton, I naturally considered carefully the part which I should be called upon to perform with respect to the election of a new bishop. I caused copies to be made of all the documents which had been used on a previous occasion of the same kind, and I carefully examined them. Some of the language used in the papers sent from the Dean and Chapter, which seemed to imply a free election, and which even upon that hypothesis appeared fulsome, I omitted or modified; and without departing from precedent more than necessity appeared to me to require, I prepared the documents in a form in which I felt that the Chapter could adopt them without being guilty of what is so delicately described above as "a gross and deliberate lie." For I did not discover that there was any necessity or even inducement to peril our souls in this way: the act required of us was that we should elect a certain person; this would be a corporate act, requiring the corporate seal; but there seemed to be no reason why this act should be announced in one way more than another, and there was no royal command to sing *Te Deum* after doing it. Thus the duty was not so terrible as it is sometimes represented; as the matter turned out, the election gave me profound pleasure, and I only did by Her Majesty's recommendation that which I should have rejoiced to do had the election been absolutely free; but putting this circumstance out of view, I know of nothing which need tempt Deans and Chapters to tell lies, or do anything of which they need be ashamed. In order to make the matter clear, I will here print the whole of the documents which passed in the last election of a Bishop of Ely; they are somewhat long, but in a matter concerning which there is so much confusion and misunderstanding, I think it is desirable not to omit anything.

Her Majesty's License to elect a Bishop to the See of Ely, void by the death of Dr. Thomas Turton, late Bishop of the said See.

VICTORIA, by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, Defender of the Faith, to our trusty and well-beloved the Dean and Chapter of our Cathedral Church of Ely, greeting. Supplication having been humbly made to us on your part that, whereas the

aforesaid church is now void and destitute of the solace of a pastor by the death of the Right Reverend Father in God, Doctor Thomas Turton, late bishop thereof: We would be graciously pleased to grant you our fundatorial leave and license to elect another bishop and pastor of the said see: We being favourably inclined to your prayers in this behalf, have thought fit, by virtue of these presents, to grant you such leave and license, requiring and commanding you, by the faith and allegiance by which you stand bound to us, that you elect such a person for your bishop and pastor as may be devoted to God and useful and faithful to us and our kingdom: in witness whereof we have caused these our letters to be made patent. Witness our self at Westminster, the eleventh day of February, in the twenty-seventh year of our reign.

By warrant under the Queen's sign manual,

ROMILLY.

ABBOTT.

Her Majesty's Letter Missive to the Dean and Chapter of Ely, recommending Edward Harold Browne, Clerk, B.D., to be chosen Bishop.

VICTORIA R.—Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well: Whereas the Bishopric of Ely is at this present void by the death of the Right Reverend Father in God, Doctor Thomas Turton, late bishop thereof: We let you weet for certain considerations, us at this present moving, we, of our princely disposition and zeal, being desirous to prefer unto the same see a person meet thereunto, and considering the virtue, learning, wisdom, gravity, and other good gifts wherewith our trusty and well-beloved Edward Harold Browne, Clerk, Bachelor in Divinity, is endued, We have been pleased to name and recommend him unto you to be elected and chosen into the said Bishopric of Ely: Wherefore we require you, upon receipt hereof, to proceed to your election according to the laws and statutes of this our realm, and our Congé d'élire herewith sent you, and the same election so made, to certify unto us under your common seal.

Given at our Court at Saint James's, the eleventh day of February, 1864, in the twenty-seventh year of our reign.

By Her Majesty's command,

To our trusty and well-beloved the Dean and
Chapter of our Cathedral Church of Ely.

G. GREY.

Certification to Her Majesty in answer to Her Majesty's Letter Missive.

To our Most Gracious Sovereign Lady Victoria, by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, Defender of the Faith, and so forth:

Your Majesty's dutiful and faithful subjects, Harvey Goodwin, Doctor in Divinity, Dean of your Cathedral Church of the Holy and Undivided Trinity of Ely, and the Chapter of the same church, with all reverence and obedience, do by these presents signify to your Majesty that the episcopal see of Ely, being lately vacant by the natural death of the Right Reverend Father in God and our Lord, Doctor Thomas Turton, by Divine permission late bishop thereof, we, the Dean and Chapter aforesaid, by virtue and authority of the leave and license of your Majesty, to elect another bishop and pastor for us and our cathedral church, made and granted, being met together chapterwise in our chapter-house the day of the date of these presents, and then making a chapter, and having observed of right the statutes of your realm of England, and the approved ordinances and customs of the cathedral church aforesaid, and having diligently treated about a fit person in that behalf to be chosen by us, we directed our votes to Edward Harold Browne, Clerk, B.D., and with unanimity and concord, no one

contradicting or gainsaying, chose him bishop and pastor of us and of your said cathedral church of Ely, humbly beseeching your Majesty to give your Royal assent and consent to such election of the person of the said Edward Harold Browne made and solemnly performed, and that your most Excellent Majesty would vouchsafe of your grace and favour to cause and command him to be effectually confirmed according to the form of the statute of this your renowned kingdom of England, in that behalf made and provided: That (the great and gracious God, the Giver of all good things, favouring and assisting) the said elected and to be confirmed may be able to preside over us usefully, and do us good, and we may, by the grace of God, successfully discharge our offices in the said church under him and his government: And so may the most tender clemency of our Saviour and the King of kings long preserve your Majesty in prosperity for the happy government of your people.

In witness and testimony of all and singular the premises, we have put our common or chapter seal to these presents, dated in our chapter-house the nineteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, and the twenty-seventh year of your Majesty's most happy reign over Great Britain and Ireland.

Certification to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury of the Election.

To the Most Reverend Father in Christ and our Lord Charles Thomas, by Divine Providence, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England, and Metropolitan, or any other whomsoever that hath, or shall have, sufficient power in this behalf.

Your humble and devoted servants, Harvey Goodwin, Doctor in Divinity, Dean of the Cathedral Church of the Holy and Undivided Trinity of Ely, and the Chapter of the same church, with all reverence, obedience, and honour deservedly due to so great and reverend a father, signify and make known to your Grace, by these our letters, that the episcopal see of the church of Ely being lately vacant by the natural death of the Right Reverend Father in God and our Lord, Thomas Turton, by Divine permission, late bishop and pastor thereof, and destitute of the solace of a pastor: We, the same Dean and Chapter aforesaid, by virtue and authority of a Royal leave and license to elect another bishop and pastor to us made and granted, being met together chapterwise in our chapter-house of the cathedral church aforesaid, the nineteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, and making a full Chapter (all and every person or persons who by law or custom have, or pretend to have, any right to be present in that behalf, being lawfully cited, summoned, and monished), rightly and lawfully proceeding, the solemnities in that behalf requisite being first observed, to the election of a new and future bishop of the said cathedral church of Ely, and having diligently treated about a fit person in that behalf to be chosen by us, we directed our votes to Edward Harold Browne, Clerk, B.D., in this behalf especially named and recommended to us by Her Most Gracious Majesty, and with unanimity and concord, no one contradicting or gainsaying, chose him, by virtue of the leave and license aforesaid, bishop and pastor of us, and of the said cathedral church and episcopal see of Ely, as by our letters certificatory directed and transmitted to Her Most Gracious Majesty in that behalf more fully and evidently appeareth: We do, therefore, by the tenor of these presents, humbly beseech your Grace and entreat you in the Lord that you would vouchsafe favourably and effectually to confirm the said election and person elected, and to do and perform all other things which belong to your pastoral office, that (the Great and Gracious God the Giver of all good things favouring and assisting) the said elected and to be confirmed may be able

to provide over us and do us good, and we may, by the grace of God, successfully discharge our offices in the said church under him and his government: And may the Great and Gracious God long preserve your Grace in prosperity.

In witness and testimony of all and singular the premises, we have caused our common or chapter seal to be put to these presents. Dated in our chapter-house the day, month, and year above written.

Certification to the Lord Bishop-Elect.

To Edward Harold Browne, Clerk, B.D.

We, Harvey Goodwin, Doctor in Divinity, Dean of the Cathedral Church of the Holy and Undivided Trinity of Ely, and the Chapter of the same church, signify to you, with all reverence and respect, by the tenor of these presents, that the episcopal see of Ely being vacant by the natural death of Doctor Thomas Turton, late bishop of the said cathedral church, of worthy memory, and having requested and obtained of the Queen's Majesty a license for us to elect another bishop and pastor of the see aforesaid: We, the said Harvey Goodwin, Dean, and the Chapter aforesaid, by virtue and authority of the Royal license aforesaid, being met together in our chapter-house the nineteenth day of this month of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, for the effect underwritten; and making a full Chapter (all and every person or persons who by law or custom have, or pretend to have, any right to be present in that behalf being lawfully cited, summoned, and monished), rightfully and lawfully proceeding to the election of a new and future bishop of the said cathedral church of Ely (the solemnities and circumstances by law and custom in the said cathedral church required being first lawfully observed, and no one of us contradicting or gainsaying): We named and chose you, the said Edward Harold Browne, bishop and pastor of us, and of the said cathedral church of Ely, earnestly requesting and supplicating that you would vouchsafe to assent to such election of your person so as is aforesaid by us made and solemnly performed: and to accept and take upon you the office and burden of the bishopric of Ely aforesaid.

In witness whereof we have caused our common or chapter seal to be put to these presents. Dated in our chapter-house the said nineteenth day of this instant month of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

Appointment of Proctors to exhibit Return.

Be it known unto all men by these presents that we, Harvey Goodwin, Doctor in Divinity, Dean of the Cathedral Church of the Holy and Undivided Trinity of Ely, and the Chapter of the same church, do by these presents nominate, ordain, and constitute our beloved Francis Hart Dyke, John Shephard, and Lionel Skipworth, all of Doctors' Commons, in the City of London, and every or any of them, jointly or severally, our true and lawful proxies and proctors, agents and factors, managers of our business and special messengers, to do and execute the things underwritten in the whole, and for the whole and in and for every or any part thereof: and we give and grant to our said proxies or proctors, or every or any of them, jointly or severally, general power and special command for us, and in our stead, place, name, and names, to go to Edward Harold Browne, Clerk, B.D., elected bishop and pastor of the cathedral church of Ely aforesaid, at times and places suitable and convenient, and to ask, procure, and obtain his consent to such election of his person, made and solemnly performed: and also to present and exhibit a certification of the said election,

warranted under our common or chapter seal, to Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, Defender of the Faith, and so forth, and humbly to implore the consent and patronage of Her Majesty in that behalf: and to present and exhibit the process of such election, and the person so elected, as is aforesaid, to the Most Reverend Father in God and our Lord, Charles Thomas, by Divine Providence, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England, and Metropolitan, or his Commissary in this behalf, or any other competent judge whatsoever: and to inform his Grace, or his Commissary, or other competent judge whatsoever in his behalf, of the qualities and circumstances of the said election, and of all and every thing and things of this kind concerning and touching the said election, the elected, and electors: and to request and obtain the said election and person elected to be confirmed in due form of law: and to do and act of, in, concerning, and about all and singular the premises, and to give and propose any summary petitions, and to produce and exhibit witnesses, writings, and instruments, and all other or any other kinds of proof whatsoever, and to petition for and obtain the definite sentences, or any other decrees whatsoever, to be made and promulgated and interposed, and to prosecute the said business of the confirmation until and to the full, final, and effectual end and completion thereof inclusive, and to petition for and obtain the care, government, and administration of all and singular the goods temporal and spiritual of the said bishopric of Ely, to be committed to the said Lord Elect, and in general to do, exercise, and expedite all and singular other things which in the premises, or about the same, shall be necessary, or in anywise requisite, although they require of themselves a more special commission or mandate than is above expressed: and we promise that we will ratify, approve, and confirm for ever whatsoever our said proxies or proctors, and every or either of them, shall do in the premises, or any of them, and in that respect we give warranty, caution, and assurance.

In witness whereof we have caused our common or chapter seal to be put to these presents. Dated in our chapter-house this nineteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

Now the only "lie" here, so far as I know, is the assertion in Her Majesty's *Congé d'élire* that the Dean and Chapter of Ely made supplication for leave and license to elect a new bishop. I suppose such supplication was implied, for certainly it was not expressed. So far as the documents which proceeded from the Dean and Chapter are concerned, they are strictly true; at all events, I believed them to be so; if not, I would have modified them. And these documents represent the entire action of the Dean and Chapter. Our proceedings were *not* "opened with prayer to Almighty God to help us to a right judgment;" there was no winding-up of "the shameful farce with a *Te Deum* in the cathedral," though in our own case I could have very heartily joined in such an offering of praise; neither were "all strangers monished to withdraw, that they who alone possessed the right and power of election might freely proceed to make election;" the process of election took place at a Chapter meeting summoned in the usual way, and with no formalities different from those which would have been observed if the business had been the election of an organist instead of the election of a bishop. Of course I do not take

upon myself to affirm that the description given in the passage quoted in p. 525 is an altogether false one; I only assert that it is not universally true, and that it does not apply to the election in which I myself took part. I would also suggest that perhaps the features of the business most objected to could be dropped by the electors' own act and deed; anyhow the Crown does not enjoin them. All that the Crown requires is that the person named in the letters missive should be legally elected, that is, elected in Chapter, and that the election should be certified under the chapter seal. There is no inquiry made by the Crown whether the Dean and Chapter sang the *Te Deum*, or what ceremonies and forms they observed.

And therefore, when I find Mr. Tyacke writing as follows:—

“After such a picture of an election, can any one hesitate to accept the third proposition of this paper—*That the present mode of appointing bishops calls for immediate reformation?* I hope not. That the original mode of appointment, that the mind and practice of the Church, that the reason of the thing, should all be passed over, disregarded, and ignored, is bad enough; but that the very law of the land, as read and felt by simple and single-hearted men, should of very—and that no holy—purpose be virtually broken, is worse; but that the sacred position of the earthly governor of the Church—the solemn ministrations of God's own special servants—that all these should be witnesses of, or partakers in, prayer and praise, the one implying the other declaring what is, to speak plainly, to honest hearts a lie, is not only worst of all, but simply so abhorrent to the very instincts of truth, that I cannot see how any right-minded man can hesitate to say that this state of things calls for immediate reformation:”

when I find my author writing thus, I feel bound to enter a protest, or at least to ask for some qualification of this very hot and formidable rhetoric. For, rhetoric apart, the question really resolves itself into this: What is, upon the whole, the safest and best method of appointment to the highest posts in the Church of England? The appointment of a bishop may conceivably be made,

1. Upon a *bonâ fide* election by the Dean and Chapter;
2. By a general vote of the diocese;
3. By nomination of the Crown.

The first of these methods is that which the law of England, without the modification of the letters missive, appears to recognise, and which is referred to in the rather curious phrase occurring in the above quotation, “the very law of the land, as read and felt by simple and single-hearted men.” But would any good purpose be served by making the practice what these simple men feel that it ought to be? or is not the method of free election by a Dean and Chapter utterly objectionable and bad? It is easy to see what the meaning and ground of the method are. The Dean and Chapter are theoretically the clergy of the diocese, and the election of a bishop by the Dean and Chapter is theoretically his election by the clergy over whom he is to preside; but practically it is nothing of the kind; and in the

existing condition of cathedral establishments it must, I think, appear to cool-headed, thoughtful men that the *bonâ fide* election of a bishop is a work for which the Dean and Chapter have no special fitness, and that appointments so made would not be likely to give more general satisfaction than those made by the Crown. This would be true in general; there might be cases in which ties of consanguinity amongst members of the electing body would make it still more particularly true.

The second method, which has a more catholic aspect, and which in some Churches might work very well, would be of doubtful application in the Church of England. To make it complete, and to make it resemble closely those ancient precedents which are quoted as guides in this matter, it would be necessary to take in the lay element as well as the clerical. But if this be admitted, who is and who is not to have the right of voting? Is the right to be confined to communicants? If so, by what law? And if there be no such restriction, how can an election be even conceivably possible? It seems to be impossible to gravely contemplate the picture of a really popular election of a bishop for a diocese of England, consisting of two or three counties, or of a vast manufacturing district. And after all, what gain would there be? Would it be at all certain that we should get the best man? and would not a contested election leave behind it divisions and scars which would be productive of incalculable mischief, and be long in healing?

Thus we seem to be forced upon the Crown as the best or only practicable patron. In fact, it may be argued that the Crown is of just right the true and lawful patron; and so I find the Dean of Chichester writing, in one of his lately-published volumes of the "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," as follows:—"He (Sir Edward Coke) shows that the bishoprics in England having been founded by the King's progenitors, the advowsons belonged of right to the Crown; that they were at first donatives, as is the case at the present time in Ireland and the colonies; and that the privilege of election was a concession made to the Chapters by the King, whose *congé d'élire* was therefore necessary."* But even if the patronage in its present form has been seized in a grasping and selfish manner, or if the right has been secured by somewhat harsh and unpolite means, it does not follow that the result itself is bad. Many good things, both in Church and State, have been brought about by the ambition or selfishness of princes; and our wisdom is not so much to look to the history of a practice as to look to the practice itself, and see whether it be good. It is very easy to draw ludicrous pictures of a Dean and Chapter meeting for an election under the terrors of a *præmunire*; but it would be equally possible to represent every father of a family as feeding his children under the

terrors of being sent to prison. The penalty may be a rude one, and certainly is very unnecessary; as, in the event of an election not taking place, the Crown can appoint under letters patent; but I apprehend that in practice the *præmunire* does not enter much into the consideration of the Dean and Chapter, and that what they do consider is rather whether they are called upon to perform a deed which the fear of God and self-respect compel them to decline. There does not seem, in fact, to be any difference in principle between putting the Chapter seal to the election of a bishop nominated by the Crown, and putting the same seal to the appointment to a living of a clerk nominated by an individual member of the Chapter. Again, it is easy to say that it is not the Sovereign but the Prime Minister for the time being who really makes episcopal appointments, and then it may be added that the Prime Minister may be a Dissenter, or of no religion at all. Of course this objection is not without its weight; but it ought to be observed that in a recent instance a diocese obtained the services of one of the best bishops in Christendom, not through the mere nomination of the Prime Minister, but through the personal influence of the Sovereign; and it ought to be observed further, that even if we put the Sovereign out of the question, which we have no right to do, still it is not the Prime Minister pure and simple, but the Prime Minister under a strong pressure of public opinion, upon whom the responsibility devolves.

On the whole, I should be disposed to argue, not that the present practice is perfect, but that any effort in the direction of change should be made with a view to modification chiefly in one particular. The part of the present process which, to my mind, is the most objectionable is that which is called the "confirmation." It will be remembered that upon a certain occasion, when an attempt was made (wisely or unwisely, it matters not) to turn this ceremony into a reality, the parties objecting were informed that the court was acting ministerially, and that no objections could be received. Now there is, as I believe, in this pretence of hearing objections, and this practical refusal to consider objections when proffered, a solid and substantial grievance. It seems only just and fair, and I do not know why the Crown should refuse to concede, that opportunity should be given to the Church to make reasonable objections to any appointment. The objections should, of course, be such as could be substantiated in a court of law; they might be moral, or they might be doctrinal. It is possible, though not probable, that a person might be selected for a bishopric whose moral character would not bear examination, or whose teaching could be shown to have been heretical. Why should the Church, or why should any one, be prevented from bringing these disqualifications to light? There may be some answer to this question, but I do not know what it can be.

Let it be observed, however, that whether any answer can be given or not, this part of the process of appointing bishops lies outside the title of this paper, and the title of the pamphlet upon which my observations have been grounded. That title is "*The Congé d'élire*," and does not legitimately carry us beyond the part which the Dean and Chapter are called upon to perform; it is from the decanal point of view that I have wished to consider the subject, and so considering it, I trust that I have made it appear that a dean can take part in the election of a bishop under existing circumstances without being guilty of participation "in a profane and wicked farce," and without "acting a gross and deliberate lie."

It may be said that whether "profane and wicked" or not, still a "farce" the election is, and that the farce ought to be done away. This, however, is not quite clear. The only course by which there could be any hope of doing away with that ministerial function which is gibbeted so frequently under the name of a "farce," would be to give up the nominal election by the Dean and Chapter altogether, and empower the Crown to appoint at once by letters patent, as is done in Ireland* and some of the colonies. But would this be desirable or wise? Are not forms sometimes valuable, though they may appear for a time to be lifeless? Is it quite clear that the union between Church and State which exists now will exist always? and may not some of our institutions which are relics of other times, and are now in abeyance, be perhaps valuable in some future hour of need, when circumstances are changed? Suppose, for example, that the Church in Ireland should be, according to the intention of many of our statesmen, disestablished and deprived of her State position, would it not be better for her that there should be a machinery for the appointment of her bishops, which would naturally come into force as soon as the Crown should cast her off? And would not the abandonment on the part of the Church of England of a form of election, though it be only a form, and the adoption of appointment by letters patent, look like an acknowledgment of the principle, which some mischievously and untruly affirm, that a bishop is a mere creation of the civil power? Moreover, it is not quite certain that forms are useless because their life seems to have departed. Circumstances might occur—God forbid that they should!—when a unanimous determination of a Dean and Chapter not to affix their seal to the appointment of a manifestly improper person to the charge of their diocese might be a rock of safety for the Church of England; or, short of this, it is conceivable that an objectionable nomination might be prevented by the knowledge that the Church possessed constitutional means of at least protesting against the scandal.

* H. GOODWIN.



GLÜCK AND HAYDN.

PART I.

Letters of Distinguished Musicians. Translated by LADY WALLACE.
Longmans, Green, & Co: London.

TWO names only stand at the head of this article—Glück and HAYDN: Glück, if not the founder of the modern opera, certainly the founder of the German opera; Haydn, if not the founder of the modern orchestra, certainly the founder of the modern quartet and symphony. The lover of art greets any new letters by these fathers of music with a thrill of pardonable emotion. The volume before us contains, also, letters of P. E. Bach, Weber, and Mendelssohn, but at present we are not concerned with these.

As we turn over the first batch of letters, the ghost of Christophe Glück looks out from the pages, and gradually assumes more and more the semblance of flesh and blood. His portrait, finely painted by Duplessis, and of which a miserable travestie is affixed to the present volume, explains the man and many of his abrupt and exultant utterances: he is looking straight out of the canvas with wide and eager eyes,—his nostril a little distended, as of one eager to reply,—his mouth shut, but evidently on the point of hastily opening. The noble brow and pronounced temples carry off the large development of the cheek-bone, and slightly heavy, though firm and expressive nose. The attitude is one of noble and expectant repose, but has in it all the suggestion of resolute and even fiery action. “Madame,” said he, drawing himself up to his full

height, and addressing Mario Antoinette, then Dauphiness, who inquired after his opera of *Armida*, "Madame, il est bien tôt fini, et vraiment ce sera superbe!"

These words might be written at the foot of Duplessis' picture; they evidently express one of Glück's most characteristic moods. His life seems to have been illumined and buoyed up by the indomitable sense of his own power. He exults in his music: like a giant refreshed with wine, he rejoices in his strength. A wretched French writer has lately mistaken this for vanity. It is the vanity of the eagle as he wheels above the horde of small birds, and rejoices to be alone with the sun. "I have written," he says, "the music of my *Armida* in a manner which will prevent its soon growing old." If ordinary men are permitted to be conscious of life, why should we grudge to genius the consciousness of its own immortality?

Christophe Willibad Glück was the son of a gamekeeper in the service of Prince Lobkowitz, and was born at Weidenwang, in the Upper Palatinate, on July 2, 1714. The shadow of Italy still lay broad and dark over the fields of German music. Bach and Handel, it is true, had created a national school of sacred music; but then, and long afterwards, Italy was popular with the masses. Handel, in common with Glück, and even Mozart in his early days, wrote operas for the people in the Italian style.

Orchestral music, as such, was not as yet in high repute.* Indeed, the orchestra was usually eked out with a harpsichord, and the conductor alternately strummed away on the keys and beat time on the back of his instrument to a few violins, basses, a flute, a drum, and a horn or two.

Cabinet instrumental music had only reached as far as trios; and although Correlli and Hasse were both a good deal played in Germany, yet, until the string quartet came into being, the combination most favourable to the progress of cabinet music was wanting.

Choir-singing and organ-playing were far more advanced, and it was to this department that Glück, in common with most other young musicians, had to look for a maintenance. From the first, the musical training of Glück was happily varied and comprehensive. At the age of eighteen he emerged from the Jesuit college of Komnottau, where he had received a good education, and been taught to sing, and to play the organ, the violin, and the harpsichord. Prague was at that time famous for musical discernment; and its connoisseurs, who a few years later rejoiced in the title of Mozart's favourite public, were the first to recognise and to support Glück. But they supported him as they supported dozens of others. They only saw in him an excellent violin-player, a steady chorister, and a fair organist, in all which capacities he figured at the Polish convent

* Of course Handel wrote for a very definite though limited orchestra.

of St. Agnes. Probably there was nothing more to see. He was groping about in the dark himself, and had not even begun to break into the track of his future glory. In 1736, after giving a few concerts in the neighbourhood, he decided upon finishing his musical education at Vienna under the guidance of such masters as Caldara, Fux, and the brothers Conti. Up to this time the attention of Glück had been impartially divided between Italian and German influences; but Prince Lobkowitz, who remembered his old gamekeeper, and took a kindly interest in his son, introduced Christophe to the Italian Prince, Melzi, whose usual residence was at Milan; and when that nobleman went back, Glück was easily prevailed upon to accompany him to Italy. He soon became the devoted pupil of the well-known Italian composer and organist, Sammartini. The first age, even of genius, is more imitative and impressionable than original or independent, and Glück began to pour forth Italian operas to Italian audiences. In four years he had produced eight, every one of which may safely be forgotten. They were all successful. Success then, as now, proved a ready passport. What was good enough for Italy was good enough for London, and, to London was Glück, now aged twenty-two, summoned by the managers of the Haymarket theatre.

Here he fell in with Handel, who, after listening to one of his operas, the *Caduta di Giganti*, pronounced it simply detestable, which it very probably was. Great men do not always look at genius with prophetic eyes. Weber failed to see the merits of Schubert, and Goethe deliberately snubbed him. Spohr considered doubtfully whether Mendelssohn, if he lived and worked hard, might become a good composer. We must not wonder if the author of the *Messiah* failed to see, in such feeble glimmer of transalpine melody as may be found in the *Artamene*, the rising sun of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*.

Thus it was from Handel, no unfitting Mentor, that Glück received the first blow which led to his happy disenchantment with the Italian opera. There must be something wrong; henceforth he would not go on composing opera after opera on the same model. Perhaps the model itself might be a wrong one. What was the model? A story, told as much as possible by a series of songs; dramatic declamation in recitative much neglected; orchestral accompaniment still more so; and, worst of all, the character and the style of the song music itself not necessarily in keeping with the words. Any taking tune seems to have done for almost any words; a little scraping and strumming by way of accompaniments, which nobody was supposed to attend to, and *l'opéra, le voilà!*

The discovery of these defects, now so patent to all the world, was the second and last blow which ruined the credit of Italy with

Glück, and it happened on this wise. His operas had hitherto not pleased in England. He now determined to please. *Pyramus and Thisbe* was to be the triumph. He chose the best bits out of all his most successful operas, and this *omnium gatherum* was to be the music of *Pyramus and Thisbe*. The opera was a miserable failure. The experiment was too glaring, although it was after all nothing but a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Italian method. Glück perceived henceforth the necessity for a more exact and rigid correspondence between the drama and the music. It never occurred to him to abandon the form of opera altogether as a form of art which was false, because it used music to express not only the emotion which accompanies action, but action itself; but he thought, and thought rightly, that the opera might be improved philosophically by at least making the music always express emotions in harmony with the dramatic action, instead of any emotion in connection with any action.

Shortly afterwards, passing through Paris, Glück heard for the first time the French operas of Rameau; he received a new element, and one sadly wanting to the Italian opera,—the dramatic declamation of recitative. This was the one element that France contributed to the formation of the opera as now existing. We observe, therefore, three sources from which this composer derived the elements of his own system. His early training in Italy determined the importance which he ever afterwards attached to pure melody. His subsequent acquaintance with France taught him the value of dramatic declamation. Germany gave him harmony, a more careful study of the orchestra, and that philosophical spirit which enabled him to lay the foundation of the distinctive German opera.

We have in a previous paper* expressed an opinion that opera is a defective form of art. That music can only represent the emotions of a drama, and not its incidents, is a truth enunciated alike by Glück the first, and Richard Wagner the latest, of the German opera writers. Glück writes, "My purpose was to restrict music to its true office, that of ministering to the *expression* of the poetry without interrupting the action."

Wagner, in extolling legendary subjects as best fitted for the opera, observes that "music does not stop at the exterior incidents, but expresses the underlying emotion." Yet neither of these writers seems to perceive that his admission is fatal to the very existence of the opera. We may fairly ask Glück, "Must not music, when sung by the person acting, always interrupt the spontaneity of the action?" And we may say to Wagner, "The music at the opera,

in so far as it is acted, loses its power of expressing the emotion of an action by becoming itself the action," or, as he says, "stopping at the exterior incident." The sun is distinct from the planets which it illumines. The sphere of musical emotion is equally distinct from that of dramatic action. The two spheres may have important mutual relations, but they must not be confounded.

A situation *can* be expressed by action and language; the emotion of the situation *can* be expressed by music; but music *cannot* express a situation, and we must not try and make it do so by making the actor sing. People do *not* go about the world singing incidents; people do *not* wail out melodious strains in the midst of consumptive agonies. Singing makes the action of the singer unnatural, and so weakens it, whilst the emotion intended to be produced by the singing is in its turn weakened by the unnatural action.

But it has been asked, in reply to some remarks similar to those which occur in our former paper, "If the opera is a false form of art, because men do not sing off, as they do on, the stage, is not the whole drama false in art, since men do not speak and act off, as they do on, the stage?" No. The drama is not false in art, because words and actions are fitted to express situations, do actually enter into all situations; it is for the dramatist to represent and combine them in the most forcible and natural manner which the necessary limits of his art will allow. Even in the case of soliloquy no radical violence is done to nature, since people do really sometimes think aloud: besides, it is universally admitted that language and action are the fit exponents of emotion, thought, and incident, whilst it must not be for a moment conceded that music can express definite thoughts or incidents, but only the emotions which accompany these. The fallacy that music expresses incidents or any definite thought whatever lies at the root of all the nonsense that is talked about this tune meaning the sea, and that the moon, Vesuvius, or the scarlet fever.

Nor, to return to the drama, is undue violence done to the mind by years being supposed to have elapsed between the acts of a play, as it is not attempted in any way to represent the passage of those years before the public. That is left to the imagination, and no exception can be taken to the representation of that which is not represented. In *Macbeth*, as produced some time ago by Mr. Phelps, no man could take exception to the manner in which the ghost of Banquo was represented, because the ghost never appeared at all. It was left to the imagination of the audience. The dramatist leaves the years to the imagination of the audience. If they do not conceive them aright, it is no business of his.

We submit, then, that the drama and the opera have separate foun-

dations, or rather, the one has a foundation which the other lacks. It is perfectly fair in all forms of art to leave to the imagination what cannot be expressed, but it is perfectly false in any form of art to try and make a power—like music, for instance—express what it is incapable of expressing.

But it is time to return to Glück. Disconcerted by the failure of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, with Handel's rebuke fresh in his mind, and strongly impressed with the importance of copious recitative and plenty of declamation, after the manner of the French, he entered upon his transition period. From *Telemarco* [1750] to *Il Ré Pastore*, produced at Vienna, 1756, we may notice a continuous development in the direction of the new German opera style. Between 1756 and 1762 he appears, like a man struggling with the apprehension of new ideas, to have tried various experiments. We cannot regard his comic operas as anything but tentative; they bear witness more to his versatile activity than to his judgment. The *Pilgrims of Mecca* might indeed have established the fame of a lesser composer, but it is little better than waste from the author of *Orpheus and Eurydice*.

The time now drew nigh for that fortunate conjunction of circumstances upon which genius itself is obliged to wait. In 1762 Glück at last met the man capable of understanding him, and of producing a libretto after his own heart. This man was Calzabigi, the writer of *Orpheus and Eurydice*, *Alceste*, and other librettos belonging to Glück's finest period. The *Orpheus* and *Alceste* were produced at Vienna with that amount of success which the author's name could by this time command. But Glück, with his strong feeling for dramatic declamation, was dissatisfied with the German actors and with the German stage, and turned his eyes towards Paris. His overtures were gladly met by the directors of the French opera, and the event proved their discernment.

The success of Glück at Paris has to be accounted for. Although Paris has generally admitted the results of German music, as it has in due time appropriated the results of German philosophy, it has seldom been forward to acknowledge any new development of either. German composers have usually found themselves specially miserable in Paris; Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Wagner, have each in their day been snuffed out by the Parisian public, and only enjoyed a tardy recognition when it could no longer be withheld. Yet both Glück and Haydn were from the first feted and admired by at least important sections of the French musical world.

How can this be explained in the case of Glück? We must remember, in the first place, that Glück hoisted no opposition flag. Of the deep lines which have been since drawn, and rightly drawn,

between German, Italian, and French music, hardly a trace at this time existed.

Modern music was not sufficiently developed for each nation to appropriate its own speciality; and what existed of music was cosmopolitan rather than national. So little conscious was Glück of founding a school, that he writes innocently to his old pupil, Marie Antoinette:—

“It has been no pretention of mine, though some have reproached me with it, to come here to give lessons to the French in their own language. I thought that I might attempt with French words the new style of music that I have adopted in my three last *Italian (sic)* operas. I see with satisfaction that the language of nature is the universal language.”

Hence we observe that he had the singular good fortune of entering Paris under the auspices of the Dauphiness Marie Antoinette, and without a thought of rivalry, but simply with the naïve intention of improving the French music; and this pacific garb, no doubt, greatly conduced to his courteous reception.

The political revolution was also favourable to a revolution in art. The old fabric of the French monarchy was ready to crumble. The Encyclopædists had set up a ferment of new ideas throughout the country, which not only pointed to an abuse, but had a remedy to propose. The signs of the times were not hard to read, yet no one seemed to read them. There was something in the very air which told of imminent change. None escaped the subtle influence. The doomed palace itself was full of it. And the courtiers, in listening to Rousseau's *Devin du Village*, in admiring a return to nature, in craving for ideals as far as possible removed from the effete civilization of their own age and country, in applauding the classical but revolutionary operas of Glück, were like children playing with the sparks that were destined presently to burn the house down.

Meanwhile Glück had it all his own way. Armed with a French libretto by Du Rollet, protected by the mantle of royalty, and filled unconsciously, like so many others, with the revolutionary spirit, he produced his first opera of *Iphigenia in Aulis*. The orchestra, as orchestras will, tittered over his scores, and grumbled at the instrumentation, but ended by playing them, and playing them well. The audience, as audiences will, played the philosopher on the first night of its representation, but applauded vigorously on the second. The Abbé Arnault, a great leader of taste, is said to have exclaimed, “With such music one might found a new religion.” The orchestral effects of the *Iphigenia* were found somewhat difficult to understand at times, but deemed vastly learned by the connoisseurs; whilst the apostrophe sung by Agamemnon to the Creator of Light, as also the celebrated phrase, “I hear within my breast the

cry of nature," were considered quite sublime by the general public.

It was the midsummer of 1774. The Parisians, then as now, were in the habit of flying from the white heat of the city to the cool retreats of their suburban villas, but the opera-house still continued to be crammed nightly. Glück was called the Hercules of music. Admirers dogged his footsteps in the streets. His appearance at public assemblies was the sign for loud acclamations. And a few privileged ones were admitted to the rehearsal of his new opera *Alceste*, to see him conduct in his night-cap and dressing-gown.

But the enemy was not far off. The musicians who had grumbled at his scores, the old school who had been shocked, and the second-rate composers who had been shelved, were only biding their time to organize an open attack. The Italian Piccini was pitted against Glück. There were powerful leaders on both sides, and the chances at one time seemed about equal. Marie Antoinette (Glückist) was influential, but so was Madame du Barri (Piccinist) the king's mistress; l'Abbé Arnault (Glückist) was sarcastic, but Marmontel (Piccinist) was witty; Du Rollet was diplomatic, but La Harpe was eloquent; and the storm burst thus upon the unsuspecting Glück. During his absence from Paris, he learned that Piccini had been commissioned to compose music for the same opera (*Roland*) upon which he himself was engaged. Glück tore up his unfinished score in a rage, and declared open war upon the Italian school. The boards of the opera became the scene of hot contentions, and the rival partisans abused and bullied each other like schoolboys. "I know some one," says Glück, "who will give dinners and suppers to three-fourths of Paris to gain proselytes for M. Piccini. Marmontel, who tells stories so well, will tell one more to explain to the whole kingdom the exclusive merits of M. Piccini." "The famous Glück," wrote La Harpe, "may puff his own compositions, but he cannot prevent them from boring us to death." And the wags of Paris, who looked on and thought of the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee, named the street in which Glück lived, "Rue du Grand Hurlleur," whilst Piccini's and Marmontel's *quartiers* were nicknamed respectively, "Rue des Petits Chants" and "Rue des Mauvaises Paroles." But pleasant and exciting as all this must have been, it had its inconveniences. Piccini was very well, but Paris could not afford to lose Glück, and Glück declined at first to compose as Piccini's rival. At this crisis a bright idea occurred to Berton, the new opera director: could not the rival *maestros* be induced to compose an opera jointly? He asked them both to dinner, and *inter pocula* all seemed to go well. But it was only the convivial lull that was to precede a post-prandial storm.

It was arranged that each should compose an opera of his own on the subject of *Iphigenia in Tauris*. In 1779, Glück produced his second *Iphigenia* first, and Piccini was so conscious of its superior excellence, that he shut his own opera up in a portfolio, which was not opened until two years later, when the Italian *Iphigenia* was brought out, and fell quite flat. *Væ victis!* The Italian school seemed fairly vanquished; but even now Fortune was turning her capricious wheel. Four months afterwards Glück produced his *Echo and Narcissus*, which, to the consternation of the Glückists, fell as flat as Piccini's *Iphigenia*.

He was offered many consolations, and Marie Antoinette besought him eagerly to stay and retrieve the position which seemed for the moment lost; but he was getting old and fretful; all his life long he had been the spoilt child of Fortune, and he was less able than most men to bear any reverses. He had amassed considerable wealth, and in 1780 left Paris for Vienna; but he does not appear to have been happy in his old age. Nervous maladies, long kept off by dint of sheer excitement and incessant labour, seemed now to grow upon him rapidly. He had always been fond of wine, but at a time when his system was least able to bear it, he began to substitute brandy. The very thought of action after his recent failure in Paris filled him with disgust. He did nothing, but his inactivity was not repose, and the fire which had been a shining light for so many years, now in its smouldering embers seemed to waste and consume him inwardly. His wife, who was ever on the watch, succeeded in keeping stimulants away from the poor old man for weeks together; but one day a friend came to dine. After dinner, coffee was handed round, and liqueurs were placed upon the table. The temptation was too strong. Glück seized the bottle of brandy, and before his wife could stop him he had drained its contents. That night he fell down in a fit of apoplexy, and he died Nov. 25th, 1787, aged seventy-three.

Glück has been hardly handled by his French critics. To be a successful German musician in France is no doubt a crime; a hot temper is perhaps another; but when we read that Glück was consumedly vain, full of a malevolent egotism, that he seized every occasion to injure his rivals, that he was the enemy of rising or foreign merit, that he tried to stifle Mozart and to sneer down Piccini, we require an explanation. Some of us may be consoled by the reflection that these assertions—coming from M. Felix Clement, whose book is more distinguished for bulk than benevolence, for screams and common-places than for criticism or candour—are unfounded.

The vanity of Glück consisted in the consciousness of his own superiority. His malevolent egotism was merely the ebullition of a hasty temper stung into self-assertion by detraction and abuse.

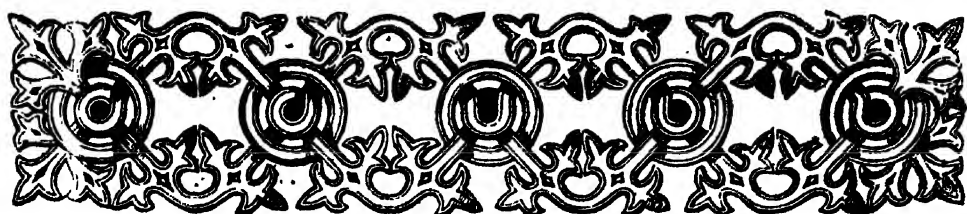
When party spirit ran so high at Paris between Glückists and Piccinists, without imputing to either malevolent egotism, we might expect to find the rivals themselves not always calm and measured in their language. But, in truth, Glück was a single-minded man, devoted to music and generous to other musicians. In his sixty-fourth year he writes, not to his own supporters, but to "the friends of music in Paris"—Paris, the stormy scene of his first contentions with the Italian factions; Paris, the witness of his early triumphs, and his late discomfiture; Paris, the place where he is said to have shown nothing but malevolent egotism towards rivals:—

"M. Glück is very sensible of the politeness of Messieurs les amateurs and M. Cambini. He has the honour to assure these gentlemen that it will give him much pleasure to hear the performance of M. Cambini's scene from *Armida* [the subject of one of his own operas]. It would be indeed tyranny in music to seek to prevent authors from bringing forward their productions. M. Glück enters into rivalry with no one, and it will always give him pleasure to listen to music better than his own. The progress of art ought alone to be considered."

An old broken-down man, he sat in a box and applauded the young Mozart's new symphonies. He extolled Mozart's music in Viennese circles, and asked him and his wife to dinner; and Mozart speaks of him everywhere in his letters in terms of reverence and affection. It is said that he was fond of money, and he was, no doubt, in his later years unhappily addicted to wine; but his purse-strings were often loosed for the needy, and many of his detractors were fed at his hospitable board. Under trying circumstances, he always maintained the dignity and independence of his art; and, the favourite of princes and courtiers, he knew how to enlist sympathy without truckling to power.

M. Felix Clement is facetious on the subject of the intemperance which marked the failing years of a man whose nerves had been shattered by hard work and the excitement inseparable from his vocation. We prefer to recall one who, in the midst of an immoral court, remained personally pure, and who, in an age of flippant atheism, retained to the last his trust in Providence and his reverence for religion.

H. R. HAWES.



RECENT HISTORIES OF EARLY ROME.

L'Histoire Romaine à Rome. Par J. J. AMPÈRE. Paris: 1862.

History of the Kings of Rome. By TH. DYER, LL.D. London: 1868.

IF the moral world has any law that is absolutely universal, it is that of Reaction. Idealism leads to materialism, and materialism brings back idealism. Draconian severity prepares the way for sympathy with criminals; and the sympathetic prison-system ends in a renewed call for Draconian punishments. Asceticism brings muscular Christianity into fashion; and muscular Christianity in its turn drives men to ascetic practices. Nature, conscious that the mean is best for man, yet that there is nothing which he so much abhors, has contrived to turn his very passion for extremes to good account, and by making it necessary that the pendulum shall oscillate as far in one direction as in the other, has provided an effectual check to the vagaries of thought and practice, and secured the continuance of the great bulk of opinion and conduct within a moderate distance of the *juste milieu* at which she would have us aim. Whenever, therefore, we see a violent *set* of thought or feeling in one direction, we may always confidently expect that, if we will only patiently wait a little, we shall see the tide turn, the pendulum sway back, the aberration compensated for by a divergence in the opposite direction. The only question is, How soon? Here Nature does not tie herself to a fixed rule. But we think it may be said that, generally, the more violent the excess, the quicker does the reaction come.

In the Historical field the Sceptical school, which may be said to owe its existence to Niebuhr—for Perizonius, Pouilly, and Beaufort came into the world too soon, and, being unappreciated, founded no school—triumphantly pursued its course for thirty-seven years, from 1825 to 1862, carrying everything before it, and threatening to make of all the records of the distant past a *tabula rasa*, on which to write the single word *UNKNOWN*. Niebuhr, Arnold, Grote, Becker, Mommsen, Schwegler, and a host of minor writers, worked with indefatigable perseverance at the task of destruction, until it began to seem doubtful whether the entire fabric which delighted our youthful eyes was not about to be demolished. True that Niebuhr himself and one or two of his followers were not content to be merely destructives, but strove to raise a new edifice out of the *débris* of the old, and thus to leave us a something in lieu of what they had swept away. But, unfortunately, this "something" was exactly that at which the next historical critic levelled his attack, on which he brought the weight of his artillery to bear, which he destroyed with his ridicule, or overwhelmed with his most crushing scorn. The new fabrics showed less stability than the old. One fell after another, until nothing but crumbling ruins strewed the ground. At last there stood up, calm and cold, the pure embodiment of the sceptical spirit, the dry, hard, unimpassioned, statuesque lawyer, financier, statistic, Sir G. C. Lewis, and the very *débris* were swept into the "limbo of things transitory and vain," one-half at least of the historical field being declared to be absolutely *terra incognita*.

The "Inquiry into the Credibility of the Early Roman History" appeared in 1855; the essay on the "Astronomy of the Ancients," which carried the same negative criticism far and wide over the historical field, in 1862. The *acmé* of negation was then reached. The trenchant knife of the critic had cut away from the domain of history all that had tradition for its basis, all that was obscure or doubtful, either from contradictions among the authorities, or from difficulties in the decipherment of the record; all that had in it anything poetic, and so might appear to be legendary—all, in fact, that was not of a nature to approve itself as true to minds accustomed to require, before admitting a fact, that it should be proved by strictly legal evidence. But exactly at this moment reaction set in. In the hour of its highest triumph the negative criticism had raised itself up an adversary. As "the Absolute" and "the Infinite," when slain by the doughty sword of a subtle metaphysician, reappeared upon the scene shortly afterwards apparently unhurt, so the "early Roman history" had scarcely been proved incredible, than it once more claimed credence under the patronage of a French academician. In 1862, the very year in which the "Astronomy" saw the light,

was published at Paris, a work entitled "*L'Histoire Romaine à Rome, par Mons. J. J. Ampère, de l'Académie Française, de l'Académie des Inscriptions, de l'Académie d'Archéologie à Rome, de la Crusca, etc. etc.*" In the Introduction to this work it was observed :—

"Le bon sens se révolte contre cette radiation téméraire de cinq siècles de l'histoire Romaine admis par les Romains, et, dans leur ensemble, par les plus savants hommes et les plus grands génies des temps modernes ; il se révolte surtout quand on lit ses choses, non dans le cabinet d'un savant Allemand ou d'un homme d'état d'Angleterre, si distingués qu'ils soient, mais à Rome, en présence des lieux dont la configuration ancienne est toujours parfaitement d'accord avec le récit des historiens ; en présence des monuments dont les débris sont également d'accord avec ces récits, récits qui peuvent être aussi incomplets, mais ne sont pas plus imaginaires que les ruines, et que la crédulité des âges n'a pas davantage construits."*

And the writer proceeded to rehabilitate, so far as lay in his power, the entire series of facts and personages, of which the author of the "*Inquiry into the Credibility*" deemed himself to have finally disposed. Our old friends, Romulus and Remus, returned to life as vigorous as ever, only they had ceased to be brothers, and had become two rival shepherds who pastured their flocks on two of the Seven Hills, and taking it into their heads to found cities, quarrelled and fought together. Numa recovered a personal existence, and reigned peaceably as of old, only losing the sweet companionship of his divine counsellor, the nymph Egeria. Hostius Hostilius, Titus Tatius, Pompilius Pompo, the Horatii and Curiatii, Cluilius, Mettus Fufetius, Oppius, Cispinus, resumed the material substance of which the sceptical school had deprived them, and stood forth solid personages of flesh and blood, as much the proper subjects of history as Sylla, Marius, or Julius Cæsar. The asylum for outlaws opened upon the Capitolino Hill, the rape of the Sabine women, the murder of his sister by the victorious Horatius, the rending of Mettus Fufetius by wild horses, the capture of Gabii by the arts of Sextus Tarquinius, the defence of the Pons sublicius by Horatius Cocles, the burning of his right hand by Mutius Scævola, were once more put forward as facts, related, perhaps, with some embellishments by the ancient writers, but still true in the main, and wrongfully removed by the sceptics from their proper place in the history of the people of Rome.

It was not long before the example of M. Ampère provoked imitation among ourselves. In the year 1865, Dr. Thomas Dyer, a scholar of considerable reputation, the author of the article on "*Rome*" in Dr. Smith's "*Dictionary of Ancient Geography*," published a "*History of the City of Rome, its Structures and Monuments*," which,

* Vol. i. p. xxx.

although primarily topographical, contained various historical arguments and allusions, whereby it was rendered sufficiently apparent that the mantle of the French academician, then recently deceased, had fallen upon him. Dr. Dyer declared his opinion to be that even "the history of the kings" was "true in the main—their names and order of succession, though not perhaps the precise duration of their reigns—also the chief transactions of their reigns, excluding those supernatural occurrences which were invented by the priests, and found a ready belief from the natural superstition of the people." * He protested against the efforts made by the sceptical school to obliterate from the records of the past the early history of Rome, and desired the re-establishment, by a searching and critical examination of the ancient authorities, of that "very considerable substratum of truth" which he felt convinced lay at the bottom of this primitive history.† These views having provoked some animadversion, Dr. Dyer was induced to apply himself to their more complete elaboration; and the result is seen in his "History of the Kings of Rome," which now lies before us, bearing the date of 1868 on its title-page, but published, we believe, towards the end of 1867.

This work, as its author justly states,‡ is at the present day and to the English scholar a "novelty." It is written on a plan "directly opposite" to that on which all recent Roman histories popular in England have been composed. Livy is taken as the main, indeed almost as the sole, authority. "In Livy's narrative of the regal period we possess," says Dr. Dyer, "the substance of the history as given by the earliest annalists." But we have this history, not in the more crude shape in which it was first given to the world, but in a greatly improved condition. "In Livy's work we possess the advantage of having the early traditions winnowed from the heap after a *searching critical* examination. Livy was a *highly judicious*, not to say *sceptical*, writer."§ And accordingly, "the narrative part of the book is little more than a translation of Livy,"|| whose account of the early history it is the author's purpose to support and defend. As, however, almost every portien of that account has been impugned, the author appends to each narrative section a lengthy discussion of all the chief objections taken by critics of the sceptical school to the several points of Livy's history. It is thus that the book attains its very considerable bulk, becoming a volume of 585 closely-printed pages.

In its historical results the work of Dr. Dyer agrees, thus, in the main, with that of M. Ampère—the most noticeable difference being the greater importance which the latter assigns to the Sabine element

* Introduction, p. 1.

† Ibid., pp. lxii., lxiii.

‡ Preface, p. iv.

§ Introduction, p. lxxix.

|| Preface, p. iv.

in Rome. But in style the two works offer a complete contrast. M. Ampère is graphic, rhetorical, imaginative; Dr. Dyer dry, prosaic, logical. The one paints, the other argues. Such weight as the French history carries with it is derived from its presenting us with a series of scenes harmonious in character, archaic in their tone and colouring, and full of a local detail which gives to the whole narrative an air at once of picturesqueness and of truth. These characteristics are "conspicuous by their absence" from the work of Dr. Dyer, which, except where it translates Livy, is wholly critical and argumentative.

It is impossible within the limits of a review article to examine, or even to exhibit, in detail the elaborate reasonings by which Dr. Dyer endeavours to meet and overthrow the negative arguments of Niebuhr, Schwegler, Becker, and Lewis on the period of which he treats. We can only commend them to the consideration of historical students, who will do well to see what can be said on the positive side of each question. We are much mistaken if candid minds will not find many alleged contradictions disappear, many presumed improbabilities vanish, as they peruse the "Remarks" in which the arguments of the sceptical school are examined. On the other hand, we cannot conceal our conviction that the author of the "History of the Kings" has overstepped the limits of moderation, and has damaged his cause by undertaking to defend, as literally historical, portions of the traditional narrative which a sound-judging and rational criticism must give up—portions, moreover, which, *even on his own principles*, he ought to have surrendered. Dr. Dyer agrees with Sir G. C. Lewis as to the importance of contemporary notation, and the incompetency of oral tradition to hand down anything more than the merest outline of a nation's history even for a single generation. He suggests in one place that contemporary notation may have commenced in the reign of Numa, on the appointment of the first Pontifex Maximus. Elsewhere,* however, he allows that the reign of Tullus Hostilius is that from which such notation may best be regarded as dating. But if so, what is the authority for the reigns of Romulus and Numa, or what ground is there for regarding them as historical personages? We must draw the line somewhere. Dr. Dyer draws it between Romulus and Rhea Silvia. He surrenders Numitor and Amulius, and the whole line of the Alban kings; but he keeps Romulus and Numa. We ask again, why? Dr. Dyer admits that the reign of Numa is "more shadowy and unsubstantial than those of the other Roman sovereigns,"† and that it "affords the best handle to the sceptical critics for attacking the early Roman history, and for attributing to it, as well as to Numa

* P. 165, and Introduction, p. xl.

† P. 164.

himself, a mythical character."* He "agrees with Schlegler that after this period tradition became more steady, as being supported by *contemporary* record."† Is not this then the place where the line should be drawn?

In fact, the whole inquiry as to the credibility of the early Roman history resolves itself into the question of record. When did the contemporary notation of historical events commence? What was the nature and character of the original record? Did it last down to the times of the early annalists? Was it faithfully followed by them in their compositions? And it is here that Dr. Dyer has done best service to historical science. In his Introduction—by far the most valuable part of his book—he has re-opened the question of the sources of Roman history, the *origines* from which the early annalists drew; and although even here he seems to us to have unfortunately overstated his case, yet we think he has thrown much fresh light on a very difficult subject, and has succeeded in proving that the documentary substratum on which the early history rests is very much more considerable than any recent *historiana* have been in the habit of allowing. Nine distinct kinds of documents are enumerated by Dr. Dyer as the sources from which the annalists drew, viz.:—1. The *Annales Maximi*; 2. The *Commentarii Pontificum*; 3. *Funebres Orationes*; 4. The *Libri Pontificii* and *Augurales*; 5. The *Libri Lintei*, or *Libri Magistratum*; 6. The *Commentarii Regum*; 7. The *Tabule Censoriæ*; 8. The *Leges Regiæ*; and 9. *Fœdera*; and it is at any rate certain that documents of these various kinds existed in the early Roman State, all of them containing matter of a more or less historical character. Doubt can only be entertained on such points as the following:—First, when did these works begin to be composed; secondly, what was the exact nature of each; thirdly, were the originals, or genuine copies of the originals, existing when the first annalists wrote; fourthly, did the annalists make use of them?

Now, it is plain that some of these works did date from the kingly period. The treaty of Servius Tullius with the Latins, engraved on a bronze pillar which stood in the temple of Diana on the Aventine, was seen by Dionysius of Halicarnassus; as also was that concluded with the *Gabii* by Tarquinius Superbus, which was written on a bull's hide stretched over a wooden shield. The "*Royal Laws*" (*Leges Regiæ*) and the "*Commentaries of the Kings*" (*Commentarii Regum*) should by their names be equally ancient; but it is doubtful whether the real commentaries or note-books of the kings long survived the regal period; and the "*Leges Regiæ*," though probably genuine, were mere antique forms which threw little light on history.

* Pp. 151, 152.

† P. 165.

The "Libri Lintei" and the "Tabulæ Censoriæ" were certainly no earlier than the time of the Republic; and the first funeral oration of which we hear is that of Publicola over his colleague Brutus. Thus, as possible sources for the continuous history of the regal period, we are reduced to three out of the nine above enumerated; viz., the "Annales Maximi," the "Commentarii Pontificum," and the "Libri Pontificii" and "Augurales."

Of these, by far the most important for historical purposes would be the "Annales Maximi." Sir Cornwall Lewis observes with respect to them:—"We have not, however, as yet mentioned that class of documents which, if they had been preserved in their integrity, would have afforded *the surest foundation and the most valuable assistance* respecting the early period to the historical inquirer in the second Punic war."* The "Annales Maximi" were composed by the Chief Pontiff, whose business it was to commit to writing the events of each year as they occurred, and to publish them upon a board which was openly exhibited in his house. In this way were recorded "all matters worthy of remembrance, whether they took place at home or abroad, by land or by sea."† No doubt the style was curt and jejune, the history meagre and unconnected, the events selected for record sometimes trivial; but still such a document must have contained most valuable materials for history—materials superior to any which the historian of a remote period ordinarily possesses. At what time, then, are we to suppose that these annals began to be kept? Cicero tells us, "ab initio rerum Romanarum;"‡ but this phrase can only be rhetorical, for the Pontifex Maximus, by whom they were kept, was first instituted, according to Cicero himself,§ by Numa. The famous passage of Servius on the subject,|| taken strictly, implies that they did not go back further than the commencement of the Republic, for he says that the record of each year was headed by the names of *the consuls and the other magistrates*, an expression under which we cannot, with Dr. Dyer,¶ regard the kings as included. Servius, however, may have been mistaken, or he may not have intended his words to be taken strictly; he may have been describing rather than defining the Annals. It is undoubted that writers of good repute did quote from the "Annales Maximi" for events of the regal period; as notably Dionysius, who gives the year of the death of Aruns, son of Tarquinius Priscus, on this authority.** We should incline, therefore, on the whole, to believe that the annals in question were really commenced within the regal period; but we

* "Credibility," vol. i. p. 155. † Servius ad Æn., i. 373. ‡ De Orat., ii. 12.
§ Rep., ii. 14. || Ad Æn., i. 373. ¶ Introduction, p. xviii.

** Ant. Rom., iv. 30.

know of no distinct evidence that they went back further than the reign of the first Tarquin.*

It is generally held, however, that this point is one of small importance. The writers of the sceptical school, from Niebuhr downwards, have invariably assumed that the "*Annales Maximi*," at whatever period they commenced, were destroyed in the great conflagration when Rome was burnt by the Gauls. Now, there is really no reason whatsoever for this assumption. Those who maintain it support their view on two grounds mainly,—probability, and a passage of Livy. Livy, in speaking of the effects of the conflagration, says:—"Quæ (literæ) in commentariis pontificum aliisque publicis privatisque erant monumentis, incensâ urbe, pleræque interiit."† Now, this passage, it is admitted, does not state that the "*Annales*" were destroyed, since they are quite distinct from the "*Commentarii Pontificum*;" but it is argued that, "as the author says most of the early records perished at this time, if there was so important an exception as a complete series of contemporary national annals, he could scarcely fail to mention it."‡ But it is clearly quite open to any one to argue, as Dr. Dyer does, that "the contrary view is the more probable one; that, had they been lost, Livy would assuredly have mentioned it. In the passage in question Livy is enumerating the losses by the fire; and though he instances the '*Commentarii Pontificum*,' he says nothing about the '*Annales Maximi*,' a much more important document. The natural inference is, that they were saved. And it would have been supererogatory to mention a fact which must have been notorious to every Roman."§ To which it may be added, that Livy could not have anticipated the false deduction that has been made from his words, since he had previously, at least twice, referred to the annals in question, not only as having survived the conflagration, but as still existing in his day.||

Livy, then, is an authority for the preservation, not for the destruction, of the "*Great Annals*" at the time of the fire. But it is argued that they could not be, or at least that they were not likely to be, preserved. Their continuance, we are told, is "*almost an impossibility* from the fate which must and would have overtaken them. They

* The "*Fasti Triumphales*" are indeed thought to have mentioned a triumph of Ancus Marcius for a victory over the Sabines; and, if the record of the triumphs is regarded as having been derived from the "*Annales Maximi*," there would, so far, be evidence that they dated from the reign of Ancus. But a reference to Mommsen's valuable edition of the "*Triumphal Fasti*" will show that the triumph of Ancus rests upon mere conjecture.

† vi. 1. ‡ "*Credibility*," vol. i. p. 158.

§ Introduction, p. xxxi.

|| See Liv., iv. 7 and 20, where the "*Annales priores*," or "*veteres*," are quoted in connection with, and as works of the same kind as, the "*Libri Magistratuum*."

were kept, according to the unanimous testimony of authors, in the dwelling of the Pontifex Maximus—that is, in the Regia, hard by the temple of Vesta, on the Forum. We cannot suppose that there were any copies of them. The Regia was the only record office at Rome; except, perhaps, that some religious corporations may have recorded a few things in separate commentaries. Now, even if we had no historical testimony to the fact, it would be very natural that this ponderous history should have been destroyed in the Gallic fire. It is not to be conceived that in the hasty evacuation of the city any thought was taken for their preservation. In the midst of that panic the sacred utensils of Vesta's temple were saved only by burying them; and it may even be doubted whether the Twelve Tables, that dearly-purchased and most important monument, were not abandoned as a prey. Still less would those wooden tables have been thought of.” *

To this reasoning there are several answers. In the first place, it is not at all certain that the Regia, where all agree that the Annals were kept, was burnt by the Gauls when they took the city. The extent of the devastation caused by the fire is no doubt exaggerated, and the Regia, which was probably of a massive character, may have escaped the flames.† Secondly, it is not at all clear that the Annals, even if they were of the ponderous nature supposed, would not have been “thought of” at the time of the Gallic panic, and either buried or removed to the Capitol. Thirdly, there is reason to believe that the Annals from the first existed in two forms, one of which was comparatively portable, being of the nature of a book, while the other was, it may be allowed, somewhat “ponderous.” Cicero says: —“*Res, omnes singulorum annorum mandabat literis Pontifex Maximus, efferebatque in album et proponebat tabulam domi,*” &c.; or, as Sir G. C. Lewis translates,‡ “the Pontifex Maximus used to commit all the events of each year to writing, to inscribe them on a whitened tablet, and to exhibit this record in his house;” where two copies, one private, the other public, seem to be intended, of which the latter only is said to have been written on a board. If, therefore, the tablets were left behind in the Regia to run the risk of destruction, the book may have been carried off.

* Becker, *Röm. Alterth.*, i. sec. 7.

† Dr. Dyer goes further than this. He says positively (Introduction, p. xxix.) that the Regia “was not burnt.” But the sole foundation of this assertion is, that the original palace continued to exist till the fire in the reign of Nero. This, however, is a misconception. The “Palace of Numa” then burnt (*Tac. Ann.*, xv. 41) was a restoration of a building destroyed, at least twice, previously (see *Liv.*, xxxvi. 27; *Jul. Obseq.*, 78). Dr. Dyer admits the destruction of B.C. 210 in his “City of Rome” (p. 107), but has forgotten his admission when writing the “History of the Kings.” It is a pity that he should have sneered at Becker's topographical ignorance without being quite sure of his ground.

‡ “Credibility,” vol. i. p. 155.

Arguments, however, from the probability or improbability of a fact are out of place where there is evidence of the fact itself. The very strongest antecedent presumptions are, as Bishop Butler observes, overcome by almost any proof. Now, as Cicero,* Livy, and Dionysius distinctly refer to, and quote, the "Annales" for the period anterior to the destruction of Rome by the Gauls, they must have regarded them as having survived that event. And their conviction on the subject is as good a proof as we can expect to obtain of such a fact.

It is true that "a certain Clodius" (Κλώδιός τις) is said by Plutarch† to have stated in general terms that the early records perished in the Gallic conflagration, and were replaced by fabricated registers; but we neither know to what exact works this writer intended to allude, whether to the "Annales," the "Commentarii Pontificum," the "Libri Lintei," or any other records, nor what value is to be attached to his statement. The age, rank, and character of this Clodius are utterly unknown; and the single reference made to him by an ancient author is contemptuous rather than laudatory. Κλώδιός τις—"one Clodius!" With what withering scorn would not the sceptical school have met a positive argument based upon such an authority!

But the question remains, Did the early annalists, Fabius Pictor, Cincius Alimentus, and the rest, make use of the antique documents, and follow their authority? Let Dionysius reply. "It seems," he says,‡ speaking of the embassy sent to Sicily for corn about B.C. 490, "that the first writer who introduced this circumstance into his Chronicle, and whom all the others have followed, found thus much only written in the ancient registers." And again,§ "The successive writers of the Roman history obtained their materials from ancient accounts which were preserved in sacred books." So Livy tells us that Licinius Macer consulted the "Libri Lintei" and the ancient treaties,|| and quoted the former frequently in his history.¶ There is, therefore, every reason to believe that the histories of the early annalists were based largely, even perhaps mainly, on ancient documents, contemporary with the events related from at least the time of Tarquinius Priscus, and especially on the "Annales" of the Chief Pontiffs.

That the annalists made an honest use of their authorities will scarcely be questioned by any. Fabius and Cincius were Romans of the first rank, "prominently engaged in the political and military service of their country."** They were, moreover, "favourable specimens of the class to which they belonged, possessing, probably,

* Rep., i. 16.

† Num., c. 1.

‡ viii. 1.

§ i. 73.

|| iv. 7.

¶ iv. 20.

** Lewis's "Credibility," vol. i. p. 81.

more literary cultivation and more mental activity than fell to the lot of most of the high-born Romans who, in their age, filled important offices under the Republic.* They may, perhaps, have occasionally omitted, or glossed over, facts mentioned in the "Annales" which were discreditable to their country. Fabius, at any rate, is censured by Polybius for partiality towards his countrymen; but there is no reason to believe that they falsified anything, or invented anything. Their rank and character place them above any such suspicion; not to mention that as, when they wrote, it was open to any one to consult the "Annales," falsifications of the history would have been easy of detection.

The "Commentarii Pontificum," which were probably written in a fuller form, and in something more approaching to a narrative style than the "Annales," would have been still more valuable as materials for the early history than the meagre register of the Pontifex Maximus; but the greater part of them, unfortunately, perished in the Gallic conflagration.† Still, portions of these Commentaries—possibly amounting to nearly one-half of the whole—escaped; and these portions may have often thrown important light upon the ancient history. A fragment, mentioned by Vopiscus,‡ gave an account of the forms observed during the first interregnum. There is no reason to doubt the genuineness of this document, or that it belonged to the period of the kings.

With regard to the "Libri Pontificii," and "Augurales," a very few words will suffice. They were primarily and mainly religious—not political—and thus of less service for history. Still, they occasionally noted historical facts. Cicero quotes them as showing that the right of appeal (*provocatio*) existed under the kings;§ and that the Dictator was originally called "magister populi."|| It is implied in these passages, both that the works in question occasionally touched on history, and that they went back to times anterior to the Gallic fire.

In addition to the documents hitherto mentioned, it is also to be noted that most of the noble Roman families had private archives, which, in some cases, may have reached back to the times of the kings, and which, in many, seem to have extended into the period lying between the regifugium and the Gallic conquest. When Livy says that the majority of the "private monuments" existing at the time perished in the Gallic conflagration, he implies that a considerable portion was preserved. It is a reasonable conjecture that the Fabian gens possessed documents of this kind, which were largely used by the first annalist, Q. Fabius Pictor. Such a fact as the exact

* "Credibility," p. 84.

† "Quæ literæ in Commentariis Pontificum . . . erant . . . incensâ urbe pleraque interiere."—Liv., vi. 1.

‡ Vit. Tacit., i.

§ Rep., ii. 31.

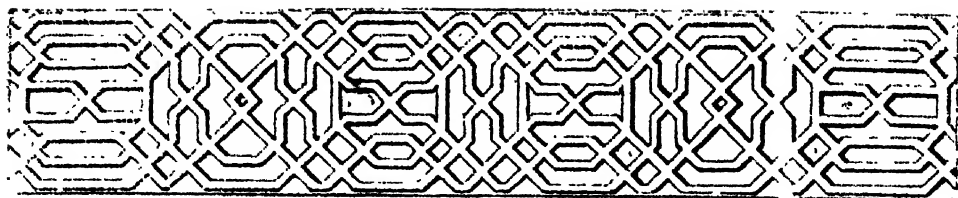
|| Ibid., i. 40.

number of the gens at the time of its quitting Rome and establishing itself upon the Cremera, is likely to have been preserved in this way. And it may be suspected that a considerable portion of the narrative, as we now have it in Livy, is derived originally from this source.

On the whole, therefore, we come to the conclusion that the contemporary notation of historical events at Rome commenced under the kings, but was then scanty and occasional; that it became ampler under the early Republic, and was of a twofold character, public and private; that one of the most important of the public documents, the "*Annales Maximi*," escaped the Gallic disaster, together with (at any rate) considerable fragments of the other national archives; that many family memoirs of an almost equally ancient date survived that catastrophe; that, consequently, the Romans possessed, in the interval between the Gallic conquest and the composition of his work by Fabius Pictor, an authentic outline of their earlier history, which checked the tendency of oral tradition to diverge from the truth; that Fabius, Cincius, and the other ancient annalists, drew partly from the public and partly from the private documents, deriving generally the outline of events from the former and the rhetorical colouring and filling up from the latter source; that Livy and Dionysius followed these annalists, sometimes using their very words, which were often the actual words of the ancient documents, sometimes amplifying them greatly, more especially in their accounts of battles, campaigns, and speeches, which last they invented out of their own heads; and that hence it is possible for a judicious critic, penetrated with the spirit of antiquity, to reconstruct the early Roman history to a considerable extent—not out of his "inner consciousness," but out of the existing records; by regarding as mere surplusage such portions as cannot have come, directly or indirectly, from the ancient documents; and having thus reduced the narrative to a skeleton of facts, by a careful analysis of those facts, and a consideration of them *in the light which is reflected back on them by other similar events* in that part of the later history which is fully known to us. It has been said that as, from the careful examination of a tree cut down in its prime, we might draw out a very fair history of the tree—the influences for good or evil to which it had been exposed, the casualties which from time to time befell it, the changes in the external circumstances which surrounded it, and the like—so, from a knowledge of what Rome was when full-grown, internally and externally, in her constitution and in her relations with her neighbours, we might gather, with a near approach to certainty, her previous history, the growth of her constitution, the character of her internal struggles, and even the general course of her advance among the surrounding nations. Such an estimate of the power of analysis may be too high; but, at any rate, with the safeguards against error which the general

outline of the recorded history furnishes, it seems to us not too much to expect that careful examination, comparison, combination, inference, and cautious hypothesis may ultimately elaborate a History of the Early Republic in which the world at large may acquiesce as certainly not far from the truth. With regard to the regal period, we cannot speak so hopefully. If contemporary notation then commenced, it was occasional, meagre, discontinuous. And the record, such as it was, has been so overlaid with stories which we cannot but regard as the product of imagination, that it has disappeared from sight, for the most part irrecoverably. We do not doubt the existence of the last five Roman kings; we are inclined to believe that the last three reigned consecutively; we think that the political changes, and the great works assigned to Tullus, Ancus, Servius, and the two Tarquins, are probably assigned correctly. But further than this we cannot go. We doubt Numa. We wholly reject Romulus. We do not think that a "History," even of the last five kings, can, in the proper sense of the word, be written. A chapter on the regal period forms a necessary part of the "Introduction" to any History of Rome; but the "History" itself should commence with the Republic. We must, therefore, regretfully say that, while we are glad the works of M. Ampère and Dr. Dyer have been written, we cannot regard the "History" of the latter, or the earlier portion of the "Histoire" of the former, as really deserving of the name.

G. RAWLINSON.



MIDDLE SCHOOLS COMMISSION REPORT.

Report of the Middle Schools Commission. Printed by G. Eyre and W. Spottiswoode. 1908.

AN eminent lawyer, whose sayings were recently the amusement and terror of Westminster Hall, is reported to have given the following warning to his juniors and clients in an action which was brought against a time-honoured but somewhat torpid endowment: "We are right," he said, "in law, and we are right in equity, and we are right in common sense; but we have not the shadow of a chance, for we have as our judges a hide-bound old pedant, who thinks himself a Solomon if he has discovered two precedents which might satisfy a parish vestry; the excellent Bishop of —— will be incapable of seeing any abuse in the society of which he has long been visitor; and their assessor, Dr. Taper, is a cipher." This summary view of the difficulty of "dealing with charities" has often occurred to us in reading the Report which we are about to discuss. Able and convincing as it is, it has two or three obstacles to contend with, which are not altogether unlike those to which we have just referred. It will have to overcome the general apathy and disbelief with which a large portion of all classes in England receives any proposal for the improvement of education; it will have to struggle with a great deal of local interest and opposition; and this opposition will be backed by precedents which are not unlikely to influence a much larger and more powerful body than a parish vestry.

There is certainly something which is at first sight both surprising and discouraging—although it would be easy to exaggerate its importance—in the apparent indifference which is felt by a large part, even of the more intelligent classes in England, to what would seem so paramount an object of national attention as the general education of the country. Foreign critics, like De Tocqueville, and domestic censors, like Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Mill, and Mr. Arnold, have all dwelt, though in different tones, upon our dislike of general theories, and our almost national aversion to anything like a systematic culture of the intellect; and these two feelings always seem to show themselves—and quite as much in the House of Commons as anywhere else—whenever any large question of education arises. No English Prime Minister has ever ventured to bring forward a measure of National Education; and though Lord Brougham's long services to the cause will always be remembered with gratitude, Lord Russell in his Bill of 1858, and Sir John Pakington and Lord Stanley, are the only members of a Cabinet who have shown a thorough interest in the subject; and their attempts were, for the time at least, complete failures.' And thus, while Prussia has been enjoying for a century a system of universal education, which has so approved itself to all classes of the nation that it is compulsory only in name; while Scotland has had for nearly two centuries a peculiar but effective teaching of its own—the creation almost of the people themselves—to which an eminent historian attributes much of its national energy, and which, according to the present Report, has given a real love of education to its lower classes, of which an Englishman ought not to read without a blush; while Holland and the United States of America, both free countries like ourselves, have made universal provision for the education of their people; while the first act of France, under the government of Louis Phillippe, was to organize schools for all classes—England alone has been contented, or has been forced by the peculiarities of her religious and political condition, to leave the higher education of the country to take care of itself, and to treat that of the great bulk of her population as a matter rather of individual charity than of national concern. The result may fairly be described as one which strangely combines the success of our national energy with the failures which usually befall us wherever system and organization are required. We have a large admixture of "*læta, tristia—ambigua, manifesta.*" With much that is admirable, particularly in our highest training, every branch of our education—higher, middle, and lower—has been suddenly found to exhibit palpable defects, which even dispose us to depreciate its real merits. We have, in fact, neglected the whole subject so long that it now comes upon us "all of a heap," and the Commissions and Parliamentary Bills for

reorganizing every branch of our education, from the Universities to the village schools, are so numerous, that the very extent of the subject almost threatens to prevent its being wisely or fairly treated.

Undoubtedly this neglect has been long a reproach, and is now a misfortune, to the country. We do not speak of it censoriously, and are quite alive to all which may be urged in its defence or excuse. The old system of leaving education to the care of individuals is a part of the traditions, and almost of the religion, of the country; the foundations on which it has rested have a history of their own; they have been bequeathed by the piety and even the wisdom of our fathers; they have been the means by which many of our greatest men have risen to eminence; and the character of their teaching, both moral and intellectual, has been in many respects sound. Had they been reformed fifty years ago, all would have been well. But at present we must agree with the Commissioners in saying, that "there is in this country neither organization nor supervision of education, and that this state of things is injurious to good schools and scholars, and discreditable and injurious to the country itself;"* and even, as they add, that unless we remedy the "want of intelligence" which springs from this defective education, "our superiority in wealth, and perhaps in energy, will not save us from decline."

What we should most wish to impress upon the friends of education at present is, that the work is at once one of great difficulty, and yet of almost certain success. Education is indeed one of those matters which it requires a real zeal, and something like enthusiasm, to deal with thoroughly; it needs the vigour of a despot, as in Prussia, or of a strong popular feeling, as in Scotland or America, to establish a system successfully; and it would probably be mere patchwork if it were dealt with, among a crowd of more exciting matters, by the present Parliament. But it is so great and all-important, and its present state is so unsatisfactory, that if its friends have only confidence in the cause, they will not long appeal to the intelligence of the country in vain. Theological differences—differences as to the best kind of education to be given—have been already much smoothed down by the dispassionate discussion which the subject has received. The real difficulty, both as regards middle-class and lower-class education, is mainly one of money; and if we can but rouse the popular mind to a sense both of its duty and its interest, and Parliament is ready to meet the required expenditure, we may still place the general education of the country on a footing which shall no longer be "alike unjust to our schools and discreditable and injurious to the country."

The Report of the Middle-class Schools Inquiry is certainly a very important and timely step in this direction. It deals with the whole

* Report, p. 661.

education of the middle classes—comprising, in fact, all schools, from the elementary ones for the poor up to those *nine* great public schools of the country which have been the subject of a previous Commission. The scholars contained in this large range of schools are calculated at 255,000;* but, great as this number is, the importance of the Report may be still more accurately measured by the fact that the vast class with which it deals is, in its lower divisions at least, the worst educated class in England. There can be little doubt—and if any had previously existed, the evidence of the present Commission would remove it—that the children of a large portion of the farmers and of the smaller tradesmen receive at présent an education which is comparatively far lower than that of the sons of artizans and labourers. And this has not only hitherto tended to continue the hereditary apathy and dislike of these classes to sound education, but it has also been frequently combined with a not unnatural discontent that the country should have been indifferent to their own wants, while it was raising their inferiors above them in intelligence. To raise, therefore, the education of the lower middle classes, to supply them with good schools, to help them to distinguish between a good schoolmaster and a bad one, to enable their children to rise by education, instead of being, as is now the case, almost injured by it—all this would immediately react upon the lower classes, and would tend more than anything else to diffuse a sense of the value of education throughout the country. And this, accordingly, is the main object of the Commissioners' Recommendations.

The general plan of the Report is the following. It begins by a chapter which, after describing different forms of Middle-class Education at home and abroad, and dwelling particularly on the merits of the Scotch and Prussian systems, gives a general outline of the plan which is finally adopted in the Recommendations. The Commissioners were perhaps right in thus letting us see from the very beginning what they had set their hearts upon; for a Report is not exactly like a Novel, nor are Commissioners bound to keep their intentions secret till the right moment arrives for declaring them. Their thus showing their hand at the outset detracts, no doubt, a little from the interest of the after-*dénouement*, and involves a considerable amount of repetition; but this could scarcely be avoided in a work which is the product of different hands; and when we remember—appalling thought!—the fourteen volumes of Evidence which must have been digested by the chief composers of the Report, we cannot be sufficiently grateful to the presiding intelligence which has shown us that “the mighty maze was not without a plan.” After this outline of what may be called the theory of Middle-class Education, the Commissioners proceed in their second chapter to consider

* Report, p. 98.

its existing state in England, arranging all the schools of the country under the three heads (1) of Endowed Schools, (2) Private, (3) Proprietary Schools, and examining the merits of all under the separate heads of Scholars, Masters, Governors, and Buildings. Having thus presented us with what they have promised in a more literal shape, an Educational *Map* of Middle-class England, they return, in their third chapter, to what may be called its "Black Country," the Education Charities. Their object here is to show the working of these institutions, especially their incapacity, both from irregular distribution and from want of funds, to meet the requirements of the country; and they accordingly examine*them in detail under five different districts: (1), in the metropolis, and in towns of more than 100,000 inhabitants; (2), in the agricultural parts of the kingdom; (3), in the manufacturing districts; (4), in the mountain districts, including Wales; (5), in towns, manufacturing, maritime, and cathedral, with from 20,000 to 100,000 inhabitants. Lastly, they take the eight largest endowments in the kingdom—Christ's Hospital, Dulwich, Birmingham, Bedford, &c.—and tell us how they would deal with them. In addition to this, we have two detailed chapters on the "Law of Charities as affecting Endowments," and on Girls' Schools; and then, having effectually cleared the ground, the Commissioners finally embark upon their Recommendations. They are at once bold, moderate, and practical; there is no proposal to destroy charities, or even to divert them from what may be believed to have been the wish of their founders; the principle of the proposed reform is to retain them all, making them the nucleus for other schools, and thus combining them into something like a national system. But on this point we will not anticipate.

The Commissioners, as we have seen, survey the education with which they are dealing under its three heads of the Educational Endowments, the Private Schools, and the Proprietary*ones. The account of the Endowments is elaborated with extraordinary care; and we can only attempt to indicate the chief features of the description.

I. ENDOWMENTS.

1. Our great Educational Endowments form a peculiarity of our national life and history of which we may well be proud, and although the neglect to adapt them to altered circumstances has made them a very doubtful advantage, the Commissioners are right both in their reluctance to destroy them, and in their wish "to avoid all needless interference with the wills of their founders." They are about 3,000 in number. The first ten or twelve date from our early history; the school at Carlisle from the time of William II.; about forty are pre-Reformation; nearly half are due to the burst of national intelligence

under Edward VI. and Elizabeth; but not less than 300 were founded in the seventeenth century, and the stream has flowed on vigorously ever since.* They possess a net annual income of something less than £200,000, and the exhibitions connected with them amount to £14,000 a year. One of them—Christ's Hospital, the "grand relic of the mediæval spirit, and the monument of its profuse beneficence"—has an income little short of £50,000; that of seven other schools exceeds £2,000; thirteen have incomes of more than £1,000; fifty-five of at least £500; 220 have at least £100; but the great bulk of endowments falls below that sum. As regards the whole country, however, they are very irregularly distributed, for while Lancashire has £9,000 a year in endowments, and Lincoln £6,000, the majority of counties have only £1,000, and Cornwall has no more than £400.† Nor is the case in this respect much better in the towns; for although out of 540 towns 304 have available endowments, there are none such in the remaining 226, and while three large manufacturing towns are distinguished by the wealth of their schools—Birmingham having £9,600, Manchester £3,000, and Leeds £1,500‡—the majority of the towns with a population of 100,000 are poorly provided, and the Commissioners state "the net result" of the education given in the following words:—

"In four large towns, with an united population of nearly a million, there are fewer than 900 boys obtaining any secondary education in public schools. In four other towns, with about half a million population, there are fewer than 500 boys in such schools. In four other towns, with nearly half a million, there are, with the exception of 20 boys at Portsmouth and 39 at Oldham, no scholars in endowed schools. In no one of the towns are the endowments more than can wisely be used for the purposes of the place to which they belong."—(P. 345.)

Such then is the most general aspect of the case to which the Commissioners first direct our attention. We have about £200,000 a year in educational charities scattered over the country. A few of these have large revenues, about seventy others have incomes of more than £500 a year, but more than three-fourths of them, or as many as 2,400, are poor, and they are all distributed irregularly; so that, even supposing the education which they supply to be satisfactory, they can offer but inadequate means for the general education of the middle classes.

2. The next question is, What is the character of the education? what was it meant to be by the founders of these endowments? what has it become now? and how far does it either fulfil their intentions, or the requirements of the present time? It is not necessary, in answering this, to fight over again the old battle of the perpetuity of founders' wills, which, like Falstaff's Hotspur, since it

* Report, Appendix IV., pp. 36—90.

† Report, pp. 110, 111.

‡ Ibid., p. 344.

received its last stab from the Oxford Commission, will "never fight man more," and which we may leave to Sir William Page Wood's opinion, that no wills ought to bind posterity without power of revision for a longer period than two generations.* It is a different matter, however, and one of real interest, to trace respectfully the spirit and objects of the wise and liberal men who have bequeathed us these institutions; and we have no doubt that the Commissioners are right in saying that the precise character of the studies was usually a consideration secondary in their view to the general promotion of learning, and that the exclusive instruction in Latin, Greek, and grammar arose mainly from the fact that these studies were then the only received instruments of education. In their own words: "What were then the only means of intellectual cultivation arose necessarily to their lips when they thought of providing a school at all; and when the monasteries were dissolved, the schoolmaster was restored, with the Latin grammar in his hand." The original object of the Grammar Schools was simply to give "an education higher than the rudiments put within the reach of all classes, with an especial preference for the poor boy, and frequently for some particular locality."—(P. 126.)

Such was probably the main idea of the founders of these endowments; and we quite believe that "if they were alive they would be the first to repudiate the unreasonable sacrifice of means to ends, and to revoke ordinances which were intended for the accomplishment of their design, but are now the destruction of it."† The limitation of the work of a grammar school to the teaching of Latin and Greek—a limitation which is usually, indeed, violated in practice—is due, for the last sixty years at least, to Lord Eldon's famous decision, in the case of the Leeds Grammar School in 1805, that "to fill a school with scholars intended to learn anything but Greek or Latin is not within the province of the court;"‡ and the subsequent modification of this by Sir E. Wilmot's Act, in 1838, was so slight, that Latin and Greek still continue to be the teaching of even the smaller grammar schools of the kingdom. The absurdity of this unfortunate restriction is shown by a fact, mentioned by Mr. Fearon, that there is scarcely a grammar school which does not in many respects violate the injunctions of its founder. The effect, both upon the schools and their scholars, is matter of notoriety; but it has been placed in a stronger light than before by the fair and full Reports of the Assistant Commissioners. They have, indeed, shown no disposition to overstate their case, and gladly acknowledge the efficiency of some of the best-managed endowments, such as the "City of London School," § many of the schools under the municipal

* Report, p. 470. † Ibid., p. 575. ‡ Ibid., p. 453. § Ibid., p. 256.

corporations, such as Lancaster, Preston, Ipswich, and others, and the cathedral schools generally; while Mr. Green tells us that, in spite of defective teaching, he did not "meet with a single case of positive neglect of duty in any of the schools which he visited in Staffordshire and Warwickshire." But it is evident that the almost exclusive teaching of Latin and Greek involves, as the Commissioners express it, "a double loss to the schools; a loss of intellectual atmosphere to the few University students who are scattered over them, and a loss to the other students whose interests are thus sacrificed;" and the net result of the whole is simply expressed by one of the ablest Commissioners, Mr. Fitch. "Classical learning," he says, "is in the large majority of grammar schools a barren and unfruitful thing, given to very few in any form, and carried to no successful issue in 5 per cent. of the scholars."* It furnishes the pretext for "*the neglect of all other learning, and is the indirect means of keeping down the general level of education in almost every small town which is so unfortunate as to possess an endowment.*" It is hardly necessary to add his own and other evidence to its effect upon the rest of the teaching. "Three-fourths of the boys," he tells us, "whom I have examined in endowed schools, if examined under the Revised Code, would fail to pass the examination, *either in arithmetic or in any other elementary subject.*"† Mr. Fearon, taking fifty-seven boys out of the London foundation schools, finds that only sixteen of them can even read tolerably.‡ Such in point of teaching—and we need not here enter upon other topics—is the present state of the great body of the endowed grammar schools in which, according to law, the instruction is almost confined to Latin and Greek. They have many of them done good service in past days, and some of them which contain a fair supply of students for the Universities continue to do so still; but the greater part of them are crippled not only by obsolete regulations and teaching, but by poverty; and the Report states their inability to assist the education of the country in their present condition in a passage which shall sum up their whole verdict:—

"The endowments for secondary education are very unequally distributed, and many important towns have none at all: even if they were equally distributed, their total amount would fall far short of the wants of the present day, and many of them are in such a condition as to do little

* Report, p. 133.

† Ibid., p. 133.

‡ P. 138. It may be well to quote the "emphatic notice" of the "well-endowed classical schools of Skipton, Giggleswick, and Sedbergh. Their collective net incomes amount to £2,239, with exhibitions £373. . . . It is difficult to imagine a more fortunate collection of educational advantages accessible to the families of the middle classes in the crowded towns of the West Riding and South Lancashire. But the schools are virtually useless. . . . In Skipton and Giggleswick together, 6 boys learn Greek, 28 Latin, 51 Mathematics: from Sedbergh we have no account of subjects; the number of scholars returned is 23."—Report, p. 405.

towards fulfilling the true purpose of their foundation." . . . "Out of 582 towns 228 have no such schools; and the entire income of these schools—viz. £210,000—if spread over the whole country, would not amount to more than £1 per head of the boys alone requiring secondary education."—(Pp. 283, 494.)

II. PRIVATE AND PROPRIETARY SCHOOLS.

Such being the failure of the endowments, what is the state of the remaining schools for the education of the middle classes? This question is scarcely less important than the last, for as the Commissioners express it, "the void has been filled, as far as it has been filled at all, by the private and proprietary schools."*

We confess to some regret that the Commissioners, in their discussion of this subject, have left one point, which is not without an important bearing on their inquiry, almost unnoticed. They have not attempted any estimate of the numbers, out of their calculated 255,000 middle-class children, who are at present to be found in the private schools, which undoubtedly bear the brunt of the middle-class education of England. We are quite aware of the difficulty in collecting statistics of private schools, for, as one of their commissioners (Mr. Stanton) briefly expresses it, "they were difficult of access, and would give no returns;"† and we know, too, that such an estimate could not be more than an approximate one. At the same time, one of their own Commissioners (Mr. Green) has done this successfully for the Potteries, where he shows that "out of a population of 101,000, there are only three private schools for the middle classes, containing altogether 160 boys;"‡ and it would materially have strengthened the case of the Commission if they had shown (as they probably might have done) that bad as is the average education of these schools, the children of the lower section of the middle classes avail themselves even of this very irregularly; that they go to school late, change their schools often, and leave them early. With this small exception, however, the inquiry into the private schools is a thorough and fair one; and we must offer our tribute of admiration both to the ability and the moderation with which the Assistant Commissioners—Mr. Bryce, Mr. Fearon, Mr. Green, Mr. Fitch, and Mr. Giffard—have placed the case in the best form for a judgment. Here, again, the merits of the best schools are fully acknowledged; and Mr. Fitch tells us that "among the private schoolmasters of Yorkshire are some who evince an enthusiasm in the work of teaching, a knowledge of the best methods, and a wealth of educational expedients which are quite remarkable."§ Ample justice is done to the accommodations of the dearer private schools—a point in which the parents "take care to get their money's worth for their money," and the "food, dress, and comforts" of the sons of the Norfolk farmers

* Report, p. 284.

† P. 285.

‡ P. 306.

§ P. 284.

appear to leave little to be desired ; * “drill grounds and gymnasia, cricket-fields and baths,” show a due appreciation of muscular training ; while “the excellent writing and ciphering books, and the wonderful rapidity and accuracy of the scholars in the commercial schools” are noticed and approved, even though Mr. Giffard “feels sure that not a single principle was understood,” and though the masters explained to him that they did not approve of the system, but that the merchants required it.† At the same time, the Report gives a very unfavourable impression of the average state of intellectual culture—if such an expression is applicable—in this large portion of the nation, particularly at its lower extremity. “If the endowed schools fail to supply a good education for the lower section of the middle classes”—this is their general verdict—“the failure of the private schools is still more conspicuous ;” “the state of the private academies, though not wholly without hopeful features, is lamentably unsatisfactory.”‡

As these schools are at once the scene and the sole means for the education of at least 200,000 out of the 255,000 of middle-class children, it may be well to notice the grounds on which the Commissioners have rested so large and severe a censure. They have passed in review the instruction, the discipline and management, the buildings, the masters, and the scholars of the schools in succession. As to the instruction, they tell us that while there is a general neglect of higher teaching, “the practical subjects are taught in a loose, confused, and often irrational way,” and that though the masters often inveigh against “the tyranny of Greek and Latin,” most modern subjects are not “taught to any great purpose.”§ In the management, the general ignorance of the parents leads to constant interference with teaching and discipline : “one sends word that his son must not learn Latin, another thinks that he may be brought into relations with Mediterranean merchants, and therefore wishes that he may learn Greek.”|| As to the masters, we hear that, as there is no test for the qualifications of the master of a school, the profession, while possessing “many able men alive to the needs of the time,” is full of impostors ; while the assistants, owing to their low public estimation, are too generally a very inferior class, both morally and intellectually —“not unfrequently” found by Mr. Giffard, “fragrant of alcohol.”¶ Lastly, as to the buildings, “no words are too strong to express the badness of the schoolrooms in most of the cheap academies ;” they are frequently “mere barns, pigeon-cotes, sculleries, and attics, while the other rooms do not possess breathing-room for the number of persons crowded in them.”** All these faults culminate, as might be expected, in the cheapest and most numerous class of these schools,

* Report, p. 292.

† P. 289.

‡ Pp. 284, 285.

§ Mr. Bryce, p. 287.

|| P. 291.

¶ P. 296.

** P. 293.

where "badness is the rule and goodness the exception;" where they "teach far worse than in an average national school, but charge twice as much for it;" in fact, "the majority of private schools are, according to general consent, as bad as they well can be."*

The growth of this state of things, which too fairly represents the amount of education of most of our farmers and shop-keepers, and which the Commissioners painfully contrast with the education of Prussia and of Scotland, is traced by them to the circumstance that the middle classes, having lost all confidence in the grammar schools, have been guided in their choice by little better than their own fancies, assisted by the advertisements of quacks. Unlike the Scotch, who have had an educational experience of at least two centuries, our lower middle class have had little or none; they are at sea in all their notions of education, and while "they sneer at linguistic, physical, or mathematical studies, interfere (the mothers especially) in matters which they do not understand, dislike all rules, and would make the whole school bend to the demands of a single scholar."†. To complete the picture, the parents introduce even into the cheapest and worst schools the most minute distinctions of class and position.

"If," says the Report, "some means had been taken to adapt the grammar schools to modern needs fifty years ago, the parents would probably now be well content to let the school authorities manage the education of their children, and would support them (as the Scotch do) in their task. But the grammar schools held so rigidly to their own routine, that at last the middle classes came to the conviction that such an education as they required was incompatible with any classical instruction whatever. . . . The delusion was justified at the time, and it continues to exist, and it will take some time to disabuse the public of their belief. . . . Secondly, in the use of their judgment, they have not, as the Scotch have, the advantage of three centuries of experience. The Scotch father knows what his son is learning, at least to a sufficient extent to judge of his proficiency, to praise him for his success, and to feel a keen interest in what he is doing. Neither the English father nor the English mother, as a rule, retains enough of school learning to enter heartily into what their children are studying. They cannot meddle in the way in which their meddling would be useful; but this does not prevent them from meddling in other ways, and giving directions in a matter which they do not understand."— (P. 801.)

But, bad as matters are, and if left to themselves incurable, there is no reason for despair, but, on the contrary, every ground for reliance on the good sense of the English character, if the popular mind can be made to feel the necessity of action. It has been more the misfortune than the fault of our lower middle classes which has hitherto robbed them of any real education; and the Commissioners dwell strongly on the fact that "there is no unwillingness to be guided, if only they can get guidance which they can trust." The instantaneous rush with which "the public or semi-public schools have

* Report, pp. 285, 309.

† Pp. 301, 297.

been filled wherever they have been established of late years;"* the success of the county schools which began fifteen years since in Cornwall, and in which Devonshire has since so honourably taken the lead; the schools at Hereford, Dorchester, Wells, &c.;† the great schools recently erected at Framlingham and Crawley, are all indications that, though parents are bad judges of education if left to themselves, they are both capable and eager to be directed by competent authorities. It is the main object of the Commission, as we shall presently see, to offer them guidance, and to secure something like a national guarantee for the competence both of schools and schoolmasters.

Before turning to the Recommendations of the Commissioners, we ought briefly to mention one remaining class of schools, the growth of the last forty years, which is mainly filled by a higher class of boys, but of which some of the schools enter materially into their plan. These are the Proprietary Schools,‡ which range from the almost public schools of Cheltenham, Marlborough, and Clifton, to the county schools of which we have just spoken, and to the great institution of Mr. Woodham, in Sussex, which is indeed what the French would call a "hierarchy" of schools within itself, embracing lower, middle-class, and upper schools in one. The latter portion of these schools has indeed played a most important part in education in every way, and their founders are deserving of the deepest gratitude for having (as has so often happened in England) filled up the gap of our public failures by individual energy. There will be always a place for many such; and it is particularly to the honour of the clergy that in many instances, like the Devon schools and the still greater institutions in Sussex, they have flourished, and are still most likely to flourish, by some clergyman, like Mr. Brereton or Mr. Woodham, devoting himself to the work, and being in fact their unpaid Principal. But individual exertions can never be relied upon as a permanent substitute for what it is the duty of the nation to undertake or to organise; and even if they were multiplied tenfold, they would still, if they stood alone, leave three-fourths of the education of the middle classes untouched.

III. RECOMMENDATIONS.

The recommendations of the Commissioners naturally fall under three heads: (1) the general outline of their plan, and the character of the system which they would substitute for that now existing; (2) the nature of the education to be given; (3) the legislative and administrative means by which they carry their proposals into effect. It is obvious that in so full a discussion of a practical subject, the suggestions of detail are almost endless;

* Report, p. 302.

† P. 311.

‡ Pp. 310—322.

nor is it necessary here to discuss the best mode of getting rid of troublesome masters, or even to decide whether boarding-schools are preferable to day schools. Their general plan is a clear and simple one, and we shall limit ourselves to showing its principles and its coherence.

1. The two leading defects which, as we have seen, the Commissioners find in the whole education of the middle classes are an entire absence of organization, and an absence equally great of popular interest and parental experience in the subject. Each school takes a line of its own, with no reference to other schools in the neighbourhood; and meanwhile the parents are in utter ignorance as to where they can get a good education—Greek or Latin, scientific or English—which shall meet the wants of their children. The first idea of the Commissioners therefore is to place schools of different descriptions in every neighbourhood; as a sentence of Lord Harrowby's contains the nucleus of their scheme, where he says: "I would club the grammar-schools with some relation to locality; and I should like to say, 'You shall be a good lower middle-class school, and you shall be a middle middle-class school, and you shall be a higher middle-class school, that which is now called a grammar-school.'"^{*} The Commissioners would thus establish universally three classes, or as they call them, three *grades* of schools—the humblest, or *third* grade, for the sons of small farmers and artizans, where they are to be educated up to fourteen, and to be charged about £4 a year; the *second* grade is to be for boys of a higher position, and requiring better education, where the payment is to range from £6 to £12; and the *first* grade is to contain some schools which, like the present grammar-schools, shall be mainly classical and not differ materially from Marlborough or Cheltenham, and others where the commercial and modern element shall be predominant. They imagine that by an alteration in the character of many of the grammar-schools and a different distribution of their funds,—particularly by the abolition of gratuitous education (except to exhibitioners), and a diminution of the *endowment* of the headmasters,—the existing grammar-schools will go far to meet the wants of many parts of the country. And they further propose, with a view to meet the provisions of the founders for humbler boys of ability, that exhibitions shall be largely founded, by which, as a process of natural selection, the abler boys in the lower schools shall be drafted into the higher. The great foundation of Christ's Hospital holds here an important place in this scheme, and forms a kind of *Collège d'élite* into which boys from other schools are to be elected by examination. They calculate that four boarding-schools of the first grade, containing each 250 scholars, would be required for every million of population; and

* Report, p. 59.

a boarding-school of the second grade, containing 100 scholars, for every hundred thousand. Schools of the third grade would apparently stand in the proportion of at least four to one of the others; they would be chiefly day schools, and might be placed in towns and in the centre of several villages in the country.

This scheme, however, would not cover the whole country, for it is doubtful whether in any district the endowments would alone be adequate to the wants of education, and many towns and country neighbourhoods are without any endowment whatever. For the supply of new public schools the Commissioners, not without evident trembling, whisper once more the name of rates; but the rate is certainly the most modest we have ever heard of. It is to be voluntary; to be applicable only to buildings and exhibitions, and is not to exceed a halfpenny in the pound. Of the proposed administrative means for carrying out their plan, by dividing the country into districts, to be administered partly by a central and partly by a local board, we shall speak presently.

Such is the framework of the plan. In erecting it, and in discussing the education adapted to it, the Report has given us a most interesting comparison of the four greatest existing systems of middle-class education, the Prussian, the American, the French, and the Scotch, with the obvious intention of illustrating its two principles of the need of organization, and the creation of a popular interest among the parents. In three of these countries, America, Prussia, and France, it is well known that education is national; it is largely supported by the rates and the central fund, and organized throughout, in France with an almost ludicrous regulation mania, if the story is true, as we believe it is, that the Minister of Education once pulled out his watch at twelve o'clock, and said, "I know what lesson is beginning at this moment in every school in France." French education is indeed in some of its details so unlike our own, that we have probably less to learn from it than from any of the great systems we have mentioned, though the accuracy of its best mathematical and literary training, at once the parent and the child of the French method and finish, and the careful teaching of its masters, has led the Commissioners to describe it as "a perfect piece of machinery for the cultivation of the intellect." No one who has ever examined the *Ecole Polytechnique* will forget the peculiarly French institution of the *Repetiteurs*, whose business it is to go over every lesson of the professor with the pupils; a system which is said, however, to be liable to some grave objections from the connection of an inferior class of teachers with the pupils.* The American method, again, of which we owe an interesting description to Mr. Fraser,

* Report, 61, 66.

would probably not commend itself to our tastes so much as the Prussian and the Scotch ; it is no doubt "thoroughly alive," and "a precise adaptation to the American people and the American political life."* But it is also true that "there is nothing in it to lift the people above their own level." Mr. Fraser's words, that "if not the most highly educated, they are certainly the most generally educated people on earth," must be qualified by the opinion of the Report that "they fall far short of Prussia in completeness and in culture." Nor would the middle classes of England accept a teaching which gives little or nothing of religious instruction. The system which is evidently most in favour with the Commissioners is the Prussian,† which has, indeed, nearly every requisite which goes to form a system of universal national education. Nominally founded by Frederic the Great, it had been really growing for centuries ; it is, though compulsory in name, founded on a strong popular sympathy, for the Prussians, perhaps more than any nation, "believe in culture ;" it satisfies the craving for organization which the study of our own class has bred in the Commissioners, for it is organized from the top to the bottom ; it has shown how well a central and a local board can combine in education, the former supplying the higher intelligence, the latter the popular feeling ; and, finally, the three "grades" of the Prussian *Real-Schulen* (or higher commercial schools), are nearly identical with the plan which the Commissioners propose. They have given a glowing account of it, as "at once the most complete and the most perfectly adapted to its people of all that now exist ;" and it helps them withal in their maintenance of classical studies, to which we shall presently advert. Meanwhile, we must for our own part confess to have read with still greater interest the account of the middle education of Scotland. It is, in some points, utterly at variance with our own notions ; all classes above the lowest are largely mixed, and there is so little of apparent organization, that every parent prescribes the subjects in which he wishes his son to be taught, and pays accordingly. Even the sexes are intermingled ; and "every master teaches in his own way, and without control." But outside the schools there is a force at work which supplies them with all their life and vigour, and this is "the extraordinary interest which the parent take in the progress of their boys . . . ;‡ the schools are practically in the hands of the parents. The parents use the masters to educate their sons, but they themselves direct the education." In short, the Scotch middle education, if the picture here given is not overdrawn, is the best evidence that the one essential requisite for a good education is that the parents should be thoroughly determined to have it. In this sense of parental respon-

* Report, p. 53.

† Pp. 66, 72.

‡ P. 60.

sibility the Scotch middle classes seem to us, to say the least, second to none in the world. We cannot resist the pleasure of giving the following animated description of a Scotch school by Mr. Fearon :—

“And then the scene presented by the class-room of a Scotch burgh school, crowded with sixty or one hundred boys *and girls*, all nearly of an age, seated in rows at desks and benches, but all placed in the order of merit, with their keen, thoughtful faces turned towards the master, watching his every look and every gesture, in the hopes of winning a place in the class, and having good news to bring home to their parents at tea-time. In front of this eager, animated throng stands the master, gaunt, muscular, and time-worn, poorly clad, and plain in manner and speech, but with the dignity of a ruler in his gestures and the fire of an enthusiast in his eye; full of movement, vigour, and energy; so thoroughly versed in his author that he never requires to look at his text-book, which he holds in his left hand, while in his right he perhaps flourishes the ancient ‘taws,’ with which he used to reduce disorderly new-comers to discipline. The whole scene is one of vigorous action and masterly force.”*

2. One conclusion in which this last inquiry has confirmed the Commissioners is the necessity of retaining classics, or at all events Latin, as the basis of middle-class teaching, for “everywhere they have found that the classics are still regarded as the best instrument for the highest education, and when the classics are neglected, the education seems lowered in character.”† Their discussion of this subject is perhaps the ablest part of the whole Report, and gives us a judgment on the controversy which Mr. Lowe may be said to have popularised, marked by perfect fairness, and by great force and clearness of argument. In the lowest class of schools, and for the majority of the boys, they ask for little more than a sound elementary education—“good reading, good writing, and good arithmetic;” but even in these schools they would make a place for Latin in the higher division, on the ground that it alone is the thread which may run through and connect education of every grade—is, in fact, what middle age writers used to call the Church, “the ladder for low-born merit”—or, as a modern Canon expresses it, “the cement of the social bridge which unites all classes of society in England above the day-labourer.”‡ When the middle-middle-schools are discussed, however, a regular battle of the books begins, and the witnesses contradict each other vigorously—the schoolmasters as a body standing out for Latin, a few wishing to make the teaching mainly mathematical, some, again, proposing to substitute for Latin, English or French, while the friends and foes of physical science are pretty equally balanced. The Commissioners discuss the matter fully; but they decide very distinctly in favour of language, in comparison with mathematics, as the main basis of education; and this on the broad ground that “nothing appears to develop and discipline the whole man so much

* Report, p. 60.

† P. 76.

‡ P. 27.

as the study which assists the learner to understand the thoughts, to enter into the feelings, to appreciate the moral judgments of others. Nor," they add, "is equal clearness of thought to be attained in any other way. Clearness of thought is bound up with clearness of language, and the one is impossible without the other." Then comes the question as to the one language from which grammar is best taught; and here again, though not without a good word for French, the Commissioners are clear in their preference for Latin, partly on the ground of the beauty of the language in itself, but mainly "for the fulness and precision of its accidence, in which no modern language can rival it."* They give just prominence, too, to a forcible argument of Mr. Derwent Coleridge, that, "to teach English is a far more difficult accomplishment than to teach Latin, and for one man who can take Shakspeare or Milton as a class-book, there are ten who can carry boys repeatedly through Cæsar and Virgil." With Latin they would of course combine arithmetic and mathematics, though Euclid is to be dethroned from the honour of having been the one unchanged class-book for more than two thousand years. But the battle again rages vehemently round physical science, the schoolmasters—possibly from an imperfect acquaintance with its subject—being here very generally the opponents. The Commissioners, however, make it their third essential subject, and declare emphatically that "no scheme of education can be complete without it;" that "it develops better than any other studies the observing faculties, disciplines the intellect by teaching induction as well as deduction,*supplies a balance to the studies of language and mathematics, and provides instruction of great value for the occupations of after life."† These conclusions are only modified by the recommendation that there should be some schools of what we may call a more purely modern and scientific type.

Two other topics must be mentioned from their importance: first, the religious character of the education, and secondly, the education suggested for girls. On the first it deserves notice that the Commissioners, representing every shade of men, are unanimous. Secular teaching they put aside on the ground that to omit religious teaching would be equally opposed to the feelings of English parents and of the best masters; the comprehensive system, as it is called, of eliminating all distinct doctrines, and teaching the residuum, they hardly notice; they are for such denominational teaching as shall not allow the master to be "hampered" in his instruction, while "the parent may claim by a written notice exemption for his son from attending prayers or public worship, and from any lesson or series of lessons on a religious subject."‡ To the other point it is impossible

* Report, p. 27.

† P. 34.

‡ P. 42.

here to do full justice. De Tocqueville, and even a greater authority, Aristotle, have expressed the opinion, that the well-being of states depends almost mainly on their women, and there are probably no women in this country who could exercise a better influence than the wives and daughters of the lower middle-classes, or who are now, we must add, more deplorably neglected. Perhaps the Report hardly does justice to the subject, which is discussed in a very interesting manner in Mr. Fraser's admiring, but somewhat trenchant remarks on the intelligent American ladies of the "Roman matron" type. There is, however, a very interesting account of the Cambridge examination, in nearly all of which the girls were ahead of the boys.* The gist of the Recommendations is, improved examination and inspection of schools; with the very important proposal, that the Hertford establishment belonging to Christ's Hospital, in which a revenue of £11,000 a year is now comparatively wasted on little boys, should be made a central college for girls. We hope the governors will be gallant enough to give it up.

3. We have reserved to the last the hardest question, if not the most important, which the Commissioners have to solve, and where their proposals seem to us most open to criticism,—the plan by which their recommendations are to be carried into effect. They suggest several kinds of machinery: *first*, a division of the whole country, following the arrangement of the Registrar General, into thirteen districts; *secondly*, the constitution in each of these of a provincial Board, consisting of eight members, † with an official Commissioner appointed by the Charity Commission, who are to be charged with the duty of arranging or re-arranging the charities of the district, presiding at the school examinations, &c.; ‡ *thirdly*, the Charity Commission, considerably reinforced, which is to be a final Court of Appeal to approve or reject plans submitted to it, to inquire generally into charities, and appoint inspectors; *fourthly*, the establishment of a Council of Examination, to consist of twelve examiners, half appointed by the Universities and half by the Crown, who are to make a general annual report of all the examinations. They suggest also the substitution of an improved Local Board for all schools, in the place of the present Boards of Trustees, some of the existing trustees being combined in equal numbers with members elected by householders, and with others appointed by the Provincial Board.

Of the three last of these proposals we entirely approve, for the Charity Commission, armed with additional powers, will be far preferable, both as a mediative body and a court of appeal, to the present ruinous process of referring questions about the charities to a

* Report, p. 554.

† P. 639.

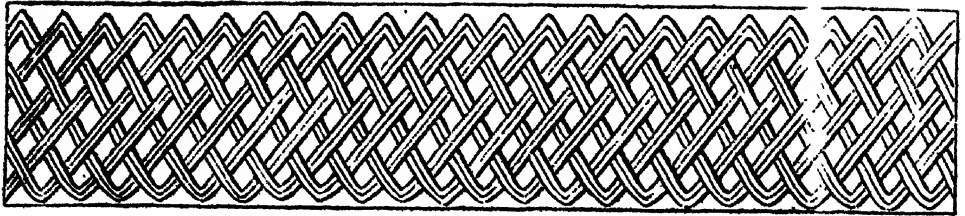
‡ P. 633.

court of law ; the proposed Board of Examination is unimpeachable, and we would only venture the suggestion that it might be desirable to make a moderate payment to each of its members for the time and labour they will expend ; lastly, new Boards will be essential to work the new schools, and the Board proposed will retain something of the old interests and traditions, while it will have a proper infusion of a new and more popular element. But grave objections seem to lie to the two remaining parts of the scheme, the division into thirteen districts and the constitution of the provincial Boards ; and we strongly suspect that our objections to them were felt by many of the Commissioners themselves, for they have suggested an alternative plan in both cases which seems to us infinitely preferable. In the first place, it is difficult to see why they have departed from the natural division into *counties*, and although they tell us this was done "for obvious reasons," they are reasons which we have in vain attempted to discover. The principle on which such districts as the Commissioners are devising should be formed is surely an obvious one ; we want a district large enough to ensure a choice of competent members, and small enough to ensure local sympathy. The large districts which the Commissioners suggest—the western district for example, of Wilts, Dorset, Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall—would command little or nothing of that local interest which it is their principal aim to create. A county Board would in most cases attain both objects, and, as Lord Fortescue has urged, local opposition would be much disarmed if it was felt that a county was handled by itself, and its endowments administered for its own benefit.

And this faulty division into districts has led to an equally faulty constitution of the local or provincial Board. For ourselves, we have certainly no objection to eight nominees of the Crown, for there would be very little temptation to make unfair appointments, and such a Board would probably discharge its functions as ably, or even more ably, than any which could be suggested ; indeed, it was probably this last consideration which led to its proposed constitution. But here, again, the question is, whether such a body would command confidence and popular sympathy ; and in a matter where popular and local interests are important, we cannot doubt that the temper of the time is for electoral, and not for nominated boards, and that a board consisting of irresponsible nominees would not succeed. A body composed partly of the chairmen of boards of guardians, with a certain number of persons added by the Crown, with reference both to position and experience in education, might be a less intelligent and liberal board at first, till some of its members had been educated by the rest, but it would probably be more active and popular in the end ; and we shall, therefore, side with those members of the Commission who were good enough to secure us this alternative.

We have now traversed, though we fear imperfectly, most of the ground occupied by this Report. Our opinion of its ability and its fairness it can scarcely be necessary to repeat; for with some inequalities of execution, such as every Report must exhibit, it is a real authority on all subjects connected with middle-class education; and though a Blue Book is of all books the most certainly "doomed to death," we could certainly wish that such a storehouse of information was "fated not to die." We do not doubt that, whether immediately or not, it will do its work. We complained, in the outset of these remarks, that the English people and legislature were somewhat slow to move in matters of education. We have large arrears to make up. We have left education, as Pitt left literature, "to take care of itself;" and when Burke contrasted our "native soil of freedom" with the "slavery which we might have from *Prussia*," he hardly foresaw that the slavery would be the protector of knowledge, or the freedom so tolerant of ignorance. These may seem hard words, but they are scarcely beyond the truth. There is no branch of our whole education which does not need large improvement, and certainly, if information is any test of teaching, some of our greatest colleges and schools require a thorough reform, almost as much as a middle-class academy. It may be doubted whether there will be time or inclination to take so great a work in hand in the present Parliament; but a Reformed Parliament—from which it seems all parties hope so much—could scarcely inaugurate its labours better than by an earnest endeavour to imitate the example which enlightened despotisms and republics have shown us; and to realize the boast, which Milton in his time did not think extravagant, that we are, as a nation, "pliant and prone to seek after knowledge—not beneath the reach of any point, the highest that human capacity can soar to."

W. C. LAKE.



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II. THE PALL MALL GAZETTE.

“ F. P., TUESDAY MORNING. MY DEAR SIR,—Bungay will be here to-day about the *Pall Mall Gazette*. You will be the very man to help us with a genuine *West-end article*. You understand—dashing, trenchant, and d—— aristocratic. Lady Hipshaw will write—but she’s not much, you know; and we’ve two lords—but the less they do the better. We must have you. We’ll give you your own terms, and we’ll make a hit with the *Gazette*. Shall B. come and see you, or can you look in upon me here? Ever yours, C. S.” The Fleet prison and the *Pall Mall Gazette*! Defoe started and conducted a journal in Newgate, and one of his biographers was so profoundly struck with the wonderful literary ventures that had had their origin within stone walls which do and do not a prison make, that he actually suggested, apparently with seriousness, that the Governments of civilised countries should make the occasional imprisoning of men of genius a matter of public policy. Think of Cervantes; think of Bunyan; think of Defoe, said he, and then consider whether there may not be something in the compulsion of a jail which is peculiarly favourable to the concentration of soul, without which fine faculty never does its best. First, then, catch your man of genius. Wait, of course, till some new writer has shown his mettle. Then capture him, lock him up in Newgate or York Castle, and don’t let him out till he has hatched an epic, or a cure for consumption, or squared the circle, or invented a new gun. This is a very roughly recollected sketch of the design, and we do not remember whether or not the Government was to reward the gene-

rator of the fresh product when he had done his work, or whether he was merely to be turned loose, and allowed to run fallow, till it might appear worth while to lock him up again.

The mere incubation of the *Pall Mall Gazette* ended in the release of Captain Shandon from the Fleet, because Mrs. Bungay happened to take à fancy to Mrs. Shandon and her little "gurl." But this was luck, and it is a serious objection to the workableness of the imprisoning scheme, that men of ability would probably be afraid to show their heads (in a metaphysical sense) if they knew that the Government of their country would immediately impound them. A love of restraint has never been reckoned among the peculiarities of genius. Conceive Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Buchanan, Miss Ingelow, Mr. Tennyson, and Mr. Browning, all in condemned cells, and taking exercise together in a paved yard, till they had produced poems satisfactory to some authority constituted under a State Organization of Culture. But the plan, supposing it workable, would have one advantage; namely, that we should know when to be on the look-out for something new. In process of time we should be able to judge inductively how long genius in the pound took to think of something exquisite, and a new order of paragraph would appear in our journals:—"We have received from the Department of Culture the information that Mr. Matthew Arnold, who was lying perdu at an Outpost of the Barbarians, hoping to escape detection, was yesterday, under a warrant from the Minister of Culture, captured and placed in confinement, with pens and paper, accompanied by the usual intimation. We may therefore expect something good in the course of a year or two." There is some certainty about this; it enables us to know when the universe may expect a new impulse. But as things go, who knows when a fresh motive power like the *Pall Mall Gazette* is about to be generated? "We address ourselves to the higher circles of society: we care not to disown it. The *Pall Mall Gazette* is written by gentlemen for gentlemen; its conductors speak to the classes in which they live and were born. The field-preacher has his journal; the Radical free-thinker has his journal: why should the gentlemen of England be unrepresented in the press?" Who would have dreamt that a *jeu-d'esprit* flung into a novel by an earnest persifleur in 1850 would, in 1865, "strike its being into bounds," and "result in" so large, so grave, and so influential a thing as the "evening newspaper and review" which is now known by the name that was given to Bungay's organ, though it stands related to such an organ as a man to an anthropoid ape?

We are quite serious in taking up this view of the matter. An admirable paper on "Historical Prediction" in the *Fortnightly Review* for March discusses certain "disturbing causes which may impede and obstruct the power of foresight." The *Pall Mall Gazette* has

been, and is, a great disturbing cause; and who in the name of wonder could have foreseen the concourse of atoms which brought it about—we mean the nuclei, the radii, the elective affinities, the commercial attractions, the friendly associations of certain men and certain kinds of talent, the pressure, more or less direct, more or less felt, or wholly unfelt, of this, that, and the other influence, which have tended to make the *Pall Mall Gazette* what it is? We ourselves think the establishment and success of this periodical one of the very gravest events of the time of reaction through which we hold this country is now passing, or about to pass; for, in spite of household suffrage, a crisis of reaction is, putting it at the lowest, imminent all over the civilised world—a crisis which has been for a great many years quite easy to predict.

The franchise, said Mr. Disraeli, is not a right, but a privilege. This is Toryism. It is true, *historically*, that “it is the everlasting privilege of fools to be governed by wise men” (a quotation which is not, perhaps, exact); but that is quite another thing. The extreme left of what is called Liberalism may believe that, and yet maintain that the basis of all formulated political relations is the right of every man to govern himself; or, in other words, to have a voice in the making of the laws to which he submits. But the Tory formula involves the hypothesis of a governing *class* existing as a political institution *primâ facie* and in the nature of things desirable, and not merely as the natural temporary expression of an inwrought law of progress. It is not likely that the Tory formula will ever again be openly in the ascendant in England (while our present civilization lasts), or perhaps in Europe; but there has been sufficient reaction of sentiment in that direction to influence very materially those who call themselves Liberals, and to give a colour to their policy and tone of thought. In the meanwhile the influence of Bentham, though slow and quiet, has been enormous; and it is not too much to say that whatever real “education” the Tory party have undergone has come from that side. How many who call themselves Liberals are only Benthamized Conservatives! By the path of Benthamized Conservatism the old Toryism is, under our eyes, passing into a sort of Concessive Constitutionalism in which we may or may not eventually find that new doctrine of politics, or rather of political action, which Mr. Mill hinted the want of in a well-remembered passage in the “Considerations on Representative Government.”* Only, if we do,

* “It seems to me, however, from various indications, and from none more than the recent debates upon Reform of Parliament, that both Conservatives and Liberals (if they may continue to call them what they still call themselves) have lost confidence in the political creeds which they nominally profess, while neither side appears to have made any progress in providing itself with a better. Yet such a better doctrine must be possible; not a mere compromise by splitting the difference between the two, but something wider than either, which in virtue of its superior comprehen-

the doctrine will have, first, to be "moved through life of lower phase." Mr. Ruskin, in his last little book, observes of the *Pall Mall Gazette* (p. 162), that "its straws of talk mark which way the wind blows perhaps more early than those of any other journal." But that means little—no one journal can mark which way the wind blows. The truth is that the *Pall Mall Gazette* has proved to be the most powerful organ of the reaction of culture and constitutionalism; has done more for it than perhaps all other visible or traceable agencies combined together; and, in spite of its Liberalism, has been, on the whole, Conservative in its influence. This is true, in the teeth of the fact that it has printed, and occasionally prints, paragraphs whose inspiration must be called Radical. It is true even on "theological" and ecclesiastical questions. In spite of the boldness of the criticisms of the *Pall Mall Gazette* upon points of dogma and Church order, the High Church party in England would rather see a hundred journals like that afloat in society than one *Daily News*, or one *Examiner*. And because it is really a pregnant question, one may well ask again, who could possibly have foreseen the uprising of this new power in political and social criticism? How Mr. Thackeray himself would have delighted in it! Toleration, beginning from the side of manliness and experience of the world, and not from any Liberal assumption or Liberal sentiment; but toleration still, with a note of good society in it, and a possibility of despotism behind it, and totally without enthusiasm of any kind—the toleration of Arthur Pendennis, first Benthamized, and then corroborated by a strong infusion of active humanitarianism—this might enter largely into a description of the character or *morale* of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and it was of the essence of Mr. Thackeray's ruling mood:—

"Fabius fought Hannibal sceptically. . . . The tastes and habits of such a man prevent him from becoming a boisterous demagogue, and his love of truth and dislike of cant keep him from advancing crude propositions, such as many loud reformers are constantly ready with, much more of uttering downright falsehoods in arguing questions or abusing opponents, which he would die or starve rather than use. . . . There it is, extant among us, a part of our habits, the creed of many of us, the growth of centuries, the symbol of a most complicated tradition,—there stand my lord the bishop and my lord the hereditary legislator—what the French call *transactions*, both of them,—representing in their present shape mail-clad barons and double-sworded chiefs (from whom their lordships the hereditaries for the most part *don't* descend), and priests, professing to hold an absolute truth and a divinely-inherited power, the which truth absolute our

siveness, might be adopted by either Liberal or Conservative without renouncing anything which he really feels to be valuable in his own creed. When so many feel obscurely the want of such a doctrine, and so few even flatter themselves that they have attained it, any one may, without presumption, offer what his own thoughts, and the best that he knows of those of others, are able to contribute towards its formation."

ancestors burned at the stake, and denied there; the which divine transmissible power still exists in print—to be believed or not, pretty much at choice; and of these, I say, I acquiesce that they exist, and no more. . . .

“I won’t cane the boys, nay, or say Amen always, or act as the Church’s champion or warrior, in the shape of the beadle with the staff; but I will take off my hat in the place, and say my prayers there too, and shake hands with the clergyman as he steps on the grass outside. Don’t I know that his being there is a compromise, and that he stands before me, an Act of Parliament? I take things as I find them, and the world, and the Acts of Parliament of the world, as they are; and as I intend to take a wife, if I find one—not to be madly in love and prostrate at her feet like a fool—not to worship her as an angel, or to expect to find her as such, but to be good-natured to her, and courteous, expecting good-nature and pleasant society from her in return.”

These passages do not misrepresent the tone of good society, nor do they much, if at all, misrepresent the tone, or rather tint, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and upon this neutral colour are laid all the stronger lines of opinion and tendency which as a newspaper it of course contains. In this respect, too—namely, with regard to opinion—the *Pall Mall Gazette* is the most heterogeneous of journals. Ably expressed criticism on nearly all sides may be found there. The *Chronicle* announced that all articles which did not cohere with the opinions of the editor, or the dominant principles of the journal, would be expressly indicated as *communiqués*, and the rule was kept. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has a steady tone or tint, but, except that it is Liberal (in the sense we have already described, and *capable* at any moment of being liberal in a larger sense) in its politics, it has few dominant opinions. Some things you never find there—neither warmth, nor height, nor colour. It is true that emotional iridescence is not a usual attribute of newspapers, or much wanted or relished by clubs or politicians; at all events, it does not find its way into the pages in question. But, enthusiasm apart, almost any ably-expressed opinion that has got a platform and a hearing in the world outside, has a chance of being heard in the *Pall Mall Gazette* too. Ably expressed it must be, and it is probable that no other existing journal has managed to aggregate so much varied ability. It may be added, in passing, that the “chaff” which has been addressed to the point of the “gentlemen-for-gentlemen” characteristic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has been erroneous; the gospel of good manners is *assumed* in the tone of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but that is all; it is not obtruded, it is not even preached. Undoubtedly a large portion of its success has been due to that neutral tint which belongs to good manners in general. It is a quality which “makes its way everywhere,” as people say, and even when it has been broken in upon, the offence is condoned; just as a gentlemanly young man, who has the true tolerance of Good Societism, is without much difficulty forgiven for an occasional excess in administering “punishment” in a quarrel.

One of the most striking points about the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been the extent to which its matter has evidently been contributed by experts—people with the best *information* upon their respective topics. There is, indeed, one particular writer, whose pen can readily be traced in the *Pall Mall* and elsewhere, who appears to know every mortal thing that is *contemporary*; and there is at least one other writer, whose pen also can be traced there and elsewhere, whose accomplishments appear to have no limit whatever. It is the natural characteristic of an organ which knows everything, that it should hate humbugs with a sort of—it is an odd phrase, we know—a sort of erotic hate; an amorous disgust; a kind of fox-hunter's passion. Mr. Richard Hutton (the papers have since been published with his name attached) once said in the *Pall Mall* that Mr. Gladstone meditated on finance in the night watches; we suspect the *Pall Mall* meditates on humbugs in the night watches. "D'ya moind the waäste, my lass?" The *Pall Mall* might be supposed to look with some pious scorn upon contemporaries that preach—

"A reäls wonn sarmin a weeäk, an' I a' stubb'd Thornaby waäste."

Such is its sacred fury for a man to hang, or a waaste to stub, that—who does not know it?—the *Pall Mall* will play Haroun al Raschid upon occasion. The present writer well remembers the whispering awe with which he once heard two old fogies in an omnibus say to each other on a certain morning, "The editor of the *Pall Mall* went in his broom;" and the rest of the story we know. The words were spoken as if the speaker thought the editor of the *Pall Mall* might be at that moment acting as conductor to that very 'bus, and we were strongly tempted to tell him he was. Charles Mathews the elder was once riding to or from some assize town, in a stage coach, in company with Theodore Hook (?), when a north-country farmer was annoying the company in some way. Mathews urged him to desist—in vain, for the bumpkin went on "bullyragging" in fine Yorkshire style. "I wouldn't hold my tongue for nobody," cried he, "not if the great Baron Hullock (a judge of that day) and Mister Bruffum (Henry Brougham) was in the carriage." Mathews leaned over to him, tapped his knee, and said in a mysterious whisper, "Hush! my dear sir; hush! I am Baron Hullock, and the gentleman next me is Mr. Brougham." This was enough. The farmer put his head out of the window, and shouted to the driver, "Stop! stop the coach! Let me out! I'm no fit company for the great Baron Hullock and Mr. Bruffum! Let me out, I say!" And get out the man did, to the great relief of his fellow-passengers. It might not be a bad plan, for abating a social nuisance, to take a hint from Mathews,—“Hush, hush, my dear sir! Don't you see the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the room there? His brougham is round the corner.”

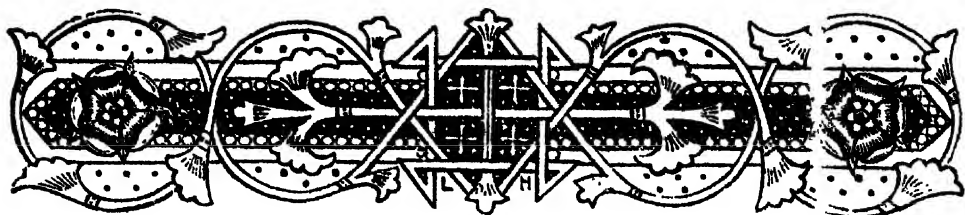
This country, said Channing of America, is not priest-ridden, but press-ridden. It will, we hope, be a long while before this country is press-ridden, but the power of the press is undoubtedly growing in England. We distinguish here between power and influence, and, indeed, the distinction is always obvious. When we think of Bossuet, it is his power that occurs to us; when we think of the Curé d'Ars, it is his influence. One of the signs that the power of the press is on the increase is that manifestation of an uneasy sense that its responsibility is inadequately fixed, which we have all had to observe in the cry for the abolition of anonymity in journalism. Of all journals, not excepting the *Saturday Review* even, the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives us the most vivid sense of power. Its staff is so strong, its resources are so large, it shows so determined a temper, it goes about its work with such a divine-right-of-constables air, it has such a way of appearing to refuse impunity to anything it thoroughly hates, that we feel that in a country where all the journals were of the same type, we should be living under a kind of military law of opinion. In exercising the function of a social and literary police, the *Pall Mall Gazette* has done work which it is not necessary to recall minutely. Did any other journal ever succeed in doing as much? But, as it is in its determined criticism of what it dislikes, its stealthy deliberation in hunting out abuses, and its firmness of grasp in skinning them, that the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been most conspicuously successful, so it is in the use of the speculum and the cautery that its great danger has lain. Nobody can doubt its disinterestedness; attentive readers of its literature will have noticed a peculiarity in that department—at least they will if they have an eye for things conspicuous by their absence—which suggests an almost haughty resolve to be above suspicion. But we all know, or can conceive, what it is for a rigid medical practitioner to get into a particular groove of diagnosis and treatment, and to make mistakes. There have been physicians who have persisted in diagnosing diseases which they might as justly have diagnosed in a pond-lily, and persisted, too, in heroic treatment; and who can ever forget the old head-master (Keate?), who, when some boys who ought to have been put down in the Confirmation-list were put in the bill instead, whipped them all the same *pour encourager les autres*?

On topics of health, comfort, social resource, and the tangible or calculable providence of life, especially as they concern the poor, or as they concern special classes (soldiers, for example), the *Pall Mall Gazette* has from the first been singularly watchful and humane, yet moderate and cautious. Its experts have enabled it to write with sufficient information; and while it has never contained an indecent paragraph, it has, on the other hand, never flinched from any phrase that was necessary to fulfil a purpose. We fancy we could collect from

the pages of the journal in question examples of plainness of speech into which words "never before printed" in recent newspapers have found their way. This is a peculiarity which must undoubtedly be affiliated to that sincere humanity which belongs to the genius of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It is a spirit which not only hates sentimentality—it would even rather avoid circumlocution in cases where some of us would prefer it.

The literature of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, when as good as it often is, is so pleasant a part of the paper that most readers wish there were more of it. Here, indeed, there is occasionally more "individuality" than in any other of the departments of the journal. There are two pens in particular that can be recognised in the leading articles from time to time; and there are scarcely more than two that *compel* recognition in the reviews; but in literature the topics are so varied that a writer's natural qualities have more play, and hence the extreme pleasantness of some of the reviews. Here too, however, there is a neutral tint underneath the brightest and most decisive lines of comment. We know how Macaulay wrote criticism, we know how Mr. Ruskin writes it; we know how Wordsworth wrote it, we know how a well-known critic in the *Spectator* writes it; and in all of them, and many other cases that might be named—in Macaulay even, though least in him—we feel, as we read, that there is, besides the criticism, an under-current of meditation, sometimes even of passion, personal to the man, and charged with moral, or often with spiritual suggestion. It does not matter what the topic is—your author meditates as well as criticises, and you can never tell where a sudden turn of a sentence may point you to. This is not a characteristic of the criticism which you usually find in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, or, indeed, in the majority of journals. The only instance of it we can call to mind recently was a too brief notice of Dr. Newman's poems, from an unmistakable pen.

Thus, then, we should call the politics of the *Pall Mall Gazette* a guarded Liberalism, which occasionally shades away into Benthamized Conservatism. The characteristic of its deliberate social criticism we should call a strong humanity, with good society tolerance. The genius of its literary department is, on the whole, Addisonian, though modern. The general tint of the paper is Conservative. Its general manner and accent are those of an organ which has a quick sense of its own power, and great determination in putting that power to use. On the whole, we repeat, we think that, taken in connection with the political and social reaction to which we have referred, the *Pall Mall Gazette* is the most important fact of the hour—partly effect, but both cause and promoter to a degree which may well occasion a little alarm to those who do not like the reaction or trust its spirit.



THE DEAN OF CORK AND THE IRISH ESTABLISHMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CONTEMPORARY REVIEW."

SIR,—I am sure the readers of the *Contemporary Review* will be thankful to me for drawing forth so masterly a defence of the Irish Protestant Establishment as that which appeared in your last number. I should wish to express, in the warmest terms, my personal obligations for the kind language of Dean Magee to his opponent, if I did not feel that so rare an example of courtesy in controversy should be accepted as a lesson of humiliation by all of us who have engaged in it, rather than as an excuse either for self-congratulation or compliment. But I have a special reason for referring to the Dean's article. He has made an historical statement which I at once acknowledge to be a useful and important correction of one which I put forward.

I spoke of the Protestant Establishment as if it were the creation of Elizabeth and her ministers. Literally, I was right; the attempt to Protestantize Ireland began then. But the Dean rightly reminds us that an Anglican religious establishment had existed in Ireland ever since the conquest by Henry II.; that Queen Elizabeth did not make this establishment less Celtic or more Saxon than it was before; that she merely repudiated the dominion which the Bishop of Rome had exercised over it. The Dean, therefore, dismisses as a fond conceit my notion that the example of Scotland, which was before their eyes, led the English Court to hope for the speedy adoption of

Protestantism by the Irish. Whether or not they entertained the dream or made the calculation which I imagined, the facts remain the same. I willingly adopt Dean Magee's version of them.

According to that, the failure which I represented as extending over two centuries and a half has extended over six. During all that period, a set of clergy, trained to loyal and orderly habits, connecting law and order with the faith of Christ, were sent forth with a commission to educate and civilize a race with many noble qualities, but deficient in the virtues of which Englishmen are most proud. We believe that at the Reformation these clergy were delivered from a contradiction which made their testimony on behalf of law and order far less effectual. We ask then, generally about the period since Henry II., but especially about the more fortunate period since Elizabeth, What has been done? A most able and accomplished advocate appears to answer that question. I trust that your readers will study his reply—will give the fullest weight to every part of it. Let them gather up the results, all he tells us of the past, and of the present. Let no evidence of any efforts which the clergy have made to restrain the passions of the ruling race be omitted; let all their exertions during famines and pestilences, and at other times, be estimated at their full worth; and let there be the fullest recognition of the power of their preachers, many of them far above the standard of those in our island, eagerly welcomed amongst us. And then let it be fairly considered whether the position of the clergy, as an alien establishment in the midst of a Roman Catholic population, has been favourable or unfavourable to their moral influence, to the full exercise of the gifts with which they have been endowed; whether all their virtues and talents have not been cabined, cribbed, confined, by those privileges of a ruling caste which are supposed to give them so great an advantage.

If it is so, I entirely agree with Dean Magee that Protestantism is not to be blamed for the disappointment. My object was to prove that Protestantism is the witness for the sacredness of national life, and must be palsied if, through any unfortunate conjunction of circumstances, it is converted into a witness against the sacredness of national life. It is not so in Ireland, argues the Dean of Cork with much ingenuity, for it is the witness against Ultramontaniam there; and Ultramontaniam, we all know, is the foe of national life. I venture to ask, Has not Ultramontaniam grown to unnatural dimensions in Ireland—not receiving the great check which it receives elsewhere from the dislike of the higher Roman Catholic laity—actually turning the Celtic feeling of nationality among the lower classes into an ally—precisely because it is accepted as the best help to be had against the English ascendancy? The people

cannot see—I confess I cannot see—how an English Establishment in Ireland, whatever other merits it may have, can be national. Perhaps you will say, “If the religious establishment is not English, how can the sovereign be English?” Scotland has supplied a decisive answer to that argument. The abandonment of the experiment to set up an Anglican Establishment in Scotland was that which hindered Scotland from setting up a Stuart instead of a Brunswick prince—from either attempting to force a sovereign upon us, or from repudiating the English connection. No doubt what Dean Magee says about the nationality of Presbyterianism, the anti-nationality of Romanism, is true. That may be a good argument against establishing Romanism in Ireland, but it does not touch the question whether you can safely force an alien establishment upon Roman Catholics more than upon Presbyterians.

Dean Magee hints at the inferiority of my knowledge on all Irish questions to his. I cannot claim much credit to myself for admitting the charge to its fullest extent, since his knowledge has enabled him to produce various statements in support of my positions which I did not produce, as well as to enforce them with an eloquence to which I can make no pretension. There is a want of colouring in his description of the use which the English Government made of the bishops and clergy in Ireland for at least two centuries, which only the most genuine feeling of the indignity could have made possible—which we, who have not shared the indignity, even if we possessed his powers, could but feebly imitate. Most ignominious indeed those offices must have been which he shows that the Irish prelates and clergy were expected by the English Government to undertake in its interest. If the Dean is all too right in telling us that there were many who accepted the dirty work with the wages, *he affirms, as I did, that there were not a few to whom these tasks were odious, and who believed that there were others of an opposite kind to which they were called by the King of kings.* Since the Irish clergy in this day whom I have had the pleasure of knowing have been remarkable for moral worth as well as for intellectual gifts—since those in former times to whom I alluded are men whom we all reverence—I would rather sympathize with their unfortunate circumstances, and forget—as they deserve to be forgotten—those whom the Dean of St. Patrick and the Dean of Cork speak of as at one time the more numerous class.

I wrote my essay not for the members of the Liberation Society, but for a body of clergymen. I feared that if the Irish clergy were, under any conditions, deprived of their endowments, these English clergymen might be tempted to say: “In that case the union between the nation and the Church is dissolved; soon it will be dissolved in

all cases." To me such a dissolution appears the most fearful of all calamities, because it leads to the substitution of an ecclesiastical or sectarian tyranny for the Church; to the denial that the nation is anything but a scheme for the protection of property. I was, therefore, anxious to show that no calamity of the kind was involved in the fall of the Irish Establishment. The English nation would merely say, "We have tried to keep up certain endowments partly for the advancement of Protestantism, partly for the maintenance of our own authority in Ireland. We find that the endowments do not benefit Protestantism; we find they imperil our authority; we therefore determine to maintain them no longer." I said that such a decree would seem to me a very solemn one. I did not know by what agency it would be accomplished; I did not know how that which was taken from the Protestant clergy might be applied. But I did not think that a National Church would perish; for the Protestant Establishment had never been a National Church. I did not think Protestantism would be weakened, for it was occupying a position in Ireland which could never be strong. I believed a better future might open to the Protestant Episcopacy of Ireland when it no longer represented the mere dominion of a conqueror.

I desired, also, that clergymen, whilst using very lofty language about their functions—whilst professing to be the servants and stewards of the most high God—might not speak as if any sentence which went forth against them was the sentence of statesmen, philosophers, Dissenters, and was not a judgment of Him who has appointed us to fulfil certain duties, and who will call us to account for the performance of them. We had no right, surely, to apply this maxim to Ireland without applying it to England. But it is England which is on her trial whether she has faithfully ministered to the wants of Ireland; the clergy cannot themselves shrink from the test of which they would remind their people. In this sense it is most true that—

"Tua res agitur paries cum proximus ardet." *¶*

We are to question ourselves about our soundness when any neighbouring edifice is tottering; the quotation cannot mean that we are to try to preserve that which is rotten, lest our own rottenness should be discovered.

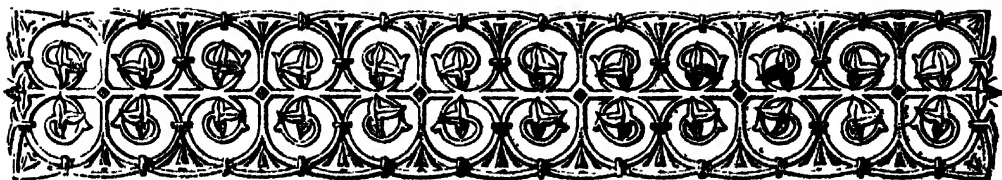
I cannot say that these warnings seem to me less necessary since I have read Dean Magee's article. They seem to me far more necessary since I read yesterday the speech of the Prime Minister in the Irish Debate (March 16). I had heard that Mr. Gladstone's words in that debate would seal the fate of the Irish Establishment. I dared not attach such importance to the opinion of any man. But I do find in Mr. Disraeli's speech a much clearer note of doom.

He says that the English people and the Scotch people are both very religious; that the Irish people are still more religious. I was anxious to know what is that common inner faith of three nations which in outward opinions and ceremonies are so widely apart. The next sentence revealed the secret. They all believe in endowments. Now, most of us had thought that endowments might be good or bad—useful in some circumstances, pernicious in others. We had never fancied that these were the eternal, unchangeable verities which bind together all kindreds and tongues and peoples. We had not learnt that the faith once delivered to the saints—the faith for which the martyrs died—was a faith in endowments. If we think it is so, let us say what we think. When Mr. Disraeli appeals to the constituencies, let us tell them frankly, “That is what we meant when we said the Apostles’ Creed; that is what we expect you to mean.” But if endowments are not the rock against which it is promised that the gates of hell shall not prevail—if they are not the pillars of any National Church, scarcely even its buttresses—lessons like that which our Irish sister will soon have to learn may carry pledges of divinity with them. We are not harsh in asking her to prepare for them, if we do not neglect to make a similar preparation ourselves.

Your obedient servant,

F. D. MAURICE.

P.S.—The Dean has spoken much on the question whether a National Church must be the Church of the majority. I did not touch upon that question. I confess to a great weakness for minorities. I believe that a woman may hide a very little leaven in three measures of meal till the whole is leavened. Has the leaven of Episcopal Protestantism which the English Queen hid in the different measures of Irish meal some centuries ago, done that work?



VASĀDAVATTA.

A BUDDHIST IDYLL.*

WHERE proud Mathoura rears her hundred towers,
Spreads wide her markets, and through stately streets
Pours the full tide of pilgrims to her shrines,—
Princes and merchants, peasant churls and poor,
Youth in its prime, and age with weary feet,—
Vasādavatta dwelt. Her beauty drew
The eyes of all men, as the full moon draws
The water of the ocean, swayed the tides
And pulses of their life, and at her feet
They bowed in homage. Raven black her hair,
Her eyes as in a liquid sea of light
Shone with rich lustre, and the opening rose
Looked pale beside the vermeil of her cheek,
And youth's fresh life ran warm through every vein.
All charms were hers of motion and of rest—
Quick glance, lithe limbs, and many a wreathed smile;
But one chief charm was absent: not for her
The freshness of the morning dew of youth.
The stainless purity of maiden souls,
But smiles were sold, caresses bartered for,
And the poor slaves who sought to win her grace
She robbed of fame and fortune.

And it chanced
She sent her handmaid to the traders' mart,
Where all rich produce of the East and the West
Met in one centre, thence to bring her home
Or costly pearls, or perfumes rich and rare,
Or raiment gold-embroidered. And she went,
And evermore came back with fullest store
Of all her mistress asked for, and with face
Of one rejoicing in a task achieved,
She brought them home; and when they questioned her,
What made her work so easy and so quick,

* Comp. St. Hilaire, *Bouddha et sa Religion*, part i. c. 3.

She told them of Dharmāna. He was fair,
 His face clear shining as the morning star,
 And outward beauty was but token true
 Of inward goodness. Truth abode with him,
 And purity was with him night and day,
 And every sense subdued, he lived his life,
 Gave freely to the orphan and the poor,
 And day by day his study and delight
 Was in the law of Buddha. Fast and prayer,
 These made his life, and never breath of fame
 Whispered of taint of spirit or of sense.

And so Vasādavatta heard of him,
 And drawn by that high spell of majesty
 Which stainless goodness wields o'er fallen souls,
 Her heart turned to him. Those that came with gold
 To win her smiles, she hated and despised,
 Loathed all their gifts, and as with craving heart,
 Seeking for help to rise above herself,
 Mingling her passion with her wonted wiles,
 She loved the trader. And in vain she sought
 To hide her full, strong passion : it must out ;
 Or else it had devoured her, and the rose
 Had faded to the lily. So she wrote,
 And sent it by her maiden, and the words,
 In very ecstasy of passion strong,
 The melody which love creates, ran thus :—

“ Come, O beloved one, though thou hast not known me,
 Yet all my soul flows out in love to thee ;
 Come, make me thine, and in thy heart enthrone me,
 And I, thy queen, will as thy handmaid be.

“ Come, O beloved one, come, my wreaths of roses
 Breathe their soft fragrance in the evening hour ;
 Come, where the glowing sunset light reposes,
 On wood and meadow, rivulet and flower.

“ Come, O beloved one, let no fear deter thee,
 Make glad the heart that fainteth with desire ;
 Above Earth's best and greatest I prefer thee,
 And many waters cannot quench love's fire.”

And he when, line by line, he read the words,
 And knew their purport, glowed as if with shame,
 Now crimson flushed for very purity,
 Now pale with pity for that fallen one,
 And thus made answer : “ Go, thy mistress tell,
 The time for me to see her is not yet.”

But the strong love Vasādavatta felt
 Could not be vanquished. Joy of life was gone ;
 The praise and gifts of men were nought to her :
 Weary and pining she abode at home,
 A paleness spread upon the vermeil cheek,
 A shadow dimmed the brightness of the eye,

And once again she poured her heart in words ;
And sent her song of love ; and thus it ran :—

“ Come, O beloved one, shrinking is but weakness,
Lose not the tide that flows to Love's full sea ;
Come, O beloved one, lay aside thy meekness ;
Lo, with full heart I give myself to thee.

“ I ask no gift of sapphires in their glory,
No orient pearls, or rubies fair to see,
No heaped-up treasures of an ancient story ;
Lo, with full heart I give myself to thee.

“ Poor though thou be, in lowly cottage dwelling,
Thou mak'st me thine, and earlier visions flee,
Thy star arises, other stars excelling ;
Come, linger not, I give myself to thee.”

But he once more, with sudden, shuddering thrill,
As though the touch of some strange beast unclean
Came near him, to the handmaid turned again,
And gave his answer, “ Nay, my sister, nay ;
It is not time for me to see thee yet ; ”
And then he turned to Buddha's wisdom high,
Prayed without ceasing, did each task-work well,
And bought and sold in singleness of heart.
And so his life passed on from step to step,
Towards the throne of Buddha, and the crown
Of Wisdom's pure Not-being, which is one
With life's perfection.

But her passion strong,
Which swayed Vasāḍavatta's inmost soul,
Left her no peace, and turning on herself
Stung her to madness. Frenzy seized on her,
And for the winning smiles and soft caress
Men praised her for of old, came sudden rage,
The tiger's fierceness with the tiger's grace,
And wild, bewildering fury. And at last,
In jealousy, or scorn, or fear of scorn,
Or dread of jealous doubt, she took the life
Of one who wooed her, plunged the sharp blade in
With demon strength, and caring not to hide
The deed of shame, was taken and condemned
Red-handed as a murderess. Not for her
The murderer's death, the sudden touch of steel,
Or tightening of the cord, but hideous pain
And vilest torture. Bleeding, maimed, and shamed,
All beauty gone, she crouched in agony,
With not one feature left that men had loved,
And like a wild beast hunted to despair,
Took refuge in the dwellings of the dead.

And the dark tidings fell upon the ear
Of young Dharmāna ; and a pity rose,
Divinely strong, within him. Could he leave
That soul to perish in the night of death ?

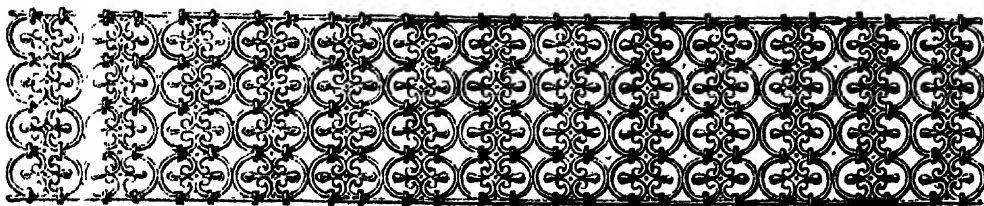
Might he not come with spell to heal and save,
And, like skilled leech, with rare medicaments,
Bind up the bleeding wounds of tortured heart
And cicatrise the ulcerous sore within ?

" Yes, sister, yes ;" so spake he with himself,
" The time is come for me to see thee now !"

So went he forth, as shepherd goes to seek
The sheep the wolf leaves mangled, half-devoured,
And found Vasādavatta crouching down,
Low moaning by a grave. She heard his step,
And, with some traces of the old life left,
Veiled from his sight those features foul to see,
And with low voice, half sinking in despair,
Thus spake, " Ah, wherefore comest thou to me,
Who wouldst not come before when smiles were mine—
Smiles, and bright eyes, and braided hair, and lips
That made soft music ? Then it had been joy
For thee to look on me ; and ah, for me,
Rapture to see thee near me ! Now, I fear
To show thee all the hideousness within :
There is no more delight or joy in me ;
Leave me to die."

" Nay," spake he, " sister mine,
Rouse thee to live ; thy death is gone from thee ;
The death of evil life and foul desire,
The strong deceit that mocked thee with the show
Of golden pleasure. Now, deprived of all,
Sense dropping from thee, cauteried of pain
Cleansing the proud flesh of the ulcerous soul,
Thy way is open ; take one upward step
To thy true life. It needs not many years,
Nor discipline of schools, nor lengthened prayers,
Nor golden alms : all these are meet and right,
Pathways that lead us upward from the earth ;
But one pure craving after Wisdom's self,
One act of faith in Wisdom's power to heal,
Excels them all ; and sorrow's bitter tears
And hatred of the past may cleanse thee yet,
And bear thee onward, as on eagle's wings,
To where all pain and pleasure, life and death,
Lie far beneath. Ah, sister, can'st thou take
That one step now ?"

She answered not a word,
But a faint gleam shot out of glazed eye,
And, as soft music to a wailing child,
So came his words to her. And clasped hands
Told of strong strivings of the struggling heart,
The panting of the bird within the cage ;
And then,—one sharp shrill cry, and she was dead.



NOTICES OF BOOKS.

I.—THEOLOGICAL.

Analogies in the Progress of Nature and Grace. Four Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge (being the Hulsean Lectures for 1867). To which are added Two Sermons preached before the British Association in 1866 and 1867. By the Rev. C. PRITCHARD, M.A., F.R.S., President of the Royal Astronomical Society, Hulsean Lecturer in the University of Cambridge, and late Fellow of St. John's College. London: Bell and Daldy. 1868.

WE well remember the Hulsean Lectures of our undergraduate days. What ponderous affairs those Sermons on Evidences were! A celebrated evidence-preacher was announced for St. Mary's on a certain Sunday, and thereupon a wager was laid that before five minutes had sped, he would utter the words "authenticity and credibility." The sermon began: "Having satisfactorily demonstrated the authenticity and credibility of the Old Testament, we will now proceed to the demonstration of the authenticity and credibility of the New." Now and then, it is true, a light shot across these realms of dulness. Professor Blunt's "Coincidences without Design" were as good as a story book: and in the midst of the bow-wow manner, there was live genius, and there was earnest heart.

We believe the standard of Hulsean Lectures has of late been considerably raised. Certainly it must have been, if Mr. Pritchard's are to be taken as a specimen. Whether we agree or not with the particular theory which they propound, there can be no question that they are full of suggestions for thought. Those excellent men in our own days (and they are many), who require of a sermon that it should touch no imaginable point of men's week-day thoughts, will be shocked and disappointed with this free and hearty treatment of our daily and hourly difficulties.

Mr. Pritchard has taken as his subject one branch of the multifarious analogies which pervade the works of the One Creator of man's world, man's body, man's spirit. The slowness of the Creative Process, the slowness of Intellectual Progress, the slowness of Moral Progress, here is the analogy: the ultimate triumph of the Gospel, this is the issue of the analogical argument. These are the special theses of his four Lectures. The subjects are of necessity treated rather in a popular way than in a close, argumentative method: and the place and audience must be the excuse for that which for the benefit of the argument one would fain have done without—the prevalence of what one cannot help designating as rhetorical ornament.

He takes as his starting-point the same sagacious remark of Origen which, it

will be remembered, Bishop Butler prefixes to his Analogy: not restricting its reference to *difficulties* only, but extending it to include any and all generic relations of created things which may be discovered by human research. "Had Origen," Mr. Pritchard observes in his Preface, "spoken in the language of our day, he would probably have said, 'There is a *continuity* between the scheme of Nature, and the scheme of Revelation as recorded in the Scriptures.'"

Holding this continuity to exist, Mr. Pritchard is of course not afraid, as a theologian, of any true discoveries of science. He says in his Preface (p. xxviii):—

"This leads me to observe how unnecessary and how suicidal is that timidity, not to use a stronger term, with which many religious persons, and I regret to add, some divines among us, receive the successive disclosures of the constitution of natural things, which of late years have come upon us in thick abundance. Unnecessary, because each new fact, each new truth, when fairly presented to the mind, if only it be a truth, cannot fail to become a new illustration of Him Whom they know to be The Truth, and Whom they profess to love. For my own part, and I hope I say it with no affectation, and I am sure I say it with no reserve, from the results of modern research I have gathered additional reasons for resting in the simplicity of the ancient Christian Faith, and in modern discoveries I have found many a new and unexpected trace of the Creator's majesty, of His power, His wisdom, and His love. Some instances of what I mean will, it is hoped, be found in the Sermon which follows these remarks. May I be permitted to say, that if the progress of knowledge shall, on a calm and impartial review, induce Theologians somewhat to modify, here and there, a popular, or hasty, or merely human interpretation of one or two portions of the Divine Revelation, I am quite sure that, with this increase of intelligent perception of the Will of God, there must be associated the exaltation of our reverential love of His Word. At least I, for one, have found it so."

The particular case of this continuity (or consistency of character) in the laws of nature and grace, which Mr. Pritchard takes for his especial theme, as we have seen, is "slowness of progress:—"

"Slowness of progress in all that is enduring is the great Law of the Universe. The creature is impatient, the Creator is deliberate. The creature, whose sum of earthly life is bounded by the threescore years and ten, hurries to and fro in the restlessness of his will; the Creator, sitting in quietude upon His eternal throne, upholdeth all things in the majestic leisureness of unbounded power. With Him 'a thousand years are as one day.' I think I shall be able to convince you that it is to overlooking this law of slow and deliberate action in the Divine government of nature, that we may trace no slight part of the mental distress which harasses many thoughtful men at the present day."

Some of the connections which he points out between the creative process and the subsequent destinies of man, are very interesting. Witness the following:—

"In the long cycles of the growth, the decay, and the submergence of those primeval forests, there may be heard by the mind's ear, by the ear of faith, a divine prophetic voice, that in far off time there would come to man—shall I call it a permission—shall I call it a command, to go forth and 'subdue the earth.' When that command at length came from the mouth of God, they who heard it knew not the means ordained for its accomplishment. Again six thousand years roll away, and in the débris of those ancient forests, elaborated by a chemistry beyond the reach of man, there is found a store of potential energy whereby man subdues the earth and its waters and its winds, and compels, in a measure, even the fires of heaven to do the biddings of his genius. So, to my thoughts, and I trust also to yours, those old forests of the unformed earth become a heavenly sign, and by far the most ancient of prophecies; a prophecy reiterated ages afterwards in Genesis; a prophecy this day before your eyes in process of fulfilment."

"The truth I am convinced is, that the knowledge of God in His manifold works is part of a scheme pre-ordained by wisdom and love, imperfectly comprehended by us who are in the midst and form a part of it, and proceeding to its destined inscrutable end in the slow stateliness of a kingly march. As the appointed fulness of time approaches for each fresh disclosure of the Creator's Majesty and the Creator's Will in His creation, you will always find that a mysterious and ill-defined tension pervades the minds of thinking men, and the wave of thought proceeds in its uneasy throbbing course, until at length reaching the haven of some prepared and disciplined and gifted intellect, it there breaks up into sparkles of light and truth. In this way, the knowledge of God in His works has proceeded, and I doubt not will continue to proceed, until at length it shall encircle and cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

Of the two sermons preached before the British Association, at Nottingham in 1866, and at Dundee in 1867, it will be enough for us to endorse the public verdict as to their admirable suitableness for the occasions on which they were delivered. These subjects are very nearly related to those of the Hulsean Lectures: the former of them being on "The Continuity of the Laws of Nature and Revelation;" the latter, on "The Analogy of Intellectual Progress to Religious Growth." Not the least valuable portion of the present issue of the two, is the Appendix, in which Mr. Pritchard in two notes discusses respectively Mr. Darwin's Theory of Natural Selection and Professor Tyndall's views respecting Prayer. As an example of the untenableness of the former, Mr. Pritchard takes the human eye; and shews that towards Mr. Darwin's belief,—

"That natural selection has converted the simple apparatus of an optic nerve, newly coated with pigment and invested by transparent membranes, into an optical instrument, as perfect as is possessed by any member of the great Articulate Class,—there must co-exist four conditions of things each utterly independent of the others, viz., the nerve, then its non-reflecting coating, then a transparent medium investing it, then a most remarkable ether surrounding the whole: the concurrence of all four being essential to the production of vision: nevertheless we are to believe that all these adjustments and adaptations are accidentally made, retained, and handed down by inheritance. If there be not evidence here of the selecting, arranging, contending power of mind, will, forethought, contrivance, then I feel that I have no evidence for the existence of the individuality of my own being."

In the second note Mr. Pritchard strikingly says:—

"Is not much of the life of man spent in contriving interventions against those consequences which would follow if the laws of nature took their own course independent of the direction of his will? By the force of the genius which the Creator has given him, does he not harness the winds and guide the lightning, and make fire, and air, and earth, and water, do the bidding of his intelligent desires? Does not the law of continuity then lead us to expect that the will of the Creator must be at least as free to intervene as is the will of the creature?"

And might not Mr. Pritchard have added, that, as the Creator has limited the exercise of our power to conformity with the unvarying laws of Creation,—that exercise becoming at the same time easier and more important, in proportion as those laws become known to us,—so the same rules of continuity would lead us to expect that His own direct intervention would follow the same path of conformity to Creation's laws; and, considering that all those laws are open to His sight, would be exercised with a facility which would baffle our discernment, and at the same time with results whose importance would surpass our power of appreciation? And would not the issue of this train of surmise by analogy be almost identical with that which the Christian looks for in answer to his prayers? "That which I do, thou knowest not now: but thou shalt know hereafter."

Essays on the Pentateuch. By HARVEY GOODWIN, D.D., Dean of Ely. London: Bell and Daldy.

THE stirring, not to say violent, debates which are still ringing in our ears, have probably done *very* little towards setting at rest the doubts, fears, speculations, of any man who has gone into the questions in dispute. The Bishop of Capetown, in the most important of his multitudinous letters, has given as one ground of his deposing his brother Bishop, that the latter denied the infallibility of the Bible. But, as was immediately pointed out in the *Guardian*, if the bishops in England were to follow his example, an immense number, perhaps the majority, of the clergy would be deprived. But probably a larger majority of them are also convinced that the Bishop of Natal has made a direct attack on the Divine character of the Bible, and that he is on this ground in a false position as a bishop of the Church.

We need hardly say that the Dean of Ely has written the work before us to furnish an answer to Bishop Colenso's book, though there is only one direct reference to it. And as it is evident that he has concluded that we are not bound to accept all the statements in the Pentateuch as literally true, we are of opinion that it would have been better if he had said so more plainly. One thing is quite certain: the clergy—even parents educating their children

—cannot give the go-by to these questions. If a child asks, as one lately did ask, “Is Samson true?” you must be prepared with an answer. Most of the educated laity that we have met have said rather impatiently, “You abuse Colenso, but you don’t answer him.” Even the warmest lay opponent of Dr. Colenso that we ever saw, the late Isaac Taylor, was angry with him for “applying a two-foot rule” to the statements of Moses. But perhaps this was all that the bishop professed to do. We have read his recently-published Natal sermons side by side with the Dean of Ely’s book, and in these the bishop says in effect, “Do you, or do you not, admit that these statements are not historical? I do not deny their moral worth, but I assert that they are not accurate as to fact.”

The Dean, if we rightly understand his position, considers the bishop’s book bad, not because it questions historical or scientific statements, but because it does this *only*, and does not rise to see the real value of the sacred record. It is merely destructive. We need not, says the Dean, entangle ourselves in details about the number of Jacob’s grandchildren (p. 2), or the geography of Eden (p. 51), nor treat the story of the Deluge as if it were a cutting from the *Times* newspaper (p. 81); look more carefully and more reverently, and you will find a *moral* purpose, a *spiritual* system of education, which—let the writer or writers of the Pentateuch be who he or they may—proves that the Author of the book is the Spirit of God. “Critical examination is very desirable in its way, very useful, very necessary; but by itself it will be about as unsatisfactory as if we were to regard our fathers and mothers as interesting subjects for the examination of an anatomist, instead of regarding them in their living and loving connection with ourselves as their children” (p. 2).

The book consists of twelve essays, the first seven of which are all headed “The Wisdom of the Pentateuch.” These are mainly directed to the critical questions. For example, in his discussion on the first chapter, he points out ably, and we think unanswerably, the immense worth of such a record to the Jews as an introduction to their own national history, as well as to the scientific investigator of our own time who is tempted to set Nature in the place of God. He holds that the “Mosaic Cosmogony” is a rough imperfect sketch of actual scientific fact; just sufficient, in days when science had made little advance, to keep the readers on the right track, as well as to remind them always of the truth that man is above all other creatures, being made in the image of God. We are sorry to have to notice a passage in this essay for its bad taste; we hardly understand how the Dean could have let it stand. “Many people in good circumstances have a weakness concerning poor relations; and the apes and monkeys are, perhaps, the poor relations of the human race; we are willing to be kind to them; and when we go to visit them we take some provisions with us, and give them good cheer; but in general society we are mum about the relationship.”

The last four essays are admirable. Quitting points that are in dispute, he comments on the lives of the patriarchs with considerable minuteness, then goes on to examine the intimations of immortality and the world to come which are given in the Pentateuch, with a view to discover what was, and what was not, revealed to the fathers. The last essay, “Christ in the Pentateuch,” is perhaps the most interesting of all, and we cannot but consider the volume as a valuable addition to our literature in this weighty controversy.

The Tripartite Nature of Man: Spirit, Soul, and Body. By REV. J. B. HEARD, M.A. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Edinburgh: Clarks. 1868.

MR. HEARD’S work contains more theology and less theosophy than most volumes which undertake to examine scriptural dogmas by the light of metaphysical study. The clue to his line of thought is the idea that popular theology is rather founded on the *dichotomy* of man into body and soul, than on the Christian *trichotomy* of body, soul, and spirit; and that this trichotomy explains not only the doctrines of the new life and of the resurrection, but also is the only true harmonizer of the theologies of Augustine and Pelagius, of election and free-will. God-consciousness, or *πνεῦμα*, is never wholly dead, but dormant; self-consciousness, or *ψυχή*, inclining to the flesh, when it had been created by God in equilibrium, caused the fall. Its inclination to God is the new birth.

There is psychical life by the union of body and soul before the spirit is quickened; and, after death, pneumatical life, by the union of soul and spirit without the body. The resurrection is not that of the disembodied *ψυχή* at the moment of death, nor of earthly relics, but the transformation from a psychical to a pneumatical body. From the neglect of psychology the author considers that, since Augustine, speculative theology has been almost a desert; and, with Bishop Butler, maintains that there is yet much to be discovered in this field. Ingenious, clear, and candid, Mr. Heard's volume deserves a more extended examination than we can here afford it. We especially recommend his chapters on the Resurrection to all students, whether of theology or natural philosophy.

The Life and Reign of David, King of Israel. By GEORGE SMITH, LL.D.
London: Longmans. 8vo.

THE writer tells us in his preface that he found one important aspect of the life of David almost untouched, which he accordingly undertook. "The life and reign of David was the most influential portion of Hebrew history; for it was the grand epoch which gave to the elect people of God the first important movement toward the development of their national resources, and which introduced into their polity great elements of social and religious progress. Besides all this, there were then brought into view such glorious revelations of Divine truth respecting the future of God's Israel as made that period not only the centre-point of Old Testament history, but also in no unimportant sense a key to the great scheme of human redemption." The story is well written, and the author keeps the subjects which induced him to write well before him. Yet we think the book unnecessarily large. We find ourselves "skipping" continually, because the history is only a repetition at length of the sacred narrative. Only want of space prevents us from giving examples of this. In like manner he gives each Davidic psalm at full length, from the authorized version of the Bible. The result is a large, heavy volume, when the writer was fully qualified to give us a small useful one.

"*What mean ye by this Service?*" A Sermon. By the Rev. JOHN OAKLEY, Incumbent of St. Saviour's, Hoxton. London: Cook and Sons, Hoxton.

A SERMON published in a small tract size, and at the price of twopence, does not often claim notice in the pages of a monthly review. But the discourse now before us is in many ways exceptional. It is the utterance of a man who is acting in the ministrations of a large and poor parish on the principle of attaching himself to no party, and sympathizing with all. As a liberal Churchman, Mr. Oakley had rendered good service to the nationality of the Anglican Establishment by an able pamphlet in defence of the Conscience Clause, which the Bishop of St. David's, in his late Charge, singled out for specially honourable mention. Here the other phase of his work and teaching is brought into prominence. He adopts nearly all such portions of the "Catholic revival" in worship as are consistent with the Church's law—choral service, processional hymns, and the like. He seeks in this way to provide "sweetness and light" for the many as well as for the few. He finds in the Lord's Supper, rather than in the sermon, the "root and crown" of all Church services, and yet can protest against the "extreme realism," the "ultralocalization of the Divine Presence," by which that prominence is so often accompanied. In that realism he sees "the fruit of misdirected logic, of theological 'science' falsely so called." *

We bid Mr. Oakley "God speed" in his work, and recommend his sermon to those who wish to see how a man can be Broad, and Low, and High with the breadth, depth, and height which belong, as we hope, to the faith and the *cultus* of the Church of the Future.

It is worth noting that Mr. Oakley is almost the only writer within our knowledge who has applied this text, so often flung at random against geologists and ethnologists, as Tyndale, to whose version we owe the precise words, himself applied it, to the "scholastical divinity," which insists on bringing the mystical (might we not say the *dynamic*?) Presence in the Eucharist within its logical definitions. Comp. his treatise "On the Supper of the Lord," Works, vol. iii. p. 254, Parker Soc. edition.

The Liturgical "Reason Why," a Series of Papers on the Book of Common Prayer. By ALFRED WILLIAMS, A.M. London: J. T. Hayes.

THIS is, on the whole, a good and useful book. The author writes with moderation, and though we do not agree with all his opinions, we have found nothing in the body of his work which is contrary to the spirit and teaching of the Church of England. Those who want a sensible and reverent statement of what are called High Church views, expressed in plain and popular language, will find it here. In the last paper only, a "Glossary of Church Matters," the author's moderation and caution seem to have somewhat forsaken him. He defines "*Corporal*" thus:—"The linen cloth spread over the Body (*corpus*), or consecrated elements, after the Communion." And Transubstantiation is defined as "a change of one substance to another of a higher nature; such as of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ." Now, in p. 136 he says that our Consecration Prayer is worded so as to exclude all notions of physical change in the elements, and this proves that he does *not* hold the doctrine of Transubstantiation. But would not his definition, taken by itself, imply that he *does*? His definition of *Dissenters* as "people who differ from one another," would probably be styled by the "people" themselves, throwing stones in a glass house. We hope that Mr. Williams will cut out these objectionable definitions; the work will then be a most useful one for teachers.

Truths for the Times. Lectures by Six Clergymen. London: W. Hunt.

THESE lectures appear to have been delivered at some conference, it is not stated what. Most of them contain useful hints, but they are very unequal in merit. The best, we think, is that on "The Right Use of the Law," by the Rev. John Richardson, very earnest and thoughtful. Mr. Bardsley also has some useful words on "Christian Holiness;" and Mr. Ryle's manifesto, "Evangelical Religion; what it is, and what it is not," is well worth reading. But the greater portion of the volume is occupied with abuse rather than argument. The insinuation, for instance, that "Ritualists" object to putting up the Commandments at the east end of the church because they know themselves to be guilty of breach of the second (p. 77), will only prove to lookers-on that the writer can break the ninth. The same writer argues that the words of the Consecration Prayer, "grant that we . . . *may be partakers*," &c., so completely demolish Archdeacon Denison's view, that the Archdeacon is dumb before them. "He passes this prayer by without a word. I am not surprised, because . . . to pray that you *may* receive it, and yet to maintain that everybody *must* of necessity get it, is a plain contradiction in terms" (p. 86). We have no sympathy with the Archdeacon's views, but a person with *very* much less learning than he has could inform our critic that the subjunctive construction on which he lays such triumphant weight is just the same as that in the Latin Missal. Error finds its strongest hold in false arguments against it. Two lectures are occupied with the subject of Reunion with Protestant Sects. We are as desirous as the two writers to see it, but not on their grounds. We should thus be able, they say, to put down Popery and Puseyism. If any union is to be founded on a common *hatred*, we had rather leave it alone.

II.—HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Life of Prince Henry of Portugal, surnamed The Navigator; and its Results: comprising the Discovery, within one Century, of half the World. With new Facts in the Discovery of the Atlantic Islands; a Refutation of French Claims to Priority in Discovery; Portuguese Knowledge (subsequently lost) of the Nile Lakes; and the History of the naming of America. From Authentic Contemporary Documents. By RICHARD HENRY MAJOR, F.S.A., F.R.S.L., &c., Keeper of the Department of Maps and Charts in the British Museum; and Hon. Sec. of the Royal Geographical Society. Illustrated with Portraits, Maps, &c. London: A. Asher & Co.; and Berlin. 1868.

THE period of thirty-six years from 1486 to 1522 produced a series of maritime results which must have profoundly impressed the minds of that age. In 1486 Diaz found the final southing of the protracted African coast-line; in 1492

Columbus hit the centre of the Western world; in 1497-8 Da Gama got round the African promontory and beheld India; in 1497 the Cabots discovered that the transatlantic regions reached to the north; and in 1500 Cabral and Pinzon separately found that they continued down to Brazil; in 1520 Magellan prolonged this line to the stormy south, where he pierced it in a narrow strait and saw that the land of the West was not Asia but had a vast ocean at its back; in 1522 he arrived in Europe the first circumnavigator of the globe. How did the disclosure of the world get on so fast all of a sudden? Portugal was the "glorious little nation" which initiated it, and her Prince Henry the Navigator, with his heart set on India, laid the foundation, by devoting to it forty-five persevering years out of a lifetime of sixty-six. As patient in study as knightly in arms he gave himself unreservedly to his task by withdrawing to the desolate headlands of St. Vincent, where he scanned the heavens in his observatory, trained navigators and cartographers for his purpose, besides those whom he attracted by his rewards to serve him, with the harbour of Lagos hard by for the departure and arrival of his adventurers in their small "caravels." The Canary Isles and the African Cape Nun in the same latitudes was in the beginning his Ultima Thule in the mysterious south, but at the period of his death in 1460 his coasters had crept down to the Gambia, and by the help of lucky storms and other accidents had been blown upon the Madeira, Azores, and Cape Verde groups of islands. The stimulus he thus gave to ocean enterprise did not die with him, but after an interval broke out afresh and never stopped till the magnificent results above described were attained. It was in the southern expeditions inaugurated by his ardour that Columbus trained himself for his great quest. Such is the good story of this book, told in a style befitting a secretary of the Royal Geographical Society and with the enthusiasm to be expected in a guardian of the British Museum maps and charts. Among other venerable specimens of cartography, Mr. Major has transferred to his pages one (first published in 1591) of exceeding interest to this generation, depicting as it does the veritable twin equatorial lakes of Africa pouring forth the head waters of Egypt's river, as lately beheld by our adventurous countrymen. But where has this curious tell-tale been till 1868? Doubtless it was "discovered" in the deserts of some great library like the Nile-Lakes themselves, and the lucky explorers deserve to be known. We must not forget to add that Mr. Major has the credit of being the first to produce for English readers a real life of Prince Henry of Portugal. We cannot say however that it is all biography, for in truth there is a considerable bulk of geographical *origines* teeming with valuable information for those whose tastes lie in that direction. And let us just hint to the reader our advice to "skip" Chapter II. at his first perusal, and so get into his subject the sooner.

Life of Sir Walter Raleigh: 1552—1618. By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN. Two volumes. London: Chapman and Hall. 1868.

THE ransacking of the old archives of various countries in Europe, and the admission into them of a stream of earnest investigators, is telling immensely on our literature and giving novelty to many a familiar subject; and here we have the oft-told tale of Raleigh freshened up for us. The British Museum and the British State Paper Office are now insufficient to construct the biography of a prominent Englishman who lived two or three centuries ago, and Paris, Venice, Madrid, and the old castle of the Admirals of Castile have to be visited by the literary pilgrim. This will not appear strange when we consider what the modern diplomatic system has been in Europe. The Excellencies who have sometimes believed their mission to be "to lie abroad on behalf of their country" have sent back honest truth to their Governments on facts with which their policy may have been interwoven, as well as copies of official documents that have proved very welcome to fill up an occasional gap in our ill-used public Records; and it is not a little interesting to the historical quarrior to strike upon a vein of the veritable despatches of autograph reports, couched in all the vividness of pending anxieties, in their own tongue and for their own masters, of what they saw and heard—for instance—of "Guaterale" and of "Rallé." The result of all this we peruse in luxurious modern press-work between handsome drawing-room covers; but we can never feel the vividness of the events as those

explorers can, who amid the manuscript wilderness of other days hold the very zigzag in their hands and mentally behold the writer's finger and watch his eye. It is well if the biographer wields a practised pen and can give us a skillful limning of what he sees himself, and Mr. St. John we think does this. Under his guidance we find ourselves passing through the public history of the period by one of its most attractive paths, that of biography, which is strictly biography and not history,—or we may term it (to change the metaphor) what the Gulf Stream has been called, “a river in the ocean.” The reader should bring to the study of Raleigh a general conception of the Spanish monarchy of this period, and realize the fact so difficult to realize now, that it was the Spain of Charles V. and of Philip II., Spain in Italy, Spain in the Netherlands, Spain in Portugal, Spain transatlantic; it was Spain “double first,” which no European nation has ever since been, at once a first-rate naval power and a first-rate military, dominating the politics of the world. It is only when understanding this that we gain a true conception of the grandeur of idea that this great Englishman formed for England. It was expressly to create a counterpoise for his own country to Spanish domination that prompted him to lay the foundation-stone of our colonial empire in the West. It was in the presence of this formidable influence that the Irish rebellions (against which Raleigh served) had to be encountered. It was a despotism backed by all such might that gave terror to the Armada (for the reception of which Raleigh was one of the leading spirits) and made the machinations and the life of the Scottish Mary so dangerous. In the days of Elizabeth Raleigh's anti-Spanish policy was in harmony with the Government, but James was well-nigh encompassed with the toils of the foe: and we have only to remember the extraordinary journey of “Steenie” with “Baby Charles” to Madrid for a royal bride, to be fully aware how little James was prepared to break with Spain. The archives of Simancas furnish proof sufficient of the intense aversion of the Spanish Government to Sir Walter, and his miserable expedition to their territory in Guiana in 1617 at length placed the axe in their hand, and he had to lay his fine grey head upon the block. Our readers will not need to be informed that very opposite views are taken by English writers as to the defensibility of some portion of our famous countryman's career. It is neither an admission nor a denial of Mr. St. John having placed everything in a true and satisfactory light to say of his narrative that it is an able one and possesses all the interest of a drama, showing the writer to be honestly desirous of arriving at a just conclusion. We should not like, however, to recommend his pages, as we most sincerely do, without one remark. Let not a biographer, in drawing out the character he admires as a whole, imagine that when he has fairly admitted the *per contra*, and administered the rod accordingly, he has then done all that a judicial impartiality requires: for sympathy with the general features of a portrait has a potent jugglery over the reader's judgment, and makes his deduction from the sum-total to be but very slight. Nor need we complain of this; rather let so much be conceded to the exigencies of human nature. But what impartiality craves for is to let this procedure be generous and not confined to our pets, while leaving him of “the other side” with all his imperfections on his head, treating him with rigorous justice and something more. The fierce light that blazes round a monarch discovers faults enough in all conscience, and if there are any that need our indulgence it is those solitary men who sit upon thrones. We venture to say that Mr. St. John has not the “original authority” the historian loves so much for the following passage (we select this alone) referring to our first Stuart, at a period before the occurrences that brought Sir Walter before his bar. “Ho (James) loved to play with the fish before he hooked it. Raleigh was therefore not only received at Court, but encouraged to ride out and jest with his assassin (James); *who, as he gazed at his magnificent figure, martial bearing, and countenance beaming with intellect, chuckled inwardly at his resolution to send him sooner or later to the block.*” The italics are our own.

Queen Bertha and her Times. By E. H. HUDSON, Author of “Recollections of a Visit to British Kaffraria.” Rivingtons: London, Oxford, and Cambridge. 1868.

OF the interesting personage in this title we should all be glad to know more; but as she only occupies a few fragments in the early chronicles, a whole volume

can tell us little beyond the fact that she was a Frankish princess of the Christian house of Clovis, and became Queen of Kent about A.D. 570 by her marriage with Pagan Ethelbert, in whose capital she formed a little Christian establishment and thus became a link in that portion of our early Christianity which we owe to the energies of the Roman mission. The author honestly tells his reader that his attractive title can but inadequately denote the proper subject of his work; which is rather an effort to depict the general condition of things wherein we may conceive this early Christian stranger to have moved,—Queen Bertha's "Times," in fact, without any "and;" she herself fitting across the picture only in dim shadow and in very hypothetical outline. Mr. Hudson's object is to interest younger readers, for whose benefit he frequently quotes from Soames, Thierry, Montalembert, Thomas Wright, and the Deans Stanley and Hook; whose pleasant pages he visits as a sympathetic wanderer, with no idea of a straight road through his country from which the views on either side could be sketched in as distance; but plunging right and left into the very midst of them all he searches out their charms before regaining his proper path. His amiable spirit moves in general harmony with the religion of those times, as far as he sees it, which is all on its better side and wearing the enchantment of a venerable antiquity.

III.—PHILOSOPHICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

Ethics of Theism: A Criticism and its Vindication. By the Rev. ALEXANDER LEITCH. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot. 1868.

ON reading the introduction to this book we were rather prejudiced against it. The use of the word "Popish," the frequent use of the word "infidel," the expression "flimsiness of infidelity," and some other similar modes of speech which ought to be abandoned, rather repelled us. The first impression, however, gave way to one more favourable as the author's object became more manifest. The work consists of two parts. The first is the Criticism, which takes the form of dialogues carried on between a very orthodox Christian, a Deist, and an umpire, who, we suppose, is Mr. Leitch himself.

One of the freethinkers of the last century dedicated a book to a divine of North Britain, and in the dedication he expressed his joy that the light of reason was at length beginning to penetrate the hitherto impervious density of the Scotch theological mind. This was, perhaps, severe, as Scotland has always prided itself on the progress of its metaphysical and theological studies; yet it is also true that this progress has been kept within limits which would have been long since removed had the mental atmosphere been purer and the exercise of reason more free. Mr. Leitch sets himself to the task of criticizing the weak points in the defences of Christianity. His own mind is still on the outskirts of the hazy region of Bibliolatry, and he is still sufficiently orthodox, according to the northern type of orthodoxy, to uphold the memorable distinction between *saving* grace and the "common influences of the Spirit," which are of no particular use either in this world or the world to come. Nevertheless, Mr. Leitch has made good use of his reason; and the defences of Christianity which are reckoned most *evangelical* are those in which he finds the weakest arguments, and which in his judgment furnish weapons to the unbeliever.

Among the many subjects discussed in the seven dialogues, the fundamental one is undoubtedly the relation of faith to reason, or belief to knowledge. The dismission of religion from the sphere of logic the umpire pronounces a shift to evade a difficulty, and declares without qualification that knowledge invariably precedes belief. Mr. Leitch takes up precisely the ground of the thorough rationalist, without, however, committing himself to any of the conclusions which pass under the name of Rationalism. He lays down his principle in the very words in which it was expressed by John Toland, afterwards adopted by the English Deists, and which in Germany became the foundation of what we now denounce as *German theology*. Mr. Leitch, however, maintains

that the honest use of reason in religion will end in banishing all schisms, in reconciling the religion of the heart with that of the intellect, and in showing an entire agreement between the voice of reason and the doctrines of the Bible. This is an issue so much to be prayed for, that we wish success to every man who tries to hasten it—an issue which will doubtless be reached some day, and probably in a way altogether different from that in which either we or Mr. Leitch expect it.

Notwithstanding the many things in which we agree with the author, there are some in which we differ from him entirely. One is, that those who earnestly seek for truth will find it. There is a general sense in which this is true; but when it is used to convict the man who does not believe in Christianity of want of sincerity or candour, there is an entire perversion of a general truth. There are many things in the way of a man finding truth. There may be Pagans, Mahometans, unbelievers, who have used all their faculties sincerely, and yet have been unable to come to the same conclusions as the believer in Christianity. That God gives to earnest men such light as will bring them to peace at the last we cannot doubt, but we are without ground for believing that all men who are really sincere will certainly believe as we do. Against another of Mr. Leitch's positions we must enter a firm, decided, and most emphatic protest; that is, his doctrine of taking "the safe side." Though the Bible had no more credentials but a few feeble probabilities, yet he thinks, in *common prudence*, we should believe it because the risk is so awfully and tremendously great. Away with such "prudence" from the earth! If the matter is momentous, the time of action short and uncertain, and the risk so great, let us still honestly use our reason, and calmly meet our fate.

The second part of this work is a "Treatise on Ethics," which is a well-written and able defence of the moral nature of man. Notwithstanding the many points on which we differ from the author, Mr. Leitch's book altogether is in the right direction, and is a valuable contribution to our Theistic literature.

Miscellanies. A Collection of Memoirs and Essays on Scientific and Literary Subjects. By C. DAUBENY, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Botany in Oxford, &c. &c. &c. 2 vols. Oxford and London: J. Parker & Co. 1867.

THESE volumes come to us with a sad and peculiar interest. They are almost a posthumous collection. Scarcely had they been given to the world, when we learned that he who for more than a generation had been a familiar face to every Oxonian, had passed from among us. Freed from all pecuniary care by a private competency and a College fellowship, Dr. Daubeny never prosecuted the actual practice of the profession he had chosen, but devoted himself to those scientific pursuits of which these volumes are the fruits. Without attaining special distinction in any single department, he loved to wander from science to science, now culling the sweets of botany, then diving into the mysteries of volcanoes, anon essaying chemical experiments, and next breaking a lance in the cause of science generally, or launching forth into criticisms on "Essays and Reviews," or homœopathy. It was Dr. Daubeny's polyglot tastes which probably prevented his attaining undisputed eminence in any one branch of science, for of his ability, his clearness of perception, and his industry, none can doubt. Yet few men have done more good work for science in their day and generation. His chemical experiments, when the result never came, or the explosion startled his class at an unexpected moment, were the joke of successive generations of undergraduates. Yet what Oxford disciple of natural science—and we are proud to know they are not a few—does not owe a debt of gratitude to the genial and simple old professor, who, in days when classical exclusiveness still shut out the slightest recognition of physical studies from the University curriculum, stood alone by the side of Dean Buckland, and drew many an embryo physicist to turn into the pleasant lecture-room by Magdalen Bridge.

The present volumes contain nothing new beyond the preface. But to the bulk of students their contents will be new, for they are either buried in the voluminous Transactions of learned societies, or lost in pamphlets which have been forgotten with the occasion that called them forth. Yet there are few of these essays which do not deserve to be enshrined in a more permanent form. Many of them express views which, though not remarkable now, were far in

advance of the age when they were published; and in reading Dr. Daubeny's speculations on many subject, scientific and educational, it is most important to keep before the eye the date of their utterance. His earnest pleading for the right of private judgment, liberty of prophesying; his enlarged views on the dogma of Inspiration; the generous shield he cast over a brother professor unjustly, as he believed, attacked; and at the same time his uncompromising avowal of a firm adherence to the great verities of the Christian faith—are all instances of this.

The last effort of Dr. Daubeny's pen was, we believe, the Introduction to those "Miscellanies;" and here "the old man eloquent," while alluding to the republication of his Review of Lecky's "History of Rationalism," has left us words of warning well worthy of reproduction:—

"It seemed desirable to enter a protest against the tendency of the age to transfer the groundwork of our faith from the solid foundations of reason and argument to the shifting quicksands of imagination and feeling, which is the more likely to be adopted by young minds, because it does not seem *in limine* to involve a disbelief in an unseen world. . . . Strange that at a time when the colour of a vestment and the propriety of employing incense, or some shadowy distinction of doctrine, is exciting so much interest and discussion, the question of Miracles should be so generally passed over, as if it were comparatively unimportant. It reminds me of the Byzantine Empire, when the feuds between the green and blue factions in the circus engaged the grave attention of the court and citizens of Constantinople, whilst the Persian was thundering at their gates, and the very existence of civilization seemed to be in jeopardy. To me it appears that the establishment of the reality of miracles is the one thing needful for the maintenance of Christianity, and that all questions as to the extent of inspiration, the reception of particular dogmas, and the limits of Church authority, sink almost into insignificance by its side."

And then the Professor proceeds to grapple vigorously with Tyndall's onslaught on Mozley's "Defence of Miracles."

The "Miscellanies" are arranged in four parts—Experimental Essays, Geological Memoirs, Essays on Scientific Subjects, and Essays on Literary Subjects. As to the first, it should be remembered that Dr. Daubeny was the first to call attention to the effects of light on the functions of plants, long before Draper and others published their discoveries. The most valuable of the Geological Essays are those on Volcanoes, which have been amplified in Dr. Daubeny's larger work on the same subject. The scientific papers contain some very generous criticisms on Mr. Darwin's theories from one who was only partially prepared to accept them; and at the same time a manly protest against the intrusion of theology into the speculation. Of his literary essays, the review of Lecky, and the various papers on the expansion of scientific education at Oxford, are the most important. Throughout the whole collection there is much that is valuable—not only to the scientific man, but to the Oxonian and the west-countryman—none of whom will regret the discursiveness of Dr. Daubeny's "Miscellanies."

Physical, Historical, and Military Geography. From the French of TH. LA-VALLÉE. Edited by Captain LENDY, F.G.S., &c., Director of the Practical Military College. London: E. Stanford.

WE hardly know whether it is a circumstance advantageous or disadvantageous to this book that it is almost the only one of its class at present existing in England. We have indeed in current use some half-dozen physical geographies and innumerable text-books of the Goldsmith class, which are, to all intents and purposes, little better than a collection of the names of countries, towns, and rivers, with a catalogue of their exports and imports, but of a geography which describes methodically and lucidly the character of the earth as it is by nature, and then proceeds to describe how the divisions made by man have been brought about, and what they now are, we have as yet in England no example.

A clear field ought, no doubt, to offer hopes of success to any work, but that is an advantage which the work before us hardly requires. It has been, in the original, for thirty years the text-book of all the military schools in France, where geography has been always studied with a thoroughness entirely unknown in England, though almost universal in other parts of Europe. The

translator, who has been employed on his task for more than two years, is a man well known at the meetings of most of our scientific societies—one who had the immense advantage, for the purposes of geographic study, of being a Frenchman by birth, while no one who looks into the book will doubt that his residence in England has enabled him to acquire a style of English at once terse, clear, and vigorous. On the other hand, we fear that teachers and scholars in England will require much more perfect acquaintance than they at present possess with the most elementary principles of the nature of true geographical study, in order to be able duly to appreciate the excellence of the work which is here presented to them. However, a really able book is sure in England to force its way, sooner or later, to the position which it has a right to occupy, even though it may seem at first to be but little in accordance with the tastes and habits of our people, and we can therefore cordially wish success to the effort which this work represents, with good hope that it may not be in vain.

In one respect we think Mr. Stanford might largely assist the success of his editor. A really good atlas, expressly to illustrate the work before us, is sorely needed. That published by M. Lavallée himself was compiled from various existing maps, few of which are as good as they ought to be, and still fewer are strictly consistent with each other. The excellence of the text, no doubt, compensates so satisfactorily for the defects of the maps, that the reader may always detect the blunders for himself, but it would be to him an enormous advantage to be saved the labour of this correction. However, while we cannot recommend our readers to purchase the French atlas, which has not been reproduced, we can most cordially urge their adoption of the English translation of the French text, which is now infinitely more correct as to facts than the original, which possesses all the advantages of the method of the latter, and which has been brought down to the most recent date of our geographical knowledge and of our political divisions by the painstaking and able translator.

IV.—CLASSICAL.

Quinti Horatii Flacci Opera. Cura H. H. MILMAN, D.D. Londini apud Joannem Murray. MDCCCLXVIII.

THE issue of a new and cheaper edition of Dean Milman's Horace, after a lapse of fifteen years since the appearance of the first, encourages us to think that the favour of Greek and Latin classics is not yet on the wane. The vellum-bound guinea edition of 1853 was truly an *édition de luxe*, delightful alike to the eye and mind of the well-to-do scholar, but not within the reach of all that were capable of appreciating it, not assuredly a volume accessible *cuius homini*. To meet the requirements and advance of the age, a "people's edition," so to speak, has been vouchsafed, in a less sumptuous, but not less tasteful binding, with the cream of the illustrations of the first edition judiciously preserved, and those only omitted which, along with the ornamental borders by Owen Jones, were incompatible with the less ample margin of the present edition. The pages of this new volume may not indeed, on comparison, strike the literary gourmand as quite so luxurious and glossy as those of its predecessor, and yet in point of paper, printing, and illustration the cheaper edition is as great a monument of the progress of the century, as in its day was the more costly one. In some respects it is a handier book, and seems to us to have the advantage. A description, for instance, of each illustration is given underneath it, and the reader is thus enabled to understand and interpret Mr. George Scharf's beautiful drawings from the antique without tedious reference to the end of the volume. The useful "*Fasti Horatiani*," too, have been taken from Dean Milman's separate "*Life of Horace*," and considerably added to the present reprint of his works—a boon, to our thinking, of no ordinary importance. As to the text, it appears to have been little, if at all, altered since the first issue; but this will surprise no one cognizant of the care, taste,

and judgment exercised in the first edition. Although it was not within the scope of the Dean's Horatian labours to give grounds for his preference of one reading above another, those who examine a book or two of his text of the Odes, with other editions side by side, will generally find that he has had reason for his preferences. A perfunctory editor, *e.g.*, would have jumped at substituting Bentley's "Teucrique et Sthenelus sciens" (I. xv. 24), or the other emendation, "Teucer, te Sthenelus sciens," for the better accredited, but harder reading of Orelli, "Teucer, et Sthenelus sciens;" and might have preferred, in many other instances, the acute, but improbable alterations of Bentley, to the faithful maintenance of the MSS. readings. Instead of Bentley's plausible "hædulseæ," however, Dean Milman, after Orelli, clings to "hædileæ" in Ode I. xvii. 9. In I. xxiii. 5-6, he sticks to "Veris inhorruit Adventus," nothing moved by Bentley's brilliant but unnecessary conjecture, "Vepris inhorruit Ad ventum." Indeed, upon the whole, he seems to have reposed a sound faith in Orelli, though this is no blind or unreflecting faith. He reads "medio alveo," for instance, in preference to "medio æquore," in III. xxix. 34; and a recurrence to the notes of Mr. J. E. Yonge's Horace on this passage will justify his difference herein from the judgment of Orelli. At I. ii. 39 also he prints "Marsi peditis," although Gesner, Orelli, and more recently Conington, adhere to the reading "Mauri." Upon Ode III. xx. 7-8—

"Grande certamen, tibi præda cedat
Major, an illi,"

he follows Orelli, and differs from the majority of MSS., in reading—

"Grande certamen, tibi præda cedat,
Major an illa."

In this case, the last clause would mean, "or whether she's to be conqueror." We incline to the old reading, and the simple sense of it, "whether the lion's share should fall to you or her."

In the matter of orthography there is little, if any, difference between the present edition and its predecessors. The Dean has had sufficient conservatism and consideration for old-fashioned scholars to prefer "Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe," to "Vitas inuleo me similis," although Orelli affirms the latter to be the reading of the best MSS. We thank him for this, in addition to his other boons; and we augur for his publisher a speedy sale, the best index of the gratitude of scholars.

The Iliad of Homer, rendered into English Blank Verse, to which are appended Translations of Poems Ancient and Modern. By EDWARD, EARL OF DERBY. Sixth edition. London: John Murray. 1867.

ALTHOUGH it is needless, at this point of time, to dilate upon the excellences of a translation which popular favour has so emphatically approved as to call for a sixth edition, it does not seem unmeet to notice a feature in its noble author, which has been brought into prominence by the success attained by his version of the Iliad. Englishmen have loved hitherto to admire his brilliancy, his choice of diction, his transparent clearness, and as many more signal literary gifts; but few of us, perhaps, should have given him credit for the assiduity and patient zeal with which it is plain from his sixth edition that he has plied the *limæ labor*, and used his pruning-knife. His rank and pre-occupation in State affairs have not been used by him as excuses for letting what was, at the first birth, a splendid success remain in *statu quo*, and lack the perfecting touches which are the work of patient toil rather than of happy inspiration. Wherever we open the new edition some token or other of the former makes itself felt. Thus in vi. 496, the exact reader would have felt that, though the general sense was expressed, *ἐντροπαλιζομένη*, which more than one passage in the Iliad shows to mean "perpetually turning to look behind," had scant justice done it in the lines—

"Homeward turned his wife,
With faltering steps, and shedding scalding tears."

But Lord Derby's revision has removed the slur from this passage; for it reappears, purged of all obscurity or vagueness, in the words,—

"And homeward, slow, with oft-reverted eyes,
Shedding hot tears, his sorrowing wife returned."

In iii. 28, *φάτο γὰρ τίσασθαι ἀλείψην* comes out far more fully and satisfactorily in the translation of the new edition, "For he deemed at length to wreak his vengeance on the offender's head," than in the version which appeared at first: "For he deemed that now His vengeance was at hand," which is appreciably more lax. But these are by no means isolated cases. We seem to see the trace of revision and review in every page, sometimes in the alteration of one word, such as "then" for "though," at v. 262 of the translation of the third book (cf. Homer, Il. iii. 224, οὐ τότε γ' ὦτ' Ὀδυσσεύς, κ.τ.λ.); and sometimes in the remoulding of a whole passage. Doubtless, as Lord Derby admits, there are yet faults to be spied and amended; but it is to his infinite credit that he has reduced these to a very much smaller and less perceptible number than existed at first; and we doubt very much whether his example herein is not almost unique among translators. The glasses of a pedant may yet detect an imperfect Englishing of a Greek line here and there; and sticklers for extreme literalism may fall foul of such a version as that in Book I. 170 (cf. Lord Derby, i. 202-3),

"οὐδὲ σ' ὀίω
ἐνθάδ' ἄπιμος ἰὼν ἄφρονος καὶ πλοῦτον ἀφύξειν,"

where Lord Derby now translates,

"But little like, I deem, dishonouring me,
To fill thy coffers with the spoils of war."

But they should remember that the poetical translator is licensed to adopt whatsoever interpretation he can best mould to his poetic purposes, and must not be pinned to the strict letter if he can reproduce the spirit. Besides, his interpretation seems to us quite reconcilable with an explanation of Doederlein, "Nec te puto, dum ipse in contempta habear, opes divitiasque acquisiturum esse."

The translations from Horace, Catullus, and from French, German, and Italian poetry appended to this edition, have already for some years been privately circulated, although now first made *publici juris*. They constitute a rare and distinctive feature of the edition before us, and exhibit in a striking degree the easy grace and natural lucidity of all that their author composes. It has been our fate to have to hunt matter for praise or dispraise, of late, in more than one very ordinary translation of Horace, and had Lord Derby's versions been then at hand, they would have been useful to point out to flounders a model, to which they might at least strive to raise themselves. His translations teem with refinement, taste, and ease, and while never pedantic, bespeak everywhere the accomplished, unelaborate scholar. Not inopportunately do these occupations of the leisure of one of our most popular Premiers come under notice at a time when his distinguished public career has somewhat suddenly closed. His countrymen ought to find in the memorials of his genius and industry a just subject for pride in their great men. They will be unanimous in wishing him years of dignified retirement, and the scholars amongst us will desire for him life and health in such measure as Horace asked for himself in Ode I. 31 (*ad. fin.*), and in words which the unlearned will be ready to echo, if interpreted for them in the language of the noble lord's own translation:—

"His share of wealth
Grant him to enjoy, and that he may,
O Phœbus, add the boon of health;
A mind uninjured by decay,
A green old age, with honour blessed,
And of his lyre not dispossessed."—(P. 273.)

V.—TRAVEL.

Life in Abyssinia: being Notes collected during Three Years' Residence and Travel in that Country. By MANSFIELD PARKYNS. London: John Murray.

THE literature of Abyssinian travel is becoming quite portentous, and there are reasons to believe it will be one of the greatest benefits—in default of an ultimate annexation policy—which we shall reap from the expedition. The number of worthless books, merely made up as *pièces d'occasion*, is so many, that such works as those of Mr. Dufton and Mr. Mansfield Parkyns become doubly valuable, not only for their interest, but because of their exceptional reliability. To the reader equally desirous of obtaining information and of avoiding bewilderment, we recommend these books as what to read, and almost all the others as what to avoid. The best foundation of knowledge concerning Abyssinia and our strange antagonist, Theodore, is the Blue Book containing Mr. Plowden's despatches; those studied, Mr. Dufton and Mr. Parkyns are easily followed, and their works really enjoyable. Mr. Parkyns possesses advantages of style rarely found in books of travel, and the admirable arrangement and judicious modification of his second edition, from which all digressions have been eliminated, and which contains a sketch of the political occurrences since the writer left the country, render it an easy manual of instruction on a subject of much interest. He gives a brief but admirable sketch of the origin and career of Theodore, whom he treats with rare candour, setting forth the good he has undoubtedly done, and not according unmixed belief to the tales told of his excessive barbarity. He sums up this sketch with the following amusing remark:—

"Ignorance and ambition seem to have produced their usual results in him; and when I hear of his wild visions of conquering Egypt, and even the Holy Land, I am forcibly reminded of a confidence once imparted to me by my particular friend Dejatch Shéton, to the effect that his respected parent Oubi had serious intentions of a few weeks' razzia into France,—‘there were so many glass bottles and other nice things in that country!’—and am led to the belief that Theodore is only a very superior man *for an Abyssinian*."

Mr. Parkyns gives simple information on all points of interest concerning the people of Abyssinia, whose significant name in the native tongue, "Habash," means "mixture." The ethnological section of the book is curious and interesting, but its readers will probably peruse the very amusing descriptions of the animals, the natural productions, and the social customs of the country with more pleasure. Whether in the narrative or descriptive chapters, the author enchains the attention and delights his readers by thoroughness which is never tedious, and his style is relieved by quaint humour rarely to be found in books of this description. The chapters devoted to the religion of the Abyssinians, and their superstitions relating to persons possessed of the devil, are painfully interesting. The belief in diabolic agency, which is found among all African tribes so much more vital and powerful than any faith in good influences or a Divine principle, shows itself even more clearly and pervadingly in the mongrel kind of Christianity professed by the Abyssinians. Many of the manifestations of possession are distressing and degrading, and the remedies most disgusting. The most practically received article of the creed of these people is certainly a devout belief in the power and the personal presence of the devil. Mr. Parkyns witnessed many instances of so-called possession which presented inexplicable features, and details one which terminated fatally. The other superstitions are very numerous and unmeaning. A chapter devoted to the government and laws of the country is of great interest. In style and arrangement the book is faultless, and to all lovers of the subject we recommend a chapter on "Natural History," in which they will find delightful reading about lions, crocodiles, and serpents, besides numerous "small deer."

Italian Journeys. By W. D. HOWELLS. London: Sampson Low & Co.

THE title of this book might deter many readers. Italian journeys have been made and described a thousand times, yet no one who has had the good fortune

to read "Venetian Life," by the same author, would willingly pass by this, its successor. We pass through Padua, Ferrara, Bologna, Genoa, Naples, Pompeii, etc.: but we are never fatigued, for our *cicerone* is not only a keen observer, but a genial poet and quite a subtle humorist. The felicity of his phrases is often astonishing. Places and people are touched with a firm and sometimes inexorably humorous hand. We may select quite at random; the book is full of points. "In all the frescoes on the walls of Petrarch's house, Laura prevails as a lady of a singularly long waist and stiff movements; and Petrarch, with his face tied up and a lily in his hand, contemplates the flower in mingled botany and toothache." "The vestibule was lined with amphoræ containing everybody's ashes, beyond which dripped and glimmered an Italian garden." From almost any other writer we should resent such announcement as "Breakfasted *à la fourchette*, excellently and cheaply. I buy a hat. We go to seek the consul, and after finding everything else for two hours, we find him," etc. A page or so on he gravely observes, after a dissertation on waiters in the style of Dickens, "Turning from this subject to the purchase of my hat, I do not believe that literary art can interest the reader in that purely personal transaction." Some may remember the fits of laughter into which people used to fall when poor Artemus Ward gravely told them he had had a new "door knob" put to the door. The book has much of the solemn and irresistible brass of that singular and genial humorist. Glimpses of history and fragments of biography delightfully break the monotony of personal adventure. The charm lies in the style and temper of the whole narrative, perfectly graphic, gracefully poetic, full of fun, and absolutely American.

Travels in the Interior of South Africa, comprising Fifteen Years' Hunting and Trading: with Journeys across the Continent from Natal to Walvisch Bay, and Visits to Lake Ngami and the Victoria Falls. By JAMES CHAPMAN, F.R.G.S. London: Bell and Daldy.

MR. CHAPMAN is still in Africa, and these narratives of travel, which extend over many years, and cover a wide area of the African continent, have not had the advantage of his personal revision. They are, however, admirably edited, and considering the inevitable sameness which must pervade books of the kind, they are very interesting. Mr. Chapman has penetrated farther into the interior of Africa, has explored the country more thoroughly, and investigated the numerous subjects of interest and instruction which it presents more thoroughly, than any traveller except Dr. Livingstone; and for this work, compiled from his notes of travel, extending from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Indian Ocean, and from the Cape to the Zambesi, he is justly entitled to the praise indicated in the preface by his editor, who says:—

"If Mr. Chapman's records of personal experience, acquired in the pursuits of the hunter and the trader, lay for the most part no claim to the merits that belong to original investigation or discovery, they at least embody the results of prolonged and intelligent observation, directed during many years towards regions, many of which have hitherto been seldom visited by civilized man, and towards native races whose social life presents a deeply-interesting problem of inquiry to all."

The author is considerably indebted to the editor for the notes which supplement the text usefully, especially in explaining the changes which have taken place since the new settlement ensuing on the Kaffir war. The particularly careful and clear arrangement of Mr. Chapman's materials, by means of which the reader is enabled to follow his course with the map, and feel knowledge of the places, the people, the animals, and the scenery growing upon him, without the trying-back, the repetition, and the uncertainty which too often render the reading of African travel more laborious than pleasant, are remarkable features of this book. The accounts of the Boers and the Bechuana tribe are most interesting, but, as usual, the reader will find the chief charm of the book is identical with the chief glory of the continent it treats of,—the noble animals, the innumerable wonders, which we call lesser, of the creation, whose home is in that magnificent country. While the reader admires Mr. Chapman as an explorer, and peruses the results of his geographical and otherwise scientific researches with deep interest, he follows his narrative of his hunting adventures with ever-increasing delight, which is perfected by his recognition that the author, while he is the most intrepid and persevering, is the least boastful, the

most truth-telling of sportsmen. Here is no blatant bragging, no exaggeration of the feats of daring of the man, of the size and number of the beasts, but such an acknowledgment of the difficulties of the hunter's task and the sagacity of the animals, that—to reverse the well-known fable—this picture might have been painted by the beasts, such justice does the man do them. It is not possible in our space to trace Mr. Chapman's journey. We have given its boundaries; the reader will follow its details with unflagging interest, gathering from every chapter some valuable addition to his knowledge of natural history, and a clearer idea of the amazing natural beauties of Africa, that land of so many fables, which experience is teaching us all fell far short of the truth, even in the element of wonder.

Scenes and Studies of Savage Life. By GILBERT MALCOLM SPROAT. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

MR. SPROAT has correctly defined the nature, though he has modestly underestimated the value, of his work, which gives a vivid and interesting picture of the conditions of savage life in Vancouver Island. He anticipates that the value found in his pages will consist in their freshness and minuteness of detail, as well as in the more special consideration of social feelings, moral and intellectual characteristics, and religious notions among the natives of the island, where he occupied an official position.

"I lived," he says, "among the people, and had a long acquaintanceship with them; I did not merely pass through the country. The information which I give concerning their language, manners, customs, and ways of life is not from memory, but from memoranda written with a pencil on the spot, in the hut, or the canoe, or in the deep forest, and afterwards verified by my own further researches, or the observations of my friends."

The book has indeed all the marks of authenticity, and is remarkably well and plainly written. The confusion which is the most general fault of books of travel compiled from journals or memoranda is satisfactorily absent, and the author's chief defect is the very rare one—too much brevity. What there is of his book is very good, but there is not enough of it. The description of the coast and the inland scenery is most striking and romantic—forest, lake, mountain, ravine—all grand, and stern, and lovely. The lakes are a marked feature in the scenery—deep, dark, wild, and solitary beyond conception, wonderfully impressive to the traveller, for whom they form the only alternative to dense forest. The native tribes who inhabit the Aht district are comparatively unknown to Europeans and Americans, as they never visit Victoria, and the emigrant, commercial speculator, or ordinary explorer does not seek them out. They are singularly interesting savages, according to Mr. Sproat, with a curious system of tribal government, and strangely-marked tribal characteristics. In physical vigour they surpass the savages of whom we are accustomed to read—a difference which is perhaps accounted for by the salubrity of the climate. The Aht district is quite out of the ordinary route of travellers, and can be reached only by engaging a vessel at Victoria. Thus it is a very secluded bit of the globe, and an utterly unknown people of whom we read in these pages. The tribes of this district are not confederated, and the author calls them a nation only because they occupy adjacent territories, and have the same superstitions and language. They are not ill-looking people, and rather ingenious for savages. They are on very familiar terms with the sea, swimming and diving with perfect ease. They have considerable notions of law and order, are a peaceable people, presenting symptoms of rapid decay, given to changing their dwellings, which are in encampments, very fond of jokes and gossip, quarrelling rarely, given to lounging, very hospitable to strangers, very observant of formalities in social intercourse, possessing an aristocratic caste and tradition, and not cruel to their slaves, though with irresponsible power over them. They are sharp bargainers, but have no distinct notions of property and commerce, the land being common to the tribe. They love feasting, and the grand festivity of all is a deer hunt; they are vindictive and ungrateful, just like other savage and civilized people; they are untruthful, and have no faith, except in sorcery; their religious notions are unintelligible, but their practice includes, though rarely, human sacrifices. Chapters

which detail their usages in hunting, their medical notions, and their mode of burial are very interesting. Also an account of their warfare, which, though not so harmless as that of the Pacific islanders, is not very deadly. On the whole, they are interesting people, not so degraded as African savages, not so frightfully miserable as the Esquimaux, not so brutal as the Australian aborigines. But they are vanishing away, not because the white man is persecuting them or corrupting them—they are yet undisturbed to any material extent by foreign civilization and vice—by a natural decline, which there is nothing apparent to account for. The concluding chapters of Mr. Speat's work are especially valuable; they contain sound and practical suggestions for the work of colonization, and the missionary labour for which the remote portions of Vancouver Island afford a field. A vocabulary of the Aht language, and an appendix containing valuable ethnological and philological notes, complete this little volume, in which there is so much.

VI.—POETRY, FICTION, AND ESSAY.

St. Paul. By FREDERIC W. H. MYERS. London: Macmillan & Co.

THIS is a remarkable poem, and for other qualities than the power of utterance which it shows in an unusual degree, and the musicalness of its verse, which reminds us of the flowing, rushing stream of melody which captivates us in the verse of that true musician, if unsatisfactory poet, Mr. Swinburne. Mr. Myers, indeed, has not attained the same perfection of rhythm and phrase as Mr. Swinburne has done. The struggle between thought and words is not so completely hidden; here and there the difficulties of the double rhymes, generally most successfully combined, betray him almost into a jingle, as when "minute" rhymes to "in it," "Damascus" to "ask us." But these are but slight blemishes, and the fervour, the passion, the eager pushing on of the verse, are not injured by them; perhaps they rather increase the effect of haste and zeal which the subject demands. The merit of the style of the poem lies rather in a sustained power, an equalness of verse, which carries on the reader over the roughnesses of words, than in the perfection of special passages, though there are a few to be found truly lovely in their tenderness and grace. Nor does Mr. Myers reach the perfect lucidity of speech and distinctness of image with which our great poet in "In Memoriam" can both picture emotions and trace out lines of speculative thought. We have often some difficulty in realizing precisely what Mr. Myers means to express, yet there are no passages that do not yield some return; and this we think a good deal to say in those days of vague poetic effusiveness.

But the great interest of the poem lies in the treatment of the subject. We wish more such attempts were made to realize to modern feeling the spiritual truth of the ancient expression of religion, to translate for us the language of that spiritual life which inspired the saints of old. We think Mr. Myers has gone far towards success in this poem. We really seem to feel in it the zeal for souls, the yearning, the fire that devoured the great Apostle of the Gentiles; yet the form is quite modern, and there is no conventionalism either of sentiment or phraseology. We can believe that St. Paul, were he now among us, would conjure us with this eager fervour; would deplore and exhort alternately in this passionate phrase. It is truly refreshing in days of doubt and difficulty to meet with such an expression of faith as this.

There is a youthfulness about the poem which we feel in the view of the character chosen. Without verging on an autobiography, it does, as all true poems on these subjects must do, embody something of personal experience and more of the individually-recognised ideal of human nature. We have here St. Paul not yet freed from the agonies of his conversion, full of his own shortcomings and sinfulness, not yet the great director and moral reprover and reformer of the churches.

The poem is supposed to be the utterance of St. Paul himself. It begins with a passionate expression of his love for Christ, which sustains him through all

the loneliness of homelessness and opposition ; yet in which, too, he is cheered by his own love towards the whole family of believers on the earth. He goes on to speak of the soul's struggles, which, in spite of his self-abandonment to Christ, beset the believer ; of the agonies of repentance, which stir up in him a burning devotion to his Master's work. Thus he alternates between the longing to declare His goodness and the ever-recurring despair at his own inward sinfulness, again relieved by trust in his Saviour. He next celebrates the spread of faith through all the nations, and ends with a fine psalm of rejoicing, declaring the ways of God to men, and the communion of all souls in thanksgiving.

The modern feeling shows itself in perpetual allusions to the difficult problems of good and evil in the world, which the real Paul indeed felt keenly, but clenched in a different manner. There is not an attempt at reasoning on these questions, such as we might not unnaturally expect from the argumentative Apostle, if he should appear among us furnished with a university training. This is perhaps the weakest part of the poem. It remains only an expression of passionate feeling ; it persuades us by its warmth, but it does nothing else to convince us. Without a recognition of the difficulties, there can be no sense that the answer is sufficient. Many, no doubt, hold that poetry is not the proper vehicle for reasoning, but we think that in this age, so imbued with questioning, more than one true poet has shown that when the mind works in that course, the thought will of necessity find its way out ; nor is that reasoning sometimes the least powerful that is expressed in verse.

But we rejoice heartily in the freshness of feeling and belief here expressed, which we of another generation may often long for in vain, and hope that it will endure. It is not the least hopeful symptom that such an utterance should come from one of our Universities.

Mr. Myers has undertaken a grand and difficult subject, and he has given us a true poem, which makes us wish that we may before long welcome him again among the poets ; perhaps among the energetic workers of his time. We will conclude by quoting a few verses which seem to us among the most beautiful, taken apart, though the whole feeling of the poem cannot be in the least understood by a single quotation :—

- "Lo, as some ship, outworn and overladen,
Strains for the harbour where her sails are furled ;
Lo, as some innocent and eager maiden
Leans o'er the wistful limits of the world ;
- "Dreams of the glow and glory of the distance,
Wonderful wooing and the grace of tears ;
Dreams with what eyes and what a sweet insistence
Lovers are waiting in the hidden years ;
- "Lo, as some venturer, from his stars receiving
Promise and presage of sublime emprise,
Wears evermore the seal of his believing
Deep in the dark of solitary eyes ;
- "Yea, to the end, in palace or in prison,
Fashions his fancies of the realm to be ;
Fallen from the height or from the deeps arisen,
Winged with the rocks and sundered of the sea ;
- "So even I, and with a heart more burning ;
So even I, and with a hope more sweet,
Groan for the hour, O Christ, of thy returning,
Faint for the flaming of thine advent feet."

Brownlows. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," &c.
3 vols. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1868.

WHAT, after all, is the greatest merit a novel can have, considered merely as a book to read ? Clearly, to make you read on eagerly from chapter to chapter, or, perhaps, in certain cases, to compel you to skip in order to get at the ending, so as to know who marries whom and who is killed off, if anybody. Mrs. Oliphant does not, in "Brownlows," compel you to skip, because you have from the first a pretty clear prevision of how the story will wind up, but she

compels you to read on. Whoever has only looked at this novel as it appeared from month to month in *Blackwood* has seen it to considerable disadvantage, and we can sincerely say we think the three volumes worth buying by people who have plenty of money, even if they happen to be subscribers to the magazine.

Of late years we have got into the habit of being a little unjust to plot-interest. Our novels have run upon still-life, character, and story, as distinguished from plot. How many good writers of fiction in our own day, except Mr. Dickens, Lord Lytton, and Mr. Charles Reade, have shown by their use of plot-interest that they cared about it, found it a help, or could do much with it for the excitement of the reader? When George Eliot tried a plot in "*Felix Holt*" the result was a failure. And this time Mrs. Oliphant has failed; not in producing a good readable novel, but in the introduction and use of plot-interest. It would scarcely be too much to say that the plot, pure and simple, of "*Brownlow*" is thrown away. A miserly old woman, Mrs. Thomson, leaves Mr. Brownlow, a country attorney, the sum of fifty thousand pounds in trust for her own daughter—who has disappeared—in case she turns up within five-and-twenty years; but with the proviso that if the daughter does not reappear within that time, the money is to go to Brownlow himself for his own use. At first, Brownlow is disgusted with the bequest and the conditions of it, but with the birth of his daughter—the charming Sara of the story—arises a very different way of looking at the matter. In the end he comes to covet the money: but Mrs. Thomson's daughter is discovered at the very last hour of the twenty-five years, and the disposition of the characters grouped upon the little stage of course undergoes a change. The sudden alteration in the demeanour of the daughter, Phoebe Thomson, when she discovers that she is the heiress, is painted with wonderful force and truth; and the fluctuations in the mind of Mr. Brownlow himself, under the conditions which so deeply test his moral sincerity, are traced with a simple subtlety which is almost beyond praise. And, though we have wished the plot away, it is rather hard to condemn it when it has yielded a situation so highly dramatic as that which occurs in Brownlow's library, a little before midnight of the day on which the five-and-twenty years expire, when the enraged woman rushes in to claim the money, and drops exhausted at his feet. Turning to it again as we write these lines, we feel almost inclined to retract,—to fancy that Mrs. Oliphant is right,—and that we have all become demoralized in this matter by the Jane-Austinism of those writers of fiction of whom we naturally think in connection with Mrs. Oliphant. Perhaps the two most powerful scenes in recent novels are the scene in "*Vanity Fair*," in which Rawdon Crawley discovers the Marquis of Steyne with his wife, and the scene in the Ruccellai Gardens, in "*Romola*," in which Baldassare's memory of his Greek breaks down. If we could (and perhaps the majority of readers actually can) forget the unlikelihood of the story which leads up to the situation in Mr. Brownlow's library, we should place it side by side with the two scenes that we have mentioned. In mere power it is not inferior.

Of the character-drawing, of the "society" pieces, of the conversations, of the sketches of scenery, there is not a word of blame to say that is worth the saying. The love-making of the two young couples, Jack Brownlow and Pamela Thomson, and young Powys the Canadian and Sara Brownlow, is beautifully rendered—as fresh as a daffodil and as warm as a rose. We only wish we could quote the first luncheon of young Powys at the same table with Sara, and the scene in the picture-gallery which follows it. Indeed, we men feel a little angry that a lady should be able to understand us *quite* so well as Mrs. Oliphant does. It must not be omitted that, along with this power of painting the love-making of young people with youthful colour and flexibility, Mrs. Oliphant retains that almost eager truthfulness to the darker side of things which differentiates her among living novelists. It would be an insult to Mrs. Oliphant to add that her book is as sweet and clean as Sara's work-basket or little Pamela's palm; but she may be more than pardoned for a high-pitched plot when it enables her to show how strong an "excitement" can be created without crime of any kind; and, above all, without even the most distant ripple of those particular currents of wrong which, if they flow up far enough, stain life at its first fountain, so that the sweet water can scarcely ever afterwards undergo the change into the sweeter wine.

Max Havelaar: or, The Coffee Auctions of the Dutch Trading Company. By MULTATULI. Translated from the original manuscript by BARON ALPHONSE NABUIJS. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1868.

THIS is a remarkable book. Yet it is one which it is very hard for a foreign critic to judge of fairly. The translator tells us in his preface that it was "published a few years ago, and caused such a sensation in Holland as was never before experienced in that country." He compares it to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but sets the author—Eduard Douwes Dekker, formerly Assistant-Resident of the Dutch Government in Java—far above Mrs. Stowe, as having "sacrificed future fortune, and all that makes life agreeable, for a principle—for right and equity." It is "immortal;" it will "do honour to the literature of any language;" it has been "written by a genius of that order which only appears at long intervals in the world's history." But distance is a dispassionate arbiter, and looked at from across the sea, the first impression which "Max Havelaar" produces is that of an attempt to blend in one a political pamphlet, a novel, and a collection of thoughts and opinions on things in general, which has spoilt all three. The pamphlet is high-toned and sincere, but is deprived of weight by the form adopted; the novel shows power, but loses interest through the intermixture of extraneous elements; the thoughts and opinions are often striking, but out of place. But after coming to such conclusions one feels that they are but platitudes, when the author, dismissing his personages with contempt, tells us that he will make no excuses for the form of his book; that he has simply written it to be read; that read he *will* be by statesmen, by men of letters, by merchants, by lady's-maids, by governors-general in retirement, by ministers, "by the lackeys of these excellencies, by nutes—who *more majorem* will say that I attack God Almighty where I attack only the god which they have made according to their own image—by the members of the representative chambers;" that "the greater the disapprobation of my book the better I shall be pleased, for the chance of being heard will be so much the greater;"—when he threatens to translate his book into all European languages, till in every capital the refrain shall be heard, "There is a band of robbers between Germany and the Scheldt;" if this fails, to translate it again into Malay, Javanese, &c., and sharpen scimitars and sabres by warlike songs, so as to give "delivery and help, lawfully if possible, *lawfully with violence* if need be—and that would be very pernicious to the coffee auctions of the Dutch Trading Company!" Clearly, a man like this must be followed upon his own ground, measured by his own standard. Though he may be only a Dutch-built leviathan, still he is of the breed; there is no putting "an hook into his nose," or boring "his jaw through with a thorn;" no playing with him "as with a bird," nor binding him for our maidens.

The only true way of judging the book, then, is not to view it as a book, but to look upon both book and man as facts—very surprising and portentous facts, it would seem, to the Dutch nation, and surprising, too, to some other nations also. For it had gone forth to the whole world that the Dutch Government of Java of late years was a great success—anomalous indeed, in some respects, according to political economy, since it rested upon monopoly and regulated cultivation, but undeniable, unmistakable. To the Dutchman himself this was a tonet of positive faith, which he drank down afresh with every cupful of his Java coffee, which he saw confirmed day after day at the auctions of his great *Handelsmaatschappij*, or Trading Company, in which his king was known to be a leading shareholder. Foreign visitors confirmed these conclusions, English above all—amongst whom it will be sufficient to name Mr. Money, whose "Java" is little more than a panegyric on Dutch, as compared with British, India.

In the midst of this state of things a book like "Max Havelaar" would explode like a shell. Here was a man, speaking from seventeen years' official experience, who declared that the profit of the Trading Company "was only obtained by paying the Javanese just enough to keep him from starving;" that he was "driven away from his rice-fields" in order to cultivate other products which the Government compelled him to grow, and compelled him to sell to itself, at the price it fixed for itself; that famine was often the consequence, by which sometimes "whole districts were depopulated, mothers offered to sell their children for food, mothers ate their own children"—as in our own Orissa, alas!—that labour was habitually exacted without payment both by native and

European officials, cattle and produce taken away by robbery and extortion; that "endless expeditions" were sent, and "heroic deeds performed, against poor miserable creatures . . . reduced by starvation to skeletons . . . whose ill-treatment has driven them to revolt;" that European officials connived at wrongdoing, or were silent about it where they did not participate in it, knowing that an upright discharge of their duties would only bring on them reproof, disgrace, or ruin; that the official reports of the functionaries to the island Government, and those from the island to the mother country, were "for the greater and more important part untrue," the financial accounts ridiculously false; that a "mild and submissive" population "has complained year after year of tyranny," yet sees resident after resident depart without anything being ever done towards the redress of its grievances; that "the end of all this" would be a "Jacquerie."

The news in itself was startling, and the mode of delivering it was of a nature to make it more so. For a more stinging satire of the lower propensities of the Dutch character could hardly be conceived than that embodied in the Amsterdam coffee-broker, Batavus Drystubble, the supposed author of the work, the contrast between whom and the chivalrous, unworldly Havelaar is most powerfully brought out, though by very inartistic means. Overdone as the picture is, Batavus Drystubble certainly stands out as one of the most remarkable embodiments of money-grubbing Phariseism which literature has yet produced; and this, although the first sketch of the personage is far from consistent with his fuller portrait,—giving a curious instance, in fact, of the way in which a character may grow into life and truth in the author's own mind, if only steadily looked at. Nothing can be better hit off than Drystubble's firm rich man's faith that a poor man must be a scoundrel:—

"Mark that Shawlman. He left the ways of the Lord; now he is poor, and lives in a little garret: that is the consequence of immorality and bad conduct. He does not now know what time it is, and his little boy wears knee breeches."

The naïf selfishness of this is equally masterly:—

"Why do they want buffaloes, those black fellows? I never had a buffalo, and yet I am contented; there are men who are always complaining. And as regards that scoffing at forced labour, I perceive that he had not heard that sermon of Domine Wawelaar's, otherwise he would know how useful labour is in the extension of the kingdom of God. It is true he is a Lutheran."

Add this touch also to the last:—

"I did not speak to him of the Lord, because he is a Lutheran; but I worked on his mind and his honour."

This again is terrible:—

"Wawelaar himself has said that God so directs all things that orthodoxy leads to wealth. 'Look only,' he said, 'is there not much wealth in Holland? That is because of the faith. Is there not in France every day murder and homicide? That is because there are Roman Catholics there. Are not the Javanese poor? They are Pagans. The more the Dutch have to do with the Javanese the more wealth will be here and the more poverty there.' I am astonished at Wawelaar's penetration; for it is the truth that I, who am exact in religion, see that my business increases every year, and Busse-linck and Waterman, who do not care about God or the Commandments, will remain bunglers as long as they live. The Rosemeyers, too, who trade in sugar, and have a Roman Catholic maid-servant, had a short time ago to accept 27 per cent. out of the estate of a Jew who became bankrupt. The more I reflect the further I advance in tracing the unspeakable ways of God. Lately it appeared that thirty millions had been gained on the sale of products furnished by Pagans, and in this is not included what I have gained thereby, and others who live by this business. Is not that as if the Lord said,—'Here you have thirty millions as a reward for your faith?' Is not that the finger of God who causes the wicked one to labour to preserve the righteous one? Is not that a hint for us to go on in the right way, and to cause those far away to produce much, and to stand fast here to the true religion? Is it not, therefore, 'Pray and Labour,' that we should pray and have the work done by those who do not know the Lord's Prayer? Oh, how truly Wawelaar speaks when he calls the yoke of God light! How easy the burthen is to every one who believes! I am only a few years past forty, and can retire when I please to Driebergen, and see how it ends with others who forsake the Lord."

Thackeray himself could not have surpassed this scathing page. It is immortal, come what may to the book which contains it.

Max Havelaar himself, though the conception of his character is a subtle one, and is on the whole well brought out—at once dreamy and practical, lavish and self-stinting, indulgent and rigid, irregular in his impulses, and yet bent on enforcing order—is of far less worth artistically than the coffee-broker, and there is a constant tendency to rhetorical self-assertion about him which one fears is characteristic of the writer himself. The plot is really too slight to be worth analyzing in detail; suffice it to say that Havelaar is an Assistant-Resident in Java, intent on doing justice, and who thereby only brings disgrace upon himself. More than one such tale might be told from the records of British India; and it is indeed remarkable that the worst excesses which the book complains of are laid to the charge of the native officials, although the burden of the vicious system of government, with which the tolerance of their malpractices seems almost irretrievably bound up, lies of course with the European rulers.

Havelaar's random opinions, *de omnibus rebus*, are often full of quaint power and humour; as when he complains of guide-book measurements which require you to have so many "feet of admiration at hand not to be taken for a Turk or a bagman," or inveighs against cataracts because they tell him nothing:—

"They make a noise, but don't speak. They cry, 'rroo,' 'rroo,' 'rroo.' Try crying, 'rroo, rroo,' for six thousand years or more, and you will see how few persons will think you an amusing man."

A full idea of the book cannot, however, be given without a sample of its pathos. Here is a perfectly exquisite piece of metreless poetry, which, if not translated from the Javanese, but the work of Mr. Douwes Dekker himself, is simply a nineteenth-century miracle:—

"I do not know when I shall die.
I saw the great sea on the south coast
When I was there with my father making salt.*
If I die at sea and my body is thrown into the
deep water, then sharks will come;
They will swim round my corpse, and ask, 'Which of
us shall devour the body that goes down into the water?'
—I shall not hear it.

"I do not know where I shall die.
I saw in a blaze the house of Pa-ansoe, which he
himself has set on fire, because he was *mata glap* ;†
If I die in a burning house, glowing embers
will fall on my corpse;
And outside of the house there will be many cries of
men throwing water on the fire to kill it.
—I shall not hear it.

"I do not know where I shall die.
I saw the little Si-Oenah fall out of a klappa-tree,
When he plucked a *klappa* [cocoa-nut] for his mother;
If I fall out of a klappa-tree I shall lie dead
below in the shrubs like Si-Oenah.
Then my mother will not weep, for she is dead. But
others will say with a loud voice, 'Seo, there lies Saidjah.'
—I shall not hear it.

"I do not know where I shall die.
I have seen the corpse of Palisoe, who died of
old age, for his hairs were white:
If I die of old age, with white hairs,
hired women will stand weeping near my corpse,
And they will make lamentation, as did the mourners over
Palisoe's corpse, and the grandchildren will weep, very loud.
—I shall not hear it.

* An offence in Java, as in British India, salt being a Government monopoly.

† In a state of frenzy.

"I do not know where I shall die.
 I have seen at Badoer many that were dead. They
 were dressed in white shrouds, and were buried in the earthen
 If I die at Badoer, and am buried beyond the dessah [village],
 eastward against the hill, where the grass is high,
 Then will Adinda pass by there, and the border of
 her sarong will sweep softly along the grass.
 —I shall hear it."

Will not any gentlemen or ladies with volumes of poems ready, or preparing, or accumulating for publication, after reading the above, oblige their contemporaries and posterity by throwing their manuscripts into the fire?

There remains to be added that Mr. Douwes Dekker has, the preface tells us, in vain challenged a refutation of his charges—*e.g.*, at the International Congress for the Promotion of Social Science at Amsterdam in 1863—and that he has been declared to have understated rather than overstated the truth. One word must finally be said in favour of Baron Nahuijs's translation, the English of which might put to the blush many of our professed translators.

To conclude. Many English readers may, perhaps, hardly have patience to read through "Max Havelaar;" but few that do will deem their time mis-spent.

Springdale Abbey: Extracts from the Diaries and Letters of an English Preacher.
 London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1868.

THIS is decidedly a clever book. The author has a clear eye, a fluent style, and a marked capacity for a kind of dramatic interpretation which is not very common. He has succeeded in *almost* hiding himself behind an array of shadowy personages, and has yet half-concealed the purpose which dominates the book from first to last—a result which says much both for his reserve and his power. This purpose is to justify Dissent by aiming a blow at Churchism through a seemingly impartial presentation of good types of Church people, and as the most effective means of attaining this is to feign identification with the opposite side, he has himself personated a clergyman. But unless in the most cunning hands, this is a process likely to defeat itself. The writer needs so many guards that they cumber and hinder him in the use of the one effective weapon, and owing to the dash of caricature he finds himself called upon to occasionally bestow on both sides, the disguise is merely converted into a source of humour which, like salt on certain molluscs, dissolves the slow-developing purpose. Nay, it very soon betrays the author, and then just exactly as the reader gets confirmed in the idea of an attempt having been made to fool him, the lesson loses all its good effect. So far as respects its end, the book, we think, is a conspicuous failure; but with its merely literary merits we confess ourselves in no slight degree pleased. The Fogdens, the Gladdons, the Ammersons, the Washingtons are unmistakably well delineated; and the dialogue is direct, trenchant, now and then even resonant in its forcefulness. But to the skilled, critical eye the author's purpose might almost betray itself through the hurry he is in to reach the grand question of Church and State. From the too conscious attempt to divert us, we can see what the author is making for, even when he is but clearing the way. Indeed, his show of artistic lingering, with a view to distract us from his "loading," is so patent, that we were once inclined to use the words of one of his characters to another: "Well, look sharp, Fogden, my man, and get it 'observed,' for this is market-day, and my horse is standing at the gate" (p. 93). And this we do not say for lack of sympathy with the author's feelings. Anything that should tend to bring Churchmen and Dissenters nearer to each other, so as to make possible mutual exchange of courtesies, mutual forbearance and recognition of excellences, we should heartily welcome. But here much strength is spent for nought; and after all, we are puzzled as to how our author himself practically views the question. No doubt he is earnestly desirous to see a more friendly tone obtain between Churchmen and Dissenters, and we think he may do much to aid in bringing it about. Most of the faults we have pointed out spring from the form he has in this instance adopted, and we hope to meet with him again where he shall not be under the necessity of adopting a veil in the doing of a good work.

Bentinck's Tutor, One of the Family. A Novel. By the Author of "Lost Sir Mas. ingberd." Two vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston. 1868.

The Forlorn Hope. A Novel. By EDMUND YATES, Author of "Kissing the Rod," "Black Sheep," &c. New Edition. London: Chapman and Hall.

THESE are both reprints, the first being a reprint from a magazine, the second a cheap edition of a novel which has already appeared in the usual three-volume shape.

"Bentinck's Tutor" was originally published as "One of the Family," but now changes its title because that particular one had been used before, and was claimed as copyright. The story is not bad of the sort, but it is unpleasant, the central incident being the introduction of another man's newly-born baby into the household of a rich man who wants an heir, and is told the child is his own wife's. There are too many wicked or disagreeable people in the book for our taste, too much strong language, and too much smartness. But the author's vivacity and observation of life and nature are real, and ordinary readers who go to a story for a little excitement and then forget all about it and go to another for the same, will be able to read "Bentinck's Tutor" with satisfaction. We should say the author is capable of much better things than he has yet done; for his sympathies are fine, he has a clear vision of what is before him, and, though he knows much of the world, is never betrayed into real cynicism.

"The Forlorn Hope" is another book of the "exciting" order. A physician marries a woman who wants a good deal more love than he is able to give her. He becomes violently attached to a young lady whom he has to attend for scarlet fever; and though his wife only surmises this, she poisons herself. The physician is not, after all, married to the young lady, who dies of consumption, the wife of another man who is far inferior to the doctor and an unkind husband to the girl.

This, again, is not pleasant material, and could scarcely be made into a satisfactory book by a novelist who, like Mr. Yates, so rarely escapes from the atmosphere of the clubs and the dinner-tables of people who are essentially coarse and worldly-minded. Difficult as it is in a story to touch the grief of married life at all without revolting the reader, the thing can be done. Richter did it in the Story of Siebenkäs, Lenette, and Stiefel,—in which it will be remembered the husband pretends to die, and disappears, in order to release the wife, who afterwards marries Stiefel. This wild story, as Richter tells it, is, like all he wrote

"Full of hope and full of heart-break,"

and the general effect is to deepen the reader's sense of the awfulness of life as it is, and its relations with

"—the land of the hereafter;"

nor could any one say, after reading it, that his feeling for what is sacred in marriage was anything but intensified. Of course, Mr. Yates is not expected to write like Jean Paul; but, for such a theme, his touch is untender, and his manner hard. The mechanism or articulation of Mr. Yates's stories is always clever, his eye for a situation keen, and his sketches of club and dining-room life vivacious. What we feel we lack, as we turn his pages, is a glimpse of real sky, or a breath of unheated air.

VII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Lowe's Educational Theories examined from a Practical Point of View. By HELY HUTCHINSON ALMOND, Esq., M.A., Oxon. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1868.

WE all know how the Cassandra of the British Constitution in 1865 studied the part of the Alaric of English education in the recess of 1867. Mr. Lowe's flippant generalizations and theories were severely criticized in the daily press at the time; but Mr. Almond, an Oxford "double first," and a practical educationist,

has here analyzed the positions of the famous Edinburgh and Liverpool speeches from beginning to end, and undertakes to show that in the question of higher education Mr. Lowe has brought to the consideration "neither knowledge nor earnestness, that he is an unsafe and careless guide," and that "the question of education is made a stalking-horse of popularity and ambition." This we must aver, that no head-master ever applied the rod with more vigour and gusto: if Mr. Almond wield the material rod with the same skill he has shown in the use of the literary, he will at once be without contest Grand Master of the order of flagellants. Every joint of Mr. Lowe's "ponderated" and elaborated educational column is dislocated, and at the end the sundered vertebrae lie scattered in most inorganic confusion.

Mr. Lowe remarks, in advocating the substitution of modern for classical languages,—

"There is no doubt that Greek is a language of wonderful felicity of expression; but what is more beautiful, more refined, what will exercise taste better than the study of the best modern French prose to be found in M. Prévost-Paradol, Sainte-Beuve, and other recent writers? There is nothing that can approach it in the English language.' Afterwards, when it suits his purpose, he says, speaking of English, 'We have, I say it boldly, a literature unparalleled in the world.' Just so. English is 'gentlemen's best hats;' and Monsieur Prévost-Paradol is 'a still finer quality;' but what eye could detect such microscopic differences after gazing with wonder and contempt at the antiquated wares of the old-established shop over the way? Again, Mr. Lowe once, and once only (at p. 26), mentions that noble language to which the nations of Europe would vote the same post of honour each next to its own which the Greeks voted to the victor of Salamis. And what does he say about it? Why, that the German waiter who can speak English is 'better educated' than the Oxford first-classman who cannot speak German. . . . It is a pity that the eyes of the Germans should be so blinded, that English is still utterly tabooed at their Gymnasien; that even to French a pitiful two hours a week is devoted, just an eighth part of the time which is given up to classics. But Mr. Lowe has chosen his illustration badly. There are beings, compared with whose intellectual prowess even that of the German waiter sinks into insignificance. Viewed by the light of chatteration (to adapt one's-self to Mr. Lowe's terminology), he pales before the Continental courier or the dragoman of the East. . . . But he has thrown a new light on the subject at Liverpool:—'If you want to teach a man French, take the most amusing French novel that can be found, something that will draw him on and be a pleasure and delight to him, instead of giving him some insipid moralist. Give him a story that will give him a little insight into life.' Mr. Lowe is the prophet of a certain school of educational reformers; he is a privileged man. There are not many other men who could have got up before a respectable audience and recommended the study of French novels as the best means of training and forming boys' minds and ideas, without being hissed down. . . . Your devourer of novels is as bad a subject as your devourer of confectioner's trash. The disordered, enfeebled brain, the unbraced, flaccid muscles of the mind, the want of power and spirit and earnestness, alas! who does not know the type? But the Coryphæus of our would-be reformers has the audacity to propose that the stolen sweets, the present excess of which works such mischief, should be made the regular mental sustenance of schoolboys, after being duly poisoned with a colouring of infidelity, and flavoured with a relish of licentiousness."

Mr. Almond undertakes to show that Mr. Lowe's new science of "ponderation," which he claims to have invented and perfected in the scheme for the Indian examinations, when he decided upon the relative importance of all the different objects of human knowledge, and made a scale of marks accordingly, is a grotesque absurdity, that it is not Mr. Lowe's original, but belongs to the Chinese mandarin, and that its principles are those of a polyglot encyclopædism rather than of "ponderation."

He then matches Mr. Mill's *dicta* against Mr. Lowe's depreciation of analytical mathematics; but the bulk of the *brochure* before us is taken up with the question whether the study of the classical languages is not better mental training than the colloquial acquisition of modern tongues. Mr. Almond strenuously defends the study of grammar as such, admitting that very often too much of the *science*, and too little of the *art*, is taught. In all this he writes with the thorough knowledge of a master, and backs his views by the authority of Mill, Max Müller, Conington, Pattison, and Grimm. Strongly does he argue for classical composition as a training.

"In the classical method a well-expressed thought is given, and has to be recast into the forms of another language. When one language is inflectional, and the other

non-inflectional, the change required—not only in the order of the words, but of whole forms of expression—is more complete than when both languages have lost, or nearly lost, their inflections. In the former process the thought and expression have both to be found by the pupil. Whether a boy is likely to learn to write English best by translating Virgil and Thucydides into English, and by retranslating English (which requires the previous remoulding of the English sentences) into the forms of Virgil and Thucydides, or by writing crude, bald themes of his own, is, I think, tolerably evident as a matter of *a priori* probability.”

But Mr. Almond considers totally indefensible the requiring *original* compositions in verse and prose. Both Mr. Lowe and Mr. Farrar, in his “infuriated essay,” have forgotten the distinction between original composition and translation. Professor Conington has shown (in this Review, Jan., 1868) that as matter of fact verse composition is suited to the capacities of young boys. Men, like nations, grasp poetry long before prose.

Mr. Lowe’s description of translation being merely taking a lexicon and putting down the meaning word for word without thought is admirably dissected (pp. 22, 23). Moreover, says Mr. Almond (p. 26),—

“A knowledge of Greek is of the greatest possible use for gaining a knowledge of English. An eminent man has said from a suburban platform, that if we want a knowledge of English we should study Anglo-Saxon. I asked a class of little boys what they thought of this, and a little boy’s answer is sufficient for my purpose—‘All the little words come from Anglo-Saxon, and the big ones from Latin and Greek.’ Exactly. A boy does not need to know Anglo-Saxon to teach him what a cow means, or a bench, or a hall; but when do boys first become introduced to such words as sophistry, empiricism, demagogue, and the like? Why in their Greek lessons. I will venture to say that boys have a far more definite, satisfactory knowledge of words which have been learned in this way, going to the very fountain-head of their history, as it were, than if they learnt their meaning by studying any branch of modern literature—say the platform oratory of the year. I will just take a Greek lesson I happen to have immediately in hand, and I will only take ten lines, from line 200 to 210 of the *Alceste* of Euripides, and we will see what knowledge of English words can be made to hang upon their originals.

“Chirurgion; philosopher; philanthropist; phthisis; marasma; barometer; microscope; microcosm; pneumatics; heliotrope; heliocentric; aphelion; perihelion; actinism; cycle; epicycle; optics; evangelist; angel; cachexy; despotism; palæology; palæontology; phrenology; pantomime; mechanics.

“I daresay this is a point of detail on which some may disagree with me. But I am fully persuaded that the Greek lesson affords the very best opportunity for gradually introducing a boy to scientific terms and scientific conceptions. If you stop a few minutes, and give a short explanation, *e.g.* of Actinism, a boy does not forget *ἄκτις*, and he has learnt something upon Actinism which he is less likely to forget than if it had been crammed out of some repulsive compilation.”

A considerable portion of the pamphlet is occupied in showing, from Blue Books and original authorities, that the Germans actually devote less time to the study of modern languages than is given in most of our schools. We can only refer our readers to his defence of ancient history and geography, and his humorous *exposé* of Mr. Lowe’s blunder about the “cities of the *Volsicians* in the Campagna” (pp. 31–34).

Mr. Lowe, in speaking of his furtive reading of Byron and Scott, stated:—

“‘I can only say, that I owe all my success in life to these stolen hours; that the power of being able to read and to speak my own language with precision and force has been more valuable to me than all the rest that I have learnt in the whole course of my life.’ I should have thought that precision and force were the very last virtues likely to spring from a habit of desultory reading. No reasonable man can deny that they exist in the highest perfection in Mr. Lowe, and no reasonable man can doubt where he acquired them—in his severe and systematic course of study for that class list of which his name is one of the highest ornaments. If a man who has rowed in a university eight chooses to ascribe an unusually powerful biceps to a dose of castor oil, nobody will take much trouble about contradicting him.”

And again:—

“Our education is defective, because what a boy has learnt at school does not enable him to suspect the presence of gold from the appearance of hills! And then comes in the ‘practical mind from California,’ just as the practical German waiter came in before. Why, it is not enough that the new generation shall be able to talk like couriers; they shall unite the theoretical knowledge of the chemist, the anatomist, the

geologist, and the mechanician, to the practical insight of the analyst, the bon-doctor, the miner, and the engineer.

"It is all knowledge; cold, unhumanizing, uneducating knowledge. For when he sums up by saying 'that our education does not communicate to us knowledge, that it does not communicate to us the means of obtaining knowledge, and that it does not communicate to us the means of communicating knowledge;' the knowledge of which he speaks has nothing in common with the reward proffered to the hesitating shepherd—

"Self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncalled for); but to live by law—
Acting the law we live by without fear,"

but is rather what we hear was ever nearest the heart of the prototype of the 'practical mind from California'—

"The least erected spirit that fell
From heaven! for even in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy, else enjoyed
In vision beatific."

There is much force in the author's remarks on the impossibility of excluding religious teaching, with which we conclude:—

"Can a man have any right kind of influence upon children who is compelled to be silent on the subject of his deepest convictions? Is he to teach the 'simplest truths of physics,' the 'simplest laws of animal and vegetable life,' to the susceptible minds of children, without referring to the personal God on whose Will they depend? If he does refer to Him, he offends the infidel: if he does not, he is practically teaching the Christian child that there is no connection between God and nature. Is he to teach anything about the world's history without referring to the central truth of that history, without which, as has been well said, history would be a 'gloomy riddle'? Is he to explain Christendom by some fanciful secular portrait of Christ? Is the child to be taught, as children are most easily taught, by the practical example of school, that daily labours should be begun and ended without prayer, and that the Bible is to be a book banished from the place of instruction?

"There is no avoiding the difficulty. It is a matter in which it is impossible to be 'liberal' to the unbeliever, without being tyrannical to the Christian. You cannot teach a child 'suspension of judgment' in these matters. Teaching him no belief is practically teaching him unbelief."

The Science of Finance: a Practical Treatise. By R. H. PATTERSON, Member of the Society of Political Economy of Paris; Author of "The Economy of Capital," &c. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 1868.

A LARGE portion at least of Mr. Patterson's work (which, he tells us, completes the exposition of the subject begun in his "Economy of Capital") might, perhaps, rather be termed "Theories in Finance" than "The Science of Finance." Mr. Patterson is, unquestionably, a man of original and varied powers of thought, which the practice of journalism has enabled him to clothe in perspicuous and often brilliant language, and his work cannot be read without profit by any one who feels an interest in political economy, whether in the narrower or the wider sense of the expression. It would be impossible to criticize at sufficient length his 710 pages in the space of two or three; and perhaps the fairest treatment of his work, under the circumstances, will be to give the headings of his chapters, with some indication of his more striking views on particular questions. Beginning with "Our Invisible Capital,"—a most remarkable chapter, though containing a larger number of historical errors than all the rest of the volume,—Mr. Patterson proceeds to treat of the "Absorption of Specie," "International Trade," "The Balance of Trade," "What is Capital?" "The Economy of Force," "The Potency of Capital," "Negotiability of Value," "Fixed and Floating Capital," "Loanable Capital," "Banking Embarrassments," "The Rate of Interest," "Our Monetary System," "The Panic of 1866," "Impolicy of the Bank Acts," "The Currency, Past and Present," "Foreign Systems of Banking," "The State and the Currency," "Monetary Reform," "Free Trade in Banking," "Reform of the Bank of England," "Banking Profits under the New System," "An International Monetary System," "Sunk Capital," "State Finance," "The State and the Railways," "Railway Finance," "Municipal Finance," "Land Finance," and "The State, the Poor, and the Country."

Some of Mr. Patterson's opinions are patent or may be inferred from the above list of chapter-headings. He is a strong opponent of the Bank Act of 1844, declaring that it has "fossilized the monetary system of this country," and has "established all the evils of a monopoly, without taking any means to prevent the abuse of that monopoly." He advocates free trade in banking, suggesting three separate plans for carrying it out, the preferable one of which he considers to be that of a State office of issue, empowered to issue notes to any bank which purchases and deposits with it an at least equal amount of Government securities, to be returned to such bank, or, in the case of its insolvency, to the note-holders, on return of the notes so issued. With respect to the Bank of England, he insists that its assets are inordinately large in proportion to its present business, that its reserve of Government securities in the banking department is kept in a useless form, and that nearly one-half of the ordinary amount of gold held by it is practically useless; and recommends that the note-issues of the Bank being first fully covered by a corresponding amount of Government securities legally secured for the note-holders, its other assets should be left at the free disposal of the directors. In a very striking chapter upon an "International Monetary System," after dilating upon the evil consequences of the present habitual "war of the banks" between country and country, he urges, in the first instance, that to avoid international drains of specie, all the great banks should keep a portion of their reserve of securities in the Government stocks of those countries with which we most largely trade; and, in the next, that all the great national banks should co-operate in the establishment of a "Bank of Europe," whose capital should consist of Government securities of the various co-operating countries, and which would become "the clearing-house of all the leading banks of the world," and in time "the fountain of an international paper-money." As respects railway finance, Mr. Patterson is comparatively timid, and his suggestions scarcely go beyond the formation by individual action of "railway securities companies" and the "establishment of a board of railway audit, the members of which should be appointed by Government." But the last few chapters of Mr. Patterson's work (including that on railways) appear to have been written off with a hastier pen than most of what precedes them.

It will be perfectly obvious, even from the few crude words above, how many questions Mr. Patterson raises which would deserve careful discussion. His own theories will scarcely always stand the test of such discussion, but many of his blows will tell, and he has scattered seeds of thought of which several will probably grow and bear fruit hereafter.

VIII.—GERMAN LITERATURE.

[The books noticed in this section are supplied by MESSRS. WILLIAMS AND NORGATE, Henrietta Street, and Messrs. ASHER & Co., Bedford Street, Covent Garden.]

Alberti Magni ex Ordine Prædicatorum de Vegetabilibus Libri VII. Historiæ Naturalis Pars XVIII. Editionem Criticam ab ENESTO MEYERO, ceptam. Absolvit CAROLUS JESSEN.

THERE must be learned leisure somewhere if the botany or vegetable physiology of Albertus Magnus can still find a zealous student. It is reported of this venerable and somewhat mysterious sage that at a feast he gave to some crowned head in the garden of his convent at Cologne, he suddenly, although it was mid-winter, made the plants around him assume the verdure of spring. If our learned editor can make the treatise, "*De Vegetabilibus*," bloom and blossom for us again at this distant epoch, he will have wrought almost as great a miracle.

Albert, by birth Count of Bollstätt, by profession a Dominican friar, was, above all things, an Aristotelian, and made it his glory to be an expounder of Aristotle at a time when the Church looked with an eye of suspicion on the Greek philosopher. What was the chief source of his botanical knowledge may

be readily surmised. Doubtless he added some observations, and many imaginations, of his own. But the sympathy with the past must be very great, indeed to enable any one to devote a laborious attention to a mediæval interpreter of the botany of Aristotle.

Handbuch der Musik-Geschichte von den ersten Anfängen bis zum Tode Beethovens.
VON ARREY VON DOMMER.

THIS book, consisting of 607 pages octavo, printed in common Roman type, is intended to serve both as a summary of, and as a supplement to, all previous histories, with a special reference to the earlier post-Christian periods of music. Music is, indeed, traced from India to Egypt, from Egypt to Judæa, from Judæa to Greece; but the pre-Grecian period is as dark as ever, and the Grecian period, with its better-understood octave and monotone notation, as dry as ever. Music, such as we understand it, as to melody, apart from mere musical rhapsody, and as to harmony, is distinctly proclaimed to be Christian, although the great problem of why this art alone, of all the arts, is modern, still remains to be solved. The writer dwells on the rise of melody in the Roman cloister through the Ambrosian and Gregorian periods, and the rise of harmony from Hucbald (840) to Josquin des Prés (1450); and whilst the progress of vocal music is carefully noted, the germs of that independent use of instruments which is the backbone of modern music is traced to the troubadours in France (1087—1127), and the minnesingers in Germany. The famous period between 1500 and 1600, recording the final and distinct independence of instrumental and vocal music, at the very moment when the two became for ever interwoven, the transition period, summed up in the one name, CARISSIMI (1585—1672), is sketched in the seventh and three following chapters.

The rapid growth in Venice, Naples, and Bologna of opera and cabinet music in the seventeenth century, and the fusion of the Italian and German schools in the eighteenth century, under Hasse, A. Scarlatti, and Glück, is unfolded in Chapter XIII. We could have wished to find here some account of the rise of the orchestra and the relations between vocal and instrumental music.

One important fact, however, is noted. The players came from Germany, the singers from Italy. No one sentence could better describe the characteristic spheres of Italy and Germany. After this period (1720), all Italian opera, and even the later French operas of Lulli (1644) and Rameau (1683), are damned with faint praise. Until the rise of German music Italy had the best schools, and France, as a school, hardly existed. Upon its starting into life it absorbed all that was good, and much that was bad, in Italy, and always showed itself distrustful of the rising French school. The greatness of Purcell (1658), notwithstanding his connection with France, is most nobly acknowledged. He is called the one great English musician. He founded a school, but the writer observes with pity, "Nothing came of it." From Handel to Beethoven, the value of the book decreases. The author has avowedly spent his strength upon older and less familiar ground. Ample justice is, however, done to Germany and to England. Even men like Henry Carey (1695), author of "God Save the King," are mentioned. The account of Italian and French modern opera is less satisfactory. The arrangement of the book is its chief defect. There is text, and then notes, and then notes on notes, and then reflections in the text on the notes on notes. The work is a veritable mine of valuable materials. The only two words which never occur to the author are "condensation" and "arrangement."

Geschichte der biblischen Literatur, und der jüdisch-hellenistischen Schriftthums, historisch und kritisch behandelt von Dr. JULIUS FÜRST.

FEW writers have rendered greater service to the cause of biblical scholarship than Dr. Fürst. A complete "Hebrew Concordance" has been followed by the best pocket "Hebrew Dictionary" extant, and, more recently, by a complete "Hebrew and Chaldeæ Lexicon," which has already reached its third edition. A writer who thus builds the superstructure of criticism upon the solid foundation of patient lexicography may well claim the attention of the student. In his present work Dr. Fürst gives his view of the literary history of the first great division of the books of the Old Testament, the Pentateuch and the Book of

Joshua. He is sanguine enough to hope that one more volume will enable him to deal satisfactorily with all that follows, the books of the New Testament included. In his method of criticism Dr. Fürst follows in the footsteps of Ewald—at times referring explicitly to him as an authority. He recognises in the early books of the Old Testament an *Urgeschichte* and an *Ergänzung*—the former, as regards the early history, pre-Mosaic. He deals freely with the whole history of the Pentateuch, on the assumption that every skeleton of fact has been clothed with a varied garment of poetry and mythus. The reader must not expect to find an exegesis such as is recognised as orthodox by most English theologians. But some admissions deserve to be specially noticed. Thus, after all that has been written among us of late as to the decisive indication of an authorship not earlier than the time of Samuel and David, afforded by the occurrence of the name Jehovah, Dr. Fürst maintains (p. 55), that though *El*, *Elohim*, *El-Shaddai*, are the Divine names that belong to the *Urschrift* and to the early *Sagen* of the West Asiatic portion of the Semitic race, yet “Jehovah” was also *Ursemitisch*, “completely naturalized and in current use among the Hebrews in the pre-Mosaic times.” So again, at the conclusion of this volume, he enters his protest against the hasty criticism which “treats as post-Mosaic even the writings that proceeded from Moses himself—his poetry, his prophetic discourses, his great book of the law” (p. 490). One interpretation, given in passing, seems original and ingenious enough to deserve mention. Assuming a later date for the blessings of Jacob in Gen. xlix., he finds (p. 286), in the verse (v. 21) which refers to Naphtali, “he giveth goodly words,” an allusion to the Song of Deborah as already the glory of the minstrel-poets of that tribe.

Einleitung in die Monumentale Theologie. Von Dr. FERDINAND PIPER.

Under the above title, the learned author gives us a colossal treatise, of 910 pages, on the relation of the monuments of history (taking the former word in its widest sense, as including all statues, buildings, inscriptions, coins, and the like) to theology, beginning with the references in the New Testament to the “image and superscription” of the Roman *denarius*, and the altar to the Unknown God, and ending with Wiseman’s “Fabiola,” and the latest labours of De Rossi on the catacombs of Rome. The book is elaborate, exhaustive, and complete; and yet we are constrained to say that it reminds us of the forest in which one “cannot see the wood for the trees.” It branches off into every collateral subject that has any point of contact with art or archæology. Thus we have not only a full account of all that the fathers of every century have said touching any work of art, or the religious use of art generally, but a history of the whole iconoclastic controversy; and as history and biography are based upon monumental records, we have an account of the lives and works of all Church historians and writers of the lives of saints. So again, because dogma and philosophy touch respectively upon the employment of art, we have an encyclopædic account of theologians and schoolmen—Bernard, Richard of St. Victor, Bonaventura, Roger Bacon.

The work is thus itself a “monument” of immense labour—a great mass of materials brought together for the use of future workers; but its want of a *lucidus ordo*, and the constant interruptions of continuity, and the characteristic absence of an index (“not even an index,” as Mr. Carlyle says, or rather groans, so often), an absence for which a full table of contents is hardly a sufficient compensation, make it uninviting to the reader, and comparatively unprofitable as a work of reference. To study it thoroughly would require three months of learned leisure, such as professors in an ideal university may hope to enjoy.

Reise nach Abessinien in den Jahren 1861 und 1862. Von M. TH. von HEUGLIN.

THIS volume of travels in Abyssinia, undertaken chiefly in the interests of botanical and zoological science, will be found full of instruction to us at the present time, but we shall still more fully appreciate it at the close of our Abyssinian Expedition, the result of which, as we fervently hope, will not only be the deliverance of our captive countrymen, but the throwing open this “African Switzerland” to European adventure. M. Heuglin gives an encouraging report of the intelligence and docility of the Abyssinians generally, and even Theodore comes in for a good word from him; but he uncompromisingly

denounces the ignorance, immorality, and pernicious influence of the so-called religious orders, whose name is Legion. This work is further recommended by an excellent map and attractive illustrations of the remarkable scenery, monuments, and vegetation of Abyssinia.

Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi's Leben Dichten und Denken. Von EBERHARD ZVINGIELL.

JACOBI obtained for himself a place in the history of philosophy by what was thought by many to be a seasonable protest against the exclusive worship of the intellect, or a too great dependence upon our reasoning faculty. He held that our attempts at demonstration led to nothing but scepticism, and called upon us to trust to instinctive or intuitive *beliefs*. But Jacobi was a poet as well as a philosopher; he wrote in no systematic manner, his views were vague, and it can hardly be said that he materially assisted in that remarkable development of thought which passes under the name of German Philosophy. We notice that Mr. Lewes, in his "History of Philosophy," of which an improved and enlarged edition has lately been published, omits his name, regarding him probably as more poet than philosopher. He lived a pleasant, varied life. The present work is both a biography and a criticism; a *study*, as the French call it.

Geschichte der Stadt Rom. Von ALFRED VON REUMONT. Zweiter Band.

THIS volume, which contains above 1,250 closely though clearly-printed pages, is the second *livraison* of a history of the city of Rome, containing events from the beginning of Teutonic rule in Italy with Theodoric the Ostrogoth. A.D. 475 to the end of the great schism and the Council of Constance in 1420. So massive a work will be valuable chiefly as a book of reference in this country, and as we presume it will be complete in one or two more parts like the present, it will be more manageable than the nine or ten volumes of Sismondi. Much will depend on its index, for hasty readers, though we think any person may be reasonably content with Herr von Reumont's division into books and chapters, carefully epitomized as the latter are. Taken along with his capital Chronological Tables, they prove easy enough means of reference for an educated reader. When we think of the whole work of which this volume forms a part, we admire the daring of him who proposes to read it all, and are staggered to think of the heroism of him who wrote it all. But imagination is totally unequal to the task of realizing the audacity of that child of Adam who would think of arranging all its matter alphabetically in an index of reference. There is good reason for content with the work as it is. The history of mediæval Rome always involves three-fourths of that of Italy, and in the great days of the Popedom it extends over Europe. Herr von Reumont's work is necessarily copious, but it is far from wordy; at least, where he does expatiate, it is generally on biographical or personal details, which are the life and reality of history in the reader's mind. There are well-wrought sketches of Theodoric, of Totila, of St. Benedict and his rule, of Arnold of Brescia, Brancalione, Philip the Fair, and Boniface VIII.; and a whole chapter on Cola di Rienzi, which ought to be read with or before Lord Lytton's novel. We enjoy in particular the account of Theodoric, the Gothic lion bred in his household by the Eastern emperor, learning his power and biding his time, studying no letters in the purple, but marking the law, the discipline, and the weakness of the power he was to deal with. He may be said to be one of the few mythic heroes of the modern world, since he has strangely passed into the Nibelungen-legend as Dietrich of Bern (Verona), and his final battle with Odoacer is there called the Rabenschlacht, or battle of Ravenna;* while in ancient art the quaint carving on the gates of San Fermo at Verona, where the demon is waiting for the successful hunter, is called the chase of the (Arian) Theodoric to this day. Herr von Reumont's summary of artistic progress up to Boniface VIII. points out the importance of the earlier Roman mediæval architecture, beginning just before or with the twelfth century, though painting seems to have begun with Giotto in Rome as elsewhere. On the whole, it seems to us that a student of Italian history will find this book of the greatest use.

* This identification is due to Professor Max Müller. (See "Oxford Essays" for 1856, p. 68.) Günther is identified with a real Gundacarius of Burgundy; Atli is Attila; Siegfried, Siegbert of Austrasia, in copies of the twelfth century.

Geschichte der Baukunst in Alterthum: nach den Ergebnissen der neueren wissenschaftlichen Expeditionen bearbeitet. Von Dr. FRANZ REBER. Ausserordentl. Prof. der Archäologie in München; Corresp. Mitglied des Archäolog. Inst. in Rom. Mit 274 Holzschnitten.

DR. REBER's preface to the volume now before us, contains a statement which he makes with reasonable confidence, and which we wish he could enforce in this country. It is clear, he says, that art-history must go hand in hand with world-history. It is clear, we are afraid, that it does nothing of the kind in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, or in any school in England; and as certainly it ought to do so. The history of men's building, carving, and painting must always be a considerable part of what we can know of them, and sometimes it is all we can know of them. The only records we have of Egypt and Assyria are art-records; the only surviving facts of the conquests of Sesostris are Egyptian reliefs or columns, and the Nahr-el-Kelb and other rock-tablets; and as regards our knowledge of classical ages, the Elgin frieze and marbles are the only original documents of their date which we possess; though we believe the late lamented Simonides succeeded in selling a celebrated English collector "the original MS. of Homer, presented by the archons of Ctes to Pisistratus, written *βουστροφῆδόν*,"—a truly gigantic performance in the way of humbug, which must have almost made up to the ingenious perpetrator for the quite historical defeat he experienced at the hands of Bodley's librarian.

This volume contains a summary of the history and description of Eastern and Western architecture. The first or Eastern division is a good and well-illustrated account of Chaldean, Assyrian, and Persian monuments and records, with copious references to authorities from Rich's and Kerr Porter's work between 1818 and 1820, to Professor Rawlinson's "Five Great Monarchies," and M. H. L. Feer's "Ruines de Ninive." There is a chapter on Egypt and Nubia, which we rather regret to see, as it does not extend to any notice of remains in Arabia Petraea. We are looking for some newer and more complete account than has yet been given of the rock-hewn temples and ancient state of Surabut-el-Khadim in the Sinai desert. The lamented death of Major Macdonald at Alexandria may, we fear, be a very serious loss to Egyptian history, as it seems doubtful when, or by whom, his various discoveries in Wady Mughara and at the Surabut hill may be presented to the public. Dr. Reber's second part deals with Greece, Etruria, and Rome, down to the Golden House of Nero, and the Spalato* palace of Diocletian. It refers to everybody, and gives short notices of almost everything, often accompanied by good plans and illustrations. As a hand-book of reference, and something more, this work seems of considerable value.

Die Philosophie der Griechen, in ihrer Geschichtlichen Entwicklung. Dargestellt von Dr. EDUARD ZELLER. Dritter Theil. Zweite Abtheilung. *Die nach Aristotelische Philosophie.* Zweite Hälfte. Zweite Auflage.

THIS is the closing volume of a revised and enlarged edition of a work on the Historical Development of Greek Philosophy, to which the learned author, with true German zeal and perseverance, has for the last five-and-twenty years devoted the leisure time his academical duties allowed him. This volume is devoted to the second period of Post-Aristotelian philosophy, and treats at great length of the Sceptics, later Academy, and Neo-Platonists. With regard to this period Dr. Zeller observes:—

"A time of transition, such as we are presented with by the last centuries of Grecian intellectual life, does not certainly possess the immediate charm belonging to an era of earliest and hope-fraught strivings or of vigorous maturity. Nevertheless, as regards the history of culture, its interest is not inferior; and those who know how to consider the part in its relation to the whole will find that however laborious the investigation of such an historical period may prove, that labour will assuredly not leave them without reward."

Vom Markt und aus der Zelle. Populäre Vorträge und vermischte kleine Schriften von J. G. KOHL.

WE presume that the author of these two volumes is the same Kohl whose

* Or Salona in Dalmatia. (Spalato-Salona Palatium.)

travels in Russia were a good deal read among us a few years ago. He states in his preface that their contents originated for the most part in certain lectures which he delivered in his native town of Bremen to an appreciating audience. The papers now collected consist of reminiscences of travel and essays on questions connected with the "history of culture." In his own country, where Herr Kohl is well known and highly respected, these volumes will probably meet with as kindly a reception as his lectures appear to have done, but they will hardly, we think, circulate beyond it. There are sketches of travels taken in the United States ten and twelve years ago, which read already like records of a far-away and almost forgotten past. There is an account, too, of a Christmas visit to the late Lord Lansdowne, which we can understand German readers finding rather amusing. The essays treat chiefly of the various uses of the animal world in subserving the development of man, its head. We confess that they appear to us trite and heavy.

Geschichte der Altirischen Kirche und ihrer Verbindung mit Rom, Gallien, und Alemannien (von 430—630), als Einleitung in die Geschichte des Stifts St. Gallen. Nach handschriftlichen und gedruckten Quellschriften. Von CARL JOHANN GREITH, Bischof von St. Gallen. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder'sche Verlags-handlung.

A HISTORY of the early Irish Church by a Roman Catholic bishop can only be of interest to Roman Catholics. What they regard as facts too sacred to be seriously examined we put down as fictions. St. Patrick was, no doubt, a wonderful and a good man, notwithstanding what the song says of his mother's employment at Enniskillen. He consecrated 350 Irish bishops, and ordained 700 priests, with deacons, subdeacons, and acolytes without number. He expelled all "the poisonous vermin" by a talismanic touch, a miracle which necessarily preceded the consecration of so many bishops. The historical parts of this book are mostly taken from English—that is, Irish Roman Catholic writers. The bishop naturally praises the Irish for tenaciously clinging to the unreformed religion. The "Island of the Saints," as Ireland was once called, he regards as the "Island of the Saints" still. St. Gall, or Gallen, who founded the abbey and gave his name to the town, was a native of Ireland.

Carstens, Leben und Werke. Von K. L. FERNOW. Herausgegeben und ergänzt von HERMAN RIEGEL.

THIS is a reprint of the standard life of the great painter, Carstens, by his brother artist, Fernow. It was originally published in 1806. Carstens' life is a repetition of the familiar story of genius breaking through the obscurities of birth, conquering all difficulties, and finally asserting its existence before the world. Herr Riegel has greatly added to the value of this edition by prefixing an interesting account of the biographer and his works.

Die Logik und Psychologie der Araber im zehnten Jahrhundert n. Chr. Von DR. FRIEDRICH DIETERICI, Professor an der Universität zu Berlin.

SINCE the publication of M. Renan's "Averroes et l'Averroisme," the history of philosophy among the Arabians has become an interesting subject for the learned, especially in Germany. The commentaries of Averroes on Aristotle were translated into Latin in the twelfth century, and contributed chiefly to form the Aristotelianism of the middle ages—that is to say, the scholastics know Aristotle chiefly through Averroes. Professor Dieterici, who has already published several books on the sciences of the Arabians, in this volume introduces his readers to their logic and psychology. The thoughts of men are nearly the same all over the world. There is a Catholic reason of mankind. Mahometanism asserts a creed and demands belief simply as obedience to authority. The Arabian mind rebels, as the human mind does everywhere, against a claim which is to override what every man who thinks knows to be his natural right. Hence the Mystics, Protestants, and Rationalists among Christians, and hence the Sufis and "Brothers of Purity" among Mahometans. To the latter, Professor Dieterici ascribes all progress in philosophy, science, and rational religion among the Arabians. It is interesting to trace the similarity that exists in the Mahometan mind and the Christian on such subjects as faith and knowledge,

the relation of reason to religion, and how the religious spirit in every land gives itself up to intuition, as if it felt that it was taught of God. We have no book in English on Arabian philosophy, and after M. Renan's we recommend this by Professor Dieterici.

Die preussische Politik des Fridericianismus nach Friedrich II. Von ONNO KLOPP.

THIS pamphlet is a conclusion or supplement to a previous treatise by Herr Klopp, called "King Frederick II. of Prussia and his Politics," of which a second edition was published last year. It is a protest against the recent annexation of Hohenzollern to Prussia. The author maintains that the Prussian Government has ever followed the selfish and unjust policy of Frederick which he once expressed to his minister Podewils:—"If there is anything to be gained by being honest, let us be honest; but if we must deceive, why then let us deceive." Everything besides this, he says, is talk and empty profession, under which Prussia conceals her real design, which is to uphold a military despotism by which it may gratify that lust for conquest which is limited only by the want, not of will, but of power.

Der Kampf der Lutherischen Kirche um Luthers Lehre vom Abendmahl im Reformationszeitalter. Im Zusammenhang, mit der gesammten Lehrentwicklung dieser Zeit. Dargestellt von Dr. HEINRICH SCHMID, Ord. Professor der Theologie in Erlangen.

THIS will be found a very interesting book for those who care to go into this great controversy. The most simple and the most beautiful of all religious rites is the sacrament of the Last Supper; and yet, simple as it is, around it have gathered some of the grossest superstitions that have corrupted Christianity. The hardest thing for the Reformers to overcome was the belief of an actual presence of divinity in the elements of bread and wine; and even now, after three hundred years of Reformation, we find a sensible man like the Bishop of Ely regretting in Convocation that the consecrated elements cannot be reserved and carried to the sick! It is a shrewd remark of Hallam's that there are only two logically tenable theories of this sacrament—one, that there is a real transubstantiation; the other, that it is only a simple commemoration, the Roman and the Zwinglian. All intermediary views are resolved ultimately into the one or the other of these. Luther thought he escaped from the Papal doctrine by maintaining consubstantiation, but the distinction was without a difference. The Church of England sought a middle way in a real but spiritual presence, which it explains sometimes as if it bordered on transubstantiation, and at other times as if the rite were merely a commemoration. To those who agree with Hallam, controversies like this about Luther's doctrine will only appear as controversies in which the disputants lack definite ideas and get confused with words.

Geschichte Jesu von Nazara in ihrer Verkettung mit dem Gesamtleben Seines Volkes, frei untersucht und ausführlich erzählt. Von Dr. THEODOR KEIM. In zwei Bänden: I. Der Rüsttag. Zurich. 1867.

It is, perhaps, scarcely needful to say that the expression "The Day of Preparation" on the title-page of this work is metaphorical. It means that period of our Lord's life which elapsed before He made his public appearance. Dr. Keim's first volume is devoted to the examination and exposition of the history of this period. It brings us down to our Lord's baptism and temptation in the desert. At the close the author gives an elaborate synoptical table of the contents of the three first Gospels, which he calls "the elder Gospels," placing Matthew, as being oldest, first, Luke second, and Mark last. Of the 646 pages 172 are devoted to what the author calls *Die Quellenschau*, i.e., a survey of the sources. It is a learned and thoroughly scientific criticism of the historical testimonies concerning the person and life of our Lord, especially of the four Gospels. Professor Keim is well known to the theologians of Germany and France as one of the most learned, original, and honest representatives of the modern school. His cutting criticism does not leave the slightest ground for inspiration. The fourth Gospel, he maintains, was never written by the Apostle

John, who cannot be proved to have ever been in Asia Minor. He holds it is unmistakably a Gospel written to form a transition from the Jewish-Christian doctrine to that of Paul. The Gospels are trustworthy only to a certain extent, and ought to be read with great caution. The legends of our Lord's miraculous birth in Matthew and Luke, for instance, are interpolations of a later date. Paul, it is true, implicitly confirms this miraculous birth; but he did so from dogmatic prejudices; and so on. The learned author presents an astounding amount of critical and historical matter in justification of his conclusions, some of which seem reasonable, while others are altogether baseless. He himself says in his preface, "that the historian who tries to write this history cannot quite live without the aid of hypotheses;" and his book is a practical confirmation of that naïve and honest confession.

Codex Fuldensis: Novum Testamentum Latine interprete Hieronymo. Ex Manuscripto Victoris Capuani edidit Prolegomenis introduxit, Commentariis adornavit.
ERNESTUS RANKE.

AUGUSTUS RANKE has done a great service to biblical students by the publication of the "Codex Fuldensis," with a Prolegomena and Commentaries. The peculiar interest of this "Codex" is not merely that it is an old Latin version of the New Testament, but that the four Gospels are made into one in the form of a harmony. Ranke fixes the date of the MS. about 546, Victor being then Bishop of Capua. He supposes, however, that the copy is much older, as Victor's additions and emendations seem to be insertions more recent than the original. It is therefore probably the very copy of which Victor speaks in the preface as having by chance fallen into his hands.

Denkschrift über den Prozess des Erzherzogs Ferdinand Maximilian von Oesterreich.
Von MARIANO RIVA PALACIO und Licent. RAFAEL MARTINEZ DE LA TORRE.

THIS is an interesting record of the case of Maximilian, translated from the Spanish by Conrad G. Paschen, Mecklenburg Consul in Mexico. It contains many documents relating to the trial, and among them the famous defence by Jesus Maria Vazquez and Eulalio Maria Ortogo.

Die Buszdisciplin der Kirche von den Apostelzeiten bis zum siebenten Jahrhundert.
Von FR. FRANK, Curatgeistlicher zu Löhrieth in der Diözese Würzburg.

THIS is a very learned work by a priest of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany. It is not so much controversial as historical, and therefore interesting both to Protestant and Catholic. The subject of Church penance has often been treated of by theologians of the Church of Rome, but we know of no work on it so thorough and exhaustive as this. Dr. Hergenröther, a professor in the University of Würzburg, writes a preface recommending the work, and showing the necessity of it, because of the lively interest that is taken in Protestant circles on the questions of penance and confession.

NOTE ON THE ARTICLE ON THE "ANNOTATED BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER," IN
MARCH NUMBER.

ON further consideration, I see reason to alter the opinion expressed in pp. 410, 411 of this *Review* about the meaning of the words in the Prayer of Humble Access. I said there that the revisers of 1552 altered the prayer in one or two verbal points only, from which I inferred that the construction which we should have put on the prayer, as it stands in the Liturgy of 1549, is the true construction now. I have since perceived that one of the alterations, and that occurring in the very clause in question, is more than verbal. In 1549 the clause ran, "so to eat the flesh of Thy dear Son Jesus Christ, and to drink His blood, in these holy mysteries." In 1552 the last four words were omitted, as is still the case. It has been suggested to me that the reason of their removal was the change made at the same time in the position of the prayer, which formerly stood after the Prayer of Consecration, the expression, "these holy mysteries," not being strictly applicable before consecration has taken place. But the friend who makes the suggestion admits that it may be urged on the other side that the words "this holy sacrament" are retained in the Invitation, the place of which was similarly changed in 1552; an inconsistency of practice which he attributes to oversight. It appears to me more likely that the revisers of 1552 omitted the mention of the holy mysteries from a wish not to determine exactly whether the reception of the Body and Blood was involved in the reception of the elements, or generally in the whole act of Eucharistic worship, of which the reception of the elements forms a part. This opinion is strengthened by the fact that the very same omission is made in a later prayer, that which is now the alternative prayer after the Communion. The beginning of that prayer originally stood, "Almighty and ever-living God, we most heartily thank Thee for that Thou hast vouchsafed to feed us in these holy mysteries with the spiritual food of the most precious Body and Blood of Thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ;" now we read, "for that Thou dost vouchsafe to feed us, who (which, 1552) have duly received these holy mysteries, with the spiritual food," &c. (One reason of making the alteration, of course, was the transfer of the condition of due reception, which in 1549 was attached to the second part of the sentence, that speaking of the "virtus sacramenti," to the first part, where the "res sacramenti" is spoken of (a point, by the way, which has apparently escaped the annotator, who, in warning us that "duly" is the English word for "rite," and so applies to *all* who have received, is as inconsistent with the language of the prayer of 1549 as he is consistent with its doctrine); but, taking the changes in the two prayers together, I cannot doubt that the revisers were influenced by a further reason, and preferred, as I have said, to use words not making the reception of the Body and Blood absolutely identical, even in the case of worthy recipients, with the act of receiving the elements.* I do not say that nothing can be quoted to show the identity of the two acts of reception from other parts of the service: I merely say that, to the best of my judgment, these particular passages seem constructed to avoid the assertion of such identity. If I am right in my present conclusion, it follows that the word "so" is to be understood in a wider sense than that which I originally thought the true one. It will now merely mean "so effectually," a sense which it unquestionably bears in other passages in the formularies (a friend points out "so fill you with all spiritual benediction," in the first blessing in the Marriage Service, "so turn Thine anger from us," in the prayer towards the end of the Communion Service), and will contain no logical implication of any opposite effect.

It gives me no pleasure to retract a concession which it gave me pleasure to make. As I intimated in my paper, the true interpretation of the several expressions in our formularies is one question, the harmonizing of different statements, so interpreted, another. The latter process may be needed to correct the former; but the former is the first step to the latter.

J. C.

THE following has been received from the writer of "Rome at the Close of 1867," which appeared in our January Number:—

"At the close of the February Number of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW is a communication from Mr. C. E. Maurice relating to an article in the January Number entitled 'Rome at the Close of 1867,' in which an accusation of 'startling ignorance' in respect to the history of Rome during the siege of 1849 is made against the author of that

* Compare, also, the words originally occurring in the Exhortation to the communicants, "He hath left in these holy mysteries, as a pledge of His love and a continual remembrance of the same, His own blessed body and precious blood," now altered into "He hath instituted and ordained holy mysteries, as pledges of His love," &c., a passage to which my attention has been drawn by Canon Estcourt's "Dogmatic Teaching of the Book of Common Prayer on the Holy Eucharist;" and see the second sentence of the Exhortation giving warning of the Communion as it stood in 1549, contrasted with the words (since materially altered) which were substituted in 1552.

article, because he had declared that Mr. Mazzini has little influence and few admirers in Italy, and that a person who has never been under fire himself, but who urges revolutions in which he does not personally join, is not of the calibre to make a popular hero such as Garibaldi, who, however wanting in judgment, has backed up his principles with deeds, confronted danger, and exposed his life in a most heroic manner, and who, in consequence, is a great power, and not a hero on paper.

"In respect to Mr. Mazzini's never having been 'under fire,' Mr. Maurice alleges an assertion by Medici that in 'the retreat of Garibaldi from Milan, after the abandonment of that city to the Austrians by Charles Albert in 1847,' 'Mazzini carried the standard in the army.' I cannot see that this proves that he was 'under fire,' but merely that he accompanied the army after the fighting was over, in its retreat.

"In respect to the 'startling ignorance of facts' displayed by the writer as to the siege of Rome, he says, 'Is he really ignorant that Mazzini was at the head of affairs during the siege of Rome in 1849, and if he thinks there was no risk of life in that, what does he think of his remaining in that city after its occupation by the French, walking publicly the streets?' It so happens that the writer of the article in question was in Rome during the siege of 1849, and is perfectly cognizant of all the facts relating to it, yet he must confess himself entirely ignorant of any 'risk of life' incurred at that time by Mr. Mazzini or other members of the triumvirate, and believes him to have been in as 'perfect security of life' then and there, as he is now. During his triumvirate, and after it, he had nothing to fear from the Roman people. He took no part in the fighting at that period, and was constantly under military guard at his palace in the Consulta. On the entrance of the French, no attempt was made to arrest him or any member of the government. He did not 'remain in the city,' but left almost immediately, assuring his safety by an American passport, for which he applied to the American minister. The 'startling ignorance' of the facts of this period is not that of the writer of the article in the *CONTEMPORARY*; and had Mr. Maurice been better informed, he would not have put forward such arguments.

"Again, says Mr. Maurice, Mr. Mazzini 'has risked his life by going to Italy, when under sentence of death.' That he has ventured in one disguise or another from time to time secretly to enter Italy, is undoubtedly true, at the risk of arrest and imprisonment, but certainly not of life. If the late proclamation was issued by him technically within the boundaries of Italy, as asserted by Mr. Maurice, it certainly was not after a public, bold appearance, nor was it at the risk of his life.

"But however one may differ from Mr. Mazzini, the writer of the article had no intention of imputing cowardice to him, and is ready to do justice to his honesty and sincerity of purpose. His object was to show that he is wanting in those elements of character which make a popular hero, that he has not boldly confronted danger and exposed his life as a leader, but has fomented revolutions and conspiracies in which others were put forward to the perilous posts, from the time of the Bandiera brothers down to the present day, and that therefore his influence upon the popular mind is small. His efforts for Italy have been in the study, not in the field; in planning movements and insurrections, not in leading them; with the pen, not with musket or sword; and therefore it was that the phrase 'hero on paper' was applied to him. Some of the attempts inspired, or at least connived at, by him, it would be difficult for a mind not peculiarly constituted to justify, and among them may be suggested an incident well known to Mr. Gallenga.

"A very short time has elapsed since the article on Rome was published in the *CONTEMPORARY*, but it has sufficed to justify the writer in his opinion that the temporary increase of Mazzinism was 'more the result of a strong reaction against the king and of the inefficiency of the government, than of any real desire to substitute a republic for a monarchy.'

"The object of the writer of the present letter is not to attack Mr. Mazzini, or to provoke a controversy, but simply to defend himself against a charge of 'startling ignorance of facts,' and he now finally leaves the subject."

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